This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARIES
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1817

THE

WORKS

OF MONSIEUR

Charles de Marguetel de Saint Denis,
seigneur de Saint-

ST. EVREMOND,

Made Engliſh from the French Original:

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

BY

MR. DES MAIZEAUX, F.R.S.

To which are added

The Memoirs of the Dutcheſs of Mazarin, &c.

The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.

VOL. III.

LONDON;

Printed for J. and J. KNAPTON, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, J. ROUND, E. CURL, R. GOSLING, F. FAYRAM, G. HARRIS, J. PEMBERTON, J. OSBORN and T. LONGMAN, J. HOOKE, C. RIVINGTON, F. CLAY, J. BATLEY, and T. OSBORN. M.DCC.XXVIII.

848
S137
tD4b
Vol. 3

English Bodleian
2-4-29
16015

THE

CONTENTS.

VOL III.

THE Character of the Mareſchal de TURENNE. p. 1.
A Parallel between the Prince of CONDE' and M. de TURENNE, as to what relates to War. 11
A Letter to the Marquis of SAISSAC in the Name of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN. 15
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *You commanded me to write*, &c. 16
An Anſwer to the Pleading of Mr. ERARD on behalf of the Duke of MAZARIN, againſt the Dutcheſs his Wife. 17
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *Three words of your Letter*, &c. 36
To the ſame; *I ſhould never be eaſy*, &c. 37
To the ſame; *Old men don't ſleep*, &c. 38
A Letter to Madam DE L'ENCLOS; *I have been enquiring after you*, &c. *ibid.*
An Anſwer to the Judgment of the Abbot RENAUDOT, upon Mr. BAYLE's *Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary*. 41
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *If I can be of any ſervice to you*, &c. 43
To the ſame; *The pleaſure of ſeeing you*, &c. 44
To the ſame; *As all the world gives you fruit*, &c. *ib.*
To the ſame; *There is an Expreſs arrived*, &c. *ib.*
A Letter from Madam de L'ENCLOS to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *I learn with pleaſure*, &c. 45

A Letter to Madam DE L'ENCLOS; *I have a ſenſible pleaſure*, &c. 46
Madam DE L'ENCLOS's Anſwer to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *How could you imagine*, &c. 48
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *You will be ſo kind*, &c. 50
A Letter from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *I have ſent an Anſwer*, &c. *ibid.*
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *My Lord Duke of* DEVONSHIRE, &c. 52
To the ſame; *My Lord* GODOLPHIN, &c. 53
To the ſame; *'Tis too long*, &c. ibid.
A Letter from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *The Abbé* DU BOIS, &c. 54
Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Anſwer to Madam DE L'ENCLOS; *I never ſaw any Letter*, &c. 55
A Billet to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN; *The dreadful Retirement*, &c. 57
A Letter from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *The Count de* CLEREMBAUT, &c. 58
A Letter to Dr. SILVESTRE; *The Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN *is ſo much indiſpoſed*, &c. 59
A Letter from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *How great a loſs have you ſuſtain'd*, &c. 61
A Letter from the ſame, to Monſieur de St. EVREMOND; *Your Letter hath fill'd me*, &c. 62
Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Anſwer to Madam DE L'ENCLOS; *The laſt Letter I receive*, &c. 64
A Letter from Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, to the Marquis DE CANAPLES; *I know not, Sir*, &c. 66
A Letter from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, to Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; *Wit is very dangerous in Friendſhip*, &c. 67
A Letter to my Lord MONTAGUE; *No perſon can be more ſenſible*, &c. 68

A Billet to Mr. Des Maizeaux; *I return you the Book*, &c. 69
A Letter to my Lord Gallway. 70
A Billet to Dr. Silvestre; *Be satisfy'd*, &c. 73
To the same; *If my new Infirmities*, &c. 74
A Letter to Prince Maurice D'Auvergne. 75
A Letter to Mr. Des Maizeaux; *I am sorry*, &c. 76
A Letter from Mr. Des Maizeaux, to Monsieur de St. Evremond, concerning the *Romance of the Rose*. 80
A Billet to Madam de la Perrine; *I send to see whether the fatigue*, &c. 89
A Letter to Dr. Silvestre; *You cannot imagine the joy I was in*, &c. 90
A Billet to Madam de la Perrine; *I thought*, &c. 91
A Billet to Dr. Silvestre; *'Tis about ten years ago*, &c. 92
A Billet to Madam de la Perrine; *Monsieur* Rouviere *hath obtain'd*, &c. 93
A Letter to Count Magalotti, Counsellor of State to his Royal Highness the Great Duke of Tuscany; *How happy are you, Sir*, &c. 93
The Character of Monsieur de St. Evremond, by Dr. Chetwood. 96
The Character of Monsieur de St. Evremond, by Mr. Dryden. 98

A Collection of the best Pieces attributed to Monsieur de St. Evremond.

Memoirs of the Dutchess of Mazarin. 105
A Letter containing the Picture and Character of the Dutchess of Mazarin. 168
Reflections upon Eloquence, or a Fragment of Petronius. 177
The Ephesian Matron. 197
Of the true Use of Life. 207
Chap. I. *That a man ought diligently to apply himself to the Search of Happiness, since it is in his power.*

power to augment his Pleaſures, and leſſen his Miſeries. ibid.
Chap. II. *Of the Exiſtence of God.* 211
Chap. III. *That we ought to reſtrain the Violence of our Appetites, by conſidering the true worth of thoſe things we deſire.* 217
Chap. IV. *Of Reputation.* 219
Chap. V. *Of Vexations and Diſpleaſures.* 223
Chap. VI. *Of Pleaſures.* 231
Of the true and falſe Beauty of ingenious Writings. 239
Chap. I. *Some Rules to write well, and to judge well of the Authors and their Writings.* ibid.
Chap. II. *Of the Cleanneſs of Expreſſion.* 248
Chap. III. *Of the Exactneſs of Reaſoning.* 257
Of Study and Converſation. 267
Of Friendſhip. 273
Reflections upon the Doctrine of EPICURUS. 279
Maxim, *That we ought never to be wanting to our Friends.* 324
A Fragment out of the Hiſtory of ATALANTA, out of ÆLIAN's Var. Hiſt. l. 13. c. 1. 330
Obſervations on what is neceſſary to direct a young Man how to enter with advantage upon the Theatre of the World, and there to ſupport himſelf with Honour. 335
Reflections upon what Meaſures a man ſhould take to live happy. 343
Of Logick. 346
Of Moral Philoſophy. 347
Maxims of Morality. 349
The Character of a Man of Honour. 351
Maxims for the Uſe of Life. 355
The Charms of Friendſhip. 360
Thoughts upon ſeveral Subjects. 381
Reflections upon the Truth of our Defects. 384
Advice how to regulate our Studies. 385

THE

THE

PREFACE

Prefix'd to

The French EDITION of M. DE ST. EVREMOND's *Works*, first Publish'd in 1705, from his Original Manuscripts:

WHEREIN

Some ACCOUNT is given of HIS LIFE,

BY

P. SILVESTRE, M. D.

A Correct Edition of Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND's *Works* has been so long desir'd, that I persuade my self this, which now appears, will meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick. All the former Editions of them, either in France or Holland, being so extremely

tremely defective, this may really pass for the first. Those who have not been acquainted with Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND, ought to be inform'd, that he never put any thing himself to the Press, and that the Books which have hitherto been publish'd under his name, were printed from Copies which were handed about, for the most part curtail'd, and commonly very faulty. The two first Volumes of his Works that appear'd, were so quickly sold off, that the Paris Bookseller, being desirous to publish a larger Edition of them, spar'd no pains or cost to collect new Pieces; which was the occasion of his adding at random to the genuine Writings of Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND several Pieces, which were not of his composing. This Abuse came to such a height in all the following Editions, that at last whole Volumes were printed, in which nothing of Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND's was to be found; such as the *St. Evremoniana*, and *the Collection of Monsieur* DE ST. EVREMONT's *Works*, printed by ANISSON in 1701. I will not mention *the Memoirs of the Life of Count* D....., *before his retirement, digested by Monsieur de St. Evremont*, printed at Paris in two Volumes, 12mo; for it would be an affront upon the judgment of the Publick, to suppose they could be impos'd upon by the Title of that Romance.

We must likewise observe, that in the Paris Editions all the proper Names have either been entirely left out, or at least disguised; and that many Passages which appear'd to be too free,

free, have been wholly cut off. In the Editions of Holland thoſe Faults were ſo far from being corrected, that they were multiply'd: inſtead of ſupplying the Omiſſions, the Editors added ſome inſipid Pieces; and there was ſuch a ſtrange mixture of good and bad things, that Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND was not able to know himſelf in thoſe Editions.

He was ſollicited from France to reviſe his Works, and his Friends at London daily preſs'd him to give ſuch an Edition of them as he could own; but he ſtill perſiſted in denying their requeſt. After the laſt Peace, the Booksellers of Paris made him ſuch advantageous offers, as would have tempted any man of a temper more intereſted than his was. In ſhort, nothing could move or prevail upon him. "I "lie under a great diſadvantage, (*ſays he, in "a Letter to Madam* DE L'ENCLOS) upon "the account of thoſe ſmall Treatiſes which "are printed under my name. There are "good ones, which I do not own, becauſe "they do not belong to me; and among thoſe "which I have compos'd, there is a mixture "of abundance of idle and fooliſh Pieces, "which I do not think it worth my while to "diſown. At the age to which I am now "arriv'd, one Hour of Life well imploy'd is "of more value with me, than the advantage "of an indifferent Reputation. How hard a "matter is it to cure one's ſelf of Self-love! "As an Author I caſt it off, but I take it up "again as a Philoſopher; as feeling a ſecret

"plea-

" pleaſure in neglecting that which others " purſue with ſo much eagerneſs." I remember that as I was one day talking with him on this ſubject, and ſaying, that ſince he would not take the pains to reviſe his own Works, he ought at leaſt to give that ſatisfaction to ſeveral people, to mark the Pieces which he diſown'd: he anſwer'd, " There is perhaps " a mixture of Vanity in my Conduct: there " is ſuch a Piece printed amongſt my Works, " which I would own with all my heart, and " which is better than what I have written."

But altho Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND ſtill refus'd to publiſh his Writings, yet he chang'd his mind ſome time before his death, and choſe Mr. DES MAIZEAUX for the publiſhing of them. Purſuant to this deſign, he read over his Works along with him; mark'd what was, and what was not his, on one of the Books printed underhis name; corrected many things; and communicated to him Explanations of ſuch paſſages as wanted a Commentary: in fine, he imparted to him his Manuſcripts, and revis'd with him the Copies which he had made of them. His great Age and Infirmities leaving no room to hope he ſhould live long, Mr. DES MAIZEAUX loſt no time in getting all the helps and aſſiſtances that were neceſſary; nor did he want any thing of this kind, except ſome few Pieces, when he was oblig'd to go into the Country. In the mean while, Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND finding himſelf weaker than ordinary, did

ſeve-

ſeveral times ſignify his great deſire to ſee him, and even begg'd Dr. LE FE'VRE [1] to write to him to come with all ſpeed. But having departed this life before Mr. DES MAIZEAUX could come to town, his Manuſcripts, which he had often promis'd to leave to me, were deliver'd to me by his direction after his death. This laid me under an obligation, in ſome ſort, to ſet about an Edition of his Works, in concert with Mr. DES MAIZEAUX. The method we obſerv'd in this, is as follows.

We lopp'd off every thing that Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND diſown'd; good or bad, all was left out without diſtinction, if it was not his. Our Accuracy in this matter was ſo great, that excepting one Piece only [2], about which we ſtill entertain ſome doubts, the Publick may be ſatisfy'd that every thing which appears in this Edition, was really written by Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, unleſs where it is expreſly mark'd as belonging to another. We have been at great pains in reviſing all that had been formerly printed, by comparing it with the Manuſcripts. Having ſeveral Copies in my hands, we made choice, from among the different Readings, of that which to us appear'd the moſt natural, and ſupply'd by one Manuſcript that which was wanting in another. In fine, as to the Punctuation, which of all things Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND was moſt

[1] *A Phyſician of London.*

[2] *An Ode to the Duke of Nevers; it was found among Monſieur de St. Evremond's Papers, but we will not be poſitive that it is his.*

moſt careleſs about, we follow'd that which made the beſt Senſe, and gave the moſt beautiful Turn; by which method we reſtor'd that Perſpicuity and Diſtinctneſs which was wanting to ſeveral Periods. We have added many Pieces which never ſaw the light before; and in that number, if I miſtake not, you will find ſome which are nothing inferior to the firſt. We have been particularly careful in publiſhing as many Letters and Billets as we could collect: for if they contain nothing of much importance, you will at leaſt find in them Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Genius. We ought not always to judge of an Author by a perfect and finiſh'd Work: we are pleas'd to behold him in his natural Dreſs; nor is there any thing more proper to repreſent him ſuch as he is, than what he writes familiarly, and without premeditation. To ſay no more on this head, the Collection we have made of things of this kind has coſt us abundance of pains. There are ſeveral of thoſe Pieces which Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND had not himſelf, and which we were oblig'd to make an inquiry after every where. Dr. LE FE'VRE has furniſh'd us with a good many of them. Beſides, having been particulatly acquainted with Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, and having convers'd very familiarly with him for the ſpace of forty years, he has let us into the meaning of abundance of Facts, and clear'd up ſeveral Particulars, which we were ignorant of.

We

We have taken care thro the whole Work to fill up the gaps, and ſet down at length ſuch proper Names as were either quite effac'd or diſguis'd. We have likewiſe added Notes, that conſiſt ſometimes of a paſſage which the Author quotes in French, or to which he alludes; at other times they conſiſt of an explanation of a Fact, or they point out the perſons who are meant; and if it is neceſſary, in order to the underſtanding of the Text, ſomething is ſaid of their Character. They who know all thoſe things already, will think that we have put into them things that are too common; but where one Reader complains of that, there will be twenty who would have wiſh'd that we had ſwell'd the Notes conſiderably, and that we had explain'd to them the meaneſt trifle. But we have endeavour'd to keep a juſt Medium betwixt theſe two Extremes.

Altho one would think it ſhould not ſignify much in what Order thoſe detach'd Pieces, which make up this Collection, were plac'd; yet it has been thought proper to place them, as near as may be, according to the order of time in which they were written. I ſay, *as near as may be*, becauſe it has not always been poſſible to find it out, and we have been often forc'd to gueſs at it. This is certainly the moſt natural Order; and, by the way, it were to be wiſh'd, that in making a Collection of an Author's Works, the Collector would publiſh them in the ſame order in which the

the Author writ them. By this one would be able to judge of the progreſs he made, and diſtinguiſh the time in which he wrote beſt; juſt as we diſtinguiſh in the Works of certain famous Painters thoſe Pieces which they drew in the riſe, height and decay of their Reputation: and the ſame pleaſure we take in obſerving the different ways and manners that a Painter has often chalk'd out and follow'd, we ſhould have in beholding the change that ſometimes appear'd in the Stile and Turn of an Author.

At firſt we had reſolv'd to diſtinguiſh the Pieces which had not hitherto appear'd, by ſome particular mark; but we alter'd our mind, becauſe among the Writings which had already been printed, there were ſome that had been entirely new-model'd, and ſo may paſs for new Pieces: for which reaſon it would have been difficult to determine under what Claſs to have rang'd them. We are likewiſe to obſerve, that the Author having revis'd his Works at different times, made new Additions to them; and thus he might be condemn'd upon the account of ſome Anachroniſms, if every thing ſhould be taken too ſtrictly. We have remark'd this in a Note on the *Comedy of the Academicians*; but we thought it was neceſſary to repeat it in this place, becauſe it may be ſuted to ſome other Pieces.

After having given an account of this Edition, I ſhall not take up any time in praiſe of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Works. He has

has long enjoy'd the approbation of the Publick, ſo that from henceforth the Publick is concern'd to juſtify its own Taſte and Judgment in this matter. 'Tis fifty years ſince the Writings of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND have been read and eſteem'd: and thus if long Preſcription can fix the Merit, and anſwer for the Duration of Works, we have that of half an Age. This is already a pretty favourable prejudice for the firſt Pieces; and thoſe which he compos'd afterwards, were yet more eſteem'd. We may add, that, if under all thoſe diſadvantages we have been ſpeaking of, the Works of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND have met with ſo many Approvers, there is no room to doubt of their being abundantly more kindly receiv'd, as they now appear in far better plight.

But after all, we are not ſo far prejudic'd in his favour, as to think that every thing he has written carries the ſame force with it. Among the reſt, there are ſome pieces of Poetry which are worſe than indifferent: wherefore we were tempted to ſuppreſs ſome of this kind, which he had compos'd in his youth; but they having been already printed, we thought our ſelves oblig'd not to cancel them, leſt the Publick might imagine we had ſet up for Judges, and would needs decide about the value and worth of every thing. As for ſuch as were never printed, we have us'd greater freedom. We were not willing to publiſh all the trifles which he wrote in

haſte, and which he would not take the trouble to correct; but only made the beſt choice we could. I foreſee that all Readers will not be equally touch'd with thoſe Works. There is in ſuch a Piece a fine Thought, a nice Raillery, which will eſcape moſt people. In order to be able to perceive this, it were requiſite to be exactly inform'd about the Character of the Perſons with whom one correſponds; we ſhould know certain Facts and certain Circumſtances, which give occaſion to a Quibble or Banter, and which without that will appear moſt inſipid. This is unavoidable in Works which conſiſt of Wit. The only way to remedy this inconvenience, would be to illuſtrate every thing with good Notes: but beſides that this would be an infinite labour, it is not always allowable to name perſons, eſpecially if they are alive; and there are abundance of things which are not fit to be ſaid. We have only made an Eſſay of it upon two or three Pieces which regard MORIN [4]. I deſire that they who have formerly read them, without finding any wit in them, may read them over again, and I promiſe my ſelf they will find quite another Spirit. By this they may judge of the reſt; and if there be any paſſages which they do not underſtand, they will ſuſpend their judgment, and render at leaſt this juſtice to the Author, that he may have had in view another ſenſe than what preſents itſelf at firſt ſight.

Since

[4] *A famous Gameſter.*

Since I am inſenſibly drawn in to defend Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, I ſhall in few words anſwer two Objections which may be made againſt his Works. The firſt regards that odd Medly of ſerious and comical, of grave matter and trifles. Would it not have been ſufficient, ſay certain auſtere and difficult perſons, to have made a collection of all that is good and ſolid? Why was not every thing left out, that is not only uſeleſs, but alſo waggiſh? Thoſe people, who would have us apply our ſelves only to uſeful Studies, ought to conſider, that our Author is not a Doctor who writes to inſtruct and dogmatize, and that he is not a man ingag'd by by his profeſſion to give the publick an account of his Time and Studies. He is a Gentleman, who having much leiſure, ſeeks how to paſs away the time agreeably; who writes ſometimes on one ſubject, ſometimes on another, only for his own amuſement; he is a man of wit, who propoſes to divert himſelf, as well as a certain number of Gentlemen, with whom he converſes. It would moſt certainly be unjuſt to judge of him with too much rigour; and the injuſtice would be yet greater, to oblige thoſe, who publiſh his Works, to ſuppreſs all ſuch as are purely diverting.

The other Objection turns upon Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Stile. They ſay, it is not always clear; that there is ſometimes obſcurity in it, and often affectation. You find in it, ſay they, a too exact and labour'd meaſure,

ſure, and too frequent Antitheſes. I will not pretend to juſtify Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND in every thing; but this I may ſay, that his Thoughts were juſt, and his Expreſſion noble: his Turn is fine, his Diction pure, bold and equal. He will ever paſs for one of our beſt Writers; and even his very Negligences are happy. He knew them as well as any man, but he would not ſcrupulouſly ſubject himſelf to the Rules introduc'd by our modern Puriſts. He complain'd of the too great Exactneſs of our Authors, who, by endeavouring to poliſh the French Language, robb'd it of all its Nervouſneſs and Force. He could not bear thoſe who write in a manner always exact, but too uniform; and one of the advices he gave in order to write well, was to vary as much as poſſible the conſtruction and turn of the Phraſe. But we have ſaid enough of the Works, 'tis time to ſpeak of the Author.

CHARLES DE ST. DENIS, Lord of ST. EVREMOND, was of a noble and antient Family in Lower Normandy. The true name of his Family was MARCQUETEL [s]; but for a conſiderable time his Anceſtors had taken that of ST. DENIS, from the Lordſhip of St. Denis du Guaſt, in the Cotantin, betwixt St. Lo and Coutance.

The Baron of ST. DENIS, his Father, commanded the Company of the Gendarmes of HENRY

[s] *The Author of the* Melanges d'Hiſtoire & de Literature, *under the name of* Vigneul-Marville, *ſays, that it was* de Margotelle.

HENRY DE BOURBON, laſt Duke of Montpenſier, Governor of Normandy. He marry'd N. of ROUVILLE, Siſter to the Marquis DE ROUVILLE, who was appointed Superintendant of the Finances; and of this marriage he had ſix Sons, all well bred, and men of parts. Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, who was one of the younger Sons, ſurviv'd all his Brothers; and of that numerous Family, there are no Males left but the Deſcendants of the eldeſt Brother. The Marquis of ST. DENIS makes a conſiderable Figure in Normandy at this day.

Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND was ſent to Paris very young, to the College of Clermont, where he commenc'd his Studies; and after having gone thro' a Courſe of Philoſophy, he went to Caen, where he ſtudy'd Law. But his Genius not being turn'd that way, he was ſent to the Academy, where he ſtaid but a few months; for he was ſcarce ſixteen years of age, when he enter'd into the Service: he ſoon got a Company of Foot, and was at the firſt Siege of Arras. Afterwards he was in the Horſe-ſervice, and enter'd into the Troop of Guards of the Duke D'ANGUIEN [6]. He was at the Engagement of Friburg, and the year following at the Battle of Nortlingen: he was then Lieutenant of the Guards to the Prince of CONDE'; and having been commanded with two Squadrons

[6] *Lewis II. laſt Prince of Condé, who was call'd* Duke d'Anguien *in his Father's life time.*

to take poſt on an Eminence, he ſuffer'd ſo great a fire from the Enemy, that almoſt his whole Troop was deſtroy'd. He was wounded himſelf in the left Knee by the ſhot of a Faulconet, and the Surgeons were in doubt for ſix weeks whether they ſhould cut off his Thigh; but perceiving there were ſome hopes of cure, they delay'd coming to that hard extremity, and perfectly recover'd him, after he had been under their hands for ſeveral months. His Wound broke open again at London thirty years after, but was ſo well cur'd, that he had no other inconveniency by it but a little weakneſs in that Leg.

He continu'd to ſerve in Germany and Flanders under the Prince of CONDE', and got the eſteem and friendſhip of moſt of the Generals. His Capacity appear'd in the different Poſts thro' which he paſs'd, and his Valour appear'd oftner than once in the Field, as well as in Duels, where he always came off with abundance of honour. Beſides, he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf from the common ſort of Officers, by a more fine and polite way of thinking, by a juſt and elegant manner of expreſſion. Thoſe qualities made him be taken notice of and eſteem'd by Monſieur DE TURENNE, the old Marſhal D'ETREES, the Marſhal DE GRAMMONT, the Marſhal D'ALBRET, and many other perſons of the firſt rank. But his greateſt friendſhips were with the Count DE GRAMMONT, the Count D'OLONNE, the Duke of CANDALE, the Marſhal

ſhal DE CLEREMBAUT, and the Marſhal DE CREQUI. This laſt honour'd him with his friendſhip ſo long as he liv'd, and gave him moſt convincing proofs of it at a time, and in circumſtances wherein it is rare to find true Friends.

The firſt years that Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND was near the Prince's perſon, he was very much in his favour. He was one of thoſe with whom his Highneſs lov'd to retire, and converſe familiarly; and he was often admitted even to be a Companion in the Prince's pleaſures. The Prince diſpatch'd him oftner than once to Court about important affairs; nor muſt I forget, that when he ſent him in 1646, to carry the news of the taking of Furnes to the Queen Mother, his Highneſs charg'd him to wait on Cardinal MAZARIN, to make the firſt propoſal to him of the Siege of Dunkirk, and to regulate with that Miniſter whatever was neceſſary for the execution of ſo great a deſign. Tho' this got him a figure in the Army, yet he could not reſiſt the natural inclination he found in himſelf to diſcover and take notice of mens weak ſide; a talent which he exercis'd much afterwards. The Marſhal of CLEREMBAUT and he did make it their buſineſs to obſerve the ſentiments and minuteſt actions of the Prince; and tho' both of them own'd they admir'd his great qualities, yet they did not keep meaſures with him in their railleries, and perhaps did not always ſhow him that reſpect they

ought to have done. This lasted several months; but they could not play their game so cunningly as to hide it from the Prince. From the temper he was of, one may easily judge his resentment was more than ordinary, particularly against Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND. In a short time after, happen'd the imprisonment of the Princes, and the Civil Wars, and the Prince was forc'd to retire to the Low Countries. But after the Peace was made, his Highness was so generous as to pardon him, and shew'd much kindness to him when he saw him again at Paris. After this the Prince gave him assurances of his Affection and Esteem, upon several occasions.

After the taking of Dunkirk, he went to serve in Catalonia. The Troubles happening the following years, he always kept firm to the King's party, and obtain'd a Marshal de Camp's Commission, with a Warrant for a pension of a thousand Crowns[7]. He had several Commands in Guienne during the Civil Wars, and no body was in greater credit than he with the Duke DE CANDALE, who commanded a small Army in that Province. The Troops were then paid very irregularly: the Officers had only Assignments upon the Towns and Communities, and every one made the best bargain he could. Monsieur DE ST. EVREMOND, who knew how to make the best of all occurrences, and being supported by the interest

[7] *We have the Originals both of the Commission and Warrant, dated from Compiegne the 16th and 17th of September, 1652.*

of

of Monſieur FOUQUET, who was very intimate with him, manag'd his Affairs very well in Guienne. He own'd himſelf, and often made merry with it, that in two years and a half he had made fifty thouſand Livres good money in that place; *a Precaution*, ſaid he, *which was of great uſe to me all the reſt of my life.*

A ſhort time after that, he was ingag'd in a very troubleſome affair. The Duke DE CANDALE was very well with Cardinal MAZARIN; and we may even ſay, that this Miniſter made all the advances, and that he omitted nothing in order to draw him in to his intereſts. However, in the Accommodation which the Province of Guienne made, the Duke followed meaſures which were diſpleaſing to the Cardinal; but he not daring to attack Monſieur DE CANDALE directly, thought his beſt way was to mortify Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, who was accus'd of having had part in thoſe counſels. Upon a very ſlight pretence; that is to ſay, for ſome Jeſts he made at Table, in which Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND had no more ſhare than the reſt of the Company; the Cardinal caus'd him to be put in the Baſtile. After he had lain there above three months, he was ſet at liberty; but the frightful Idea of the Baſtile never went out of his mind, and this Fright was the chief reaſon that obliged him to depart France, as we ſhall relate in the ſequel.

The Pyrenean Treaty being then on foot, and the Plenipotentiaries of the two Crowns come to the Congreſs, Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND went thither with ſeveral Perſons of Quality. He was too able and too acute not to perceive the game of Cardinal MAZARIN and Don LEWIS DE HARO: thoſe two Miniſters endeavour'd to trick one another, but at bottom they were both equally deſirous of Peace, tho' they went upon different motives. When Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND left Paris, he had promiſed to write to ſome of his Friends, and give them an account of what paſs'd at the Conference. Among theſe, there were a good many who deſir'd the Continuation of the War; the Marſhal DE CREQUI was one of the firſt of them, and ſo Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND thought he ſhould oblige him by ridiculing the famous Treaty of the Pyrenees, which at that time was look'd upon as diſadvantageous for France. No queſtion but he expreſs'd himſelf with too much freedom, or rather rally'd the Prime Miniſter too ſeverely in that Letter, which was the cauſe of his Diſgrace. This is what he own'd himſelf; but he could not foreſee that this Letter ſhould be made publick. We ſhall ſee preſently how this came about.

King CHARLES II. return'd into England ſoon after the Peace, and was complimented upon his happy Reſtoration by all the Princes and States of Europe. The King of France diſtin-

diſtinguiſh'd himſelf above all the reſt, by ſending the Count DE SOISSONS. This Embaſſy was moſt magnificent, both by the Rank of the Ambaſſador, and the great Retinue of Perſons of Quality who accompany'd him; of which number was Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND. For the ſpace of about ſix months that he ſtaid at London, beſides having the honour of being particularly known to the King and the Duke of YORK, he ſaw many Engliſh Lords whom he had known in France, and made new acquaintance; which was the reaſon of his fixing his abode in England afterwards.

Some time after his return to France, Cardinal MAZARIN died, and the ruin of Monſieur FOUQUET was reſolv'd upon. The Reader will hardly be able to imagine how the Diſgrace of Monſieur FOUQUET occaſion'd that of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; and therefore I deſire I may be allow'd to unriddle this matter, which is underſtood but by very few. The Court, the better to cover their deſign, went to take a tour in Anjou, and from thence in Britany. Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND went along with the Marſhal DE CLEREMBAUT; and when he took his journey, he left a Box with Madam DUPLESSIS BELLIERE, in which there was ſome ready Money, ſome Notes, and all his Papers. When Monſieur FOUQUET was taken up, they were not ſatisfy'd with ſeizing all the Papers he had at his houſe, but they likewiſe

wiſe ſecur'd the Papers of his Friends, and of thoſe with whom he had enter'd into the ſtricteſt ties. Madam DUPLESSIS being Monſieur DE FOUQUET's particular Friend, her Papers were alſo ſeiz'd; and thus Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Box was carry'd away with the Papers which were thought to belong to the Superintendant. There they found the Letter concerning the Peace of the Pyrenees, which till then had never been ſeen by any but the Marſhals DE CREQUI and CLEREMBAUT; it was ſhewn to the King, and nothing was forgot that could irritate the mind of that Prince. It being an uncommon thing for Courts to intereſt themſelves in the Reputation of a deceas'd Miniſter, it will doubtleſs be thought ſtrange, that any perſons ſhould be found, who had the Memory of the Cardinal ſo much at heart, as to make a capital Crime of ſome Railleries. But you muſt know, that Meſſieurs LE TELLIER and COLBERT, who rais'd themſelves upon the Ruins of Monſieur FOUQUET, were the Creatures of his Eminence; and that both of them affecting a pious acknowledgment and gratitude for their Maſter and Benefactor, did repreſent to the King, that this unmerciful laſhing of the prime Miniſter, who had govern'd the State during his Minority, was attacking the Regency of the Queen his Mother, and turning the beginning of his Reign into ridicule. Thoſe Inſinuations had their effect; and Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND being advertis'd

vertis'd in time of the bad impreſſions which had been given of him, did, by the advice of his Friends, abſent himſelf. At firſt he retir'd into Normandy, to the houſe of one of his Relations; but not thinking himſelf ſafe there, he was oblig'd to change his retreat often. He went from one Province to another, always travelling by night, and never lodging but with Perſons who were of his acquaintance. At laſt being weary of that wandering life, and finding that the endeavours of his Friends in his favour were uſeleſs; but above all apprehending the Baſtile, where he had ſerv'd a very ſevere apprenticeſhip ſome years before, he reſolv'd to depart France towards the end of the year 1661. He firſt came to the Spaniſh Low-Countries, and from thence to Holland, where he ſtaid but a ſhort time, and then came over to England, where he waited on King CHARLES II. who receiv'd him very graciouſly. He ſoon liv'd in great familiarity with the Dukes of BUCKINGHAM and ORMOND, the Earls of ST. ALBANS and ARLINGTON, my Lord CROFTS, and ſome other Lords: but above all, he liv'd in great friendſhip with my Lord D'AUBIGNY. He apply'd himſelf to Reading, nor did he neglect the Converſation of learned men. He came acquainted with Mr. WALLER, one of the politeſt men in England, with the famous Mr. HOBBES, Mr. COWLEY, Dr. ISAAC VOSSIUS, and ſeveral other learned men.

How agreeably ſoever he ſpent his time in England, yet he often thought of returning to his own Country, and of being reſtor'd to his former Poſts. In this view he wrote to ſuch of his Friends who had moſt credit at the French Court, and omitted nothing in order to obtain leave to return. But finding the minds of the Miniſtry inflexible, he fell into a deep Melancholy, and into a ſort of a languiſhing Diſtemper. He was adviſ'd to croſs the Sea, in order to divert his uneaſy Thoughts; and he was the more eaſily perſuaded to this, that the Plague began to rage at London, and the Court was already reſolv'd to remove. He went away in 1665, and came to Holland, where he recover'd his health after ſome months ſtay in that Country. There he was particularly acquainted with Penſionary DE WIT, and the moſt conſiderable perſons of the State. He was very intimate with the Marquis D'ESTRADES, the Baron DE LISOLA, and moſt of the foreign Miniſters at the Hague: But above all, he us'd to wait on the Prince of ORANGE, who tho' he was diveſted of the Poſts which his Anceſtors enjoy'd, and reduc'd in a manner to a private Station, yet gave ſigns, at thoſe years, of an extraordinary Genius, of that warlike Temper, and that noble Ambition, which he afterwards made appear in the whole courſe of his life.

The Treaty of Breda began a little after: Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND went thither to

ſpend

ſpend ſome months, and was acquainted with almoſt all the Plenipotentiaries. From thence he took a tour to Bruſſels, and then return'd to the Hague. The Prince of TUSCANY [*], who travelled *incognito*, call'd there in his way to England. There was a Houſe hir'd for him, which was the very ſame where Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND lodg'd. He made ready to remove, as well as the reſt who had Apartments in it; but the Prince ſent him word, it was his deſire he would continue in it. All the while his Highneſs was at the Hague, Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND duly paid his court to him, and had the honour commonly to eat at his table. From that time the Great Duke ſtill entertain'd much eſteem and favour for him, and gave him aſſurances thereof, both by very obliging Letters and Preſents, which his Royal Highneſs ſent him from time to time.

Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND had been above four years in Holland, when Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE told him, from K. CHARLES II. that his Majeſty deſir'd he would return to England. He came with all ſpeed to London, where the King receiv'd him with extraordinary goodneſs, and ſettled a Penſion upon him of three hundred Pounds Sterling, which was always duly paid. He had ſuſtain'd a great loſs by the Death of my Lord D'AUBIGNY; but he recover'd a great many old Friends, and was ſoon brought acquainted with

[*] *The Grand Duke now living.*

with the young Courtiers. Reading and the Converſation of polite perſons was all his buſineſs; and we may affirm, that he liv'd as agreeably, as a Stranger and an Exile could wiſh. But what contributed moſt to the comfort and ſweetneſs of his life, was the arrival of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN in England. Then all his divided Cares were united in one, and all his Application was terminated in ſo extraordinary a Perſon. He became one of her moſt zealous and moſt conſtant Admirers: ſhe was the Subject of his fineſt Performances in all the kinds of writing. In a thouſand places of his Works he has celebrated her incomparable Beauty, the Agreeableneſs of her Wit, and the Charms of her Converſation: but all his Encomiums are far ſhort of what was due to her Merits. And to tell the truth, I know not which of them was moſt indebted to the other, Madam MAZARIN to her Panegyriſt, for having diſplay'd to all the world her rare and admirable Qualities; or Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND to Madam MAZARIN, for furniſhing him occaſions of writing a thouſand things, which will always be much to his honour, in the opinion of people of a delicate and fine taſte. He found at her Houſe whatever was moſt honourable and polite in England, and whatever was moſt remarkable among foreign Miniſters: he found thoſe whom the Charms of Madam MAZARIN, and thoſe whom the Freedom of her Houſe did ordinarily draw thither.

But

But what he eſteem'd above all the reſt, was, that he ſaw Madam MAZARIN every day; and that was his chief buſineſs. If time, which deſtroys the greateſt and moſt beautiful things, which effaces even Names and Titles, could make us forget the Beauty, Rank and Fortune of HORTENSIA MANCINI, the Works of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND would eſtabliſh Immortality to her. Her Name and Titles are better ſecur'd, than if they had been engraven on Marble and Braſs. The Reader will pardon what I have been ſaying of Madam MAZARIN. She had ſo large a ſhare in the Writings which Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND compos'd in England, that I could not avoid inlarging upon that matter, nor was it poſſible to think of ſo accompliſh'd a perſon, without lamenting her Loſs.

When Monſieur COLBERT DE CROISSI was Ambaſſador in *England*, he us'd his endeavours to have Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND recall'd. He wrote ſeveral times to Monſieur COLBERT his Brother, and preſs'd him to explain himſelf on that head. Monſieur COLBERT promis'd he would make no oppoſition, in caſe any one would take upon him to ſpeak of it to the King; but he ſaid he could not act directly in an Affair in which he was in ſome ſort a Party. And ſo this attempt ſucceeded no better than former ones had done.

After the Death of King CHARLES II. the Earl of SUNDERLAND, who was Secretary of State, and Preſident of the Council, propos'd

pos'd to King JAMES to create a new Place for Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND: this was a ſort of Secretaryſhip to the Cabinet; for it was deſign'd he ſhould write the King's private Letters to foreign Princes. Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND excus'd his not accepting ſuch an Imploy, by alledging it was not proper for a man of his age. He begg'd my Lord SUNDERLAND to return his moſt humble Acknowledgments to the King, and to tell his Majeſty, that after ſeventy years of age that he had liv'd, it was fit he ſhould enjoy the ſmall remainder of his Life, and entirely throw up all Buſineſs.

The Revolution, which happen'd in the end of the Year 1688, and which produc'd a new face of Affairs in England, was ſo far from hurting Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, that it was much to his advantage. He went to pay his reſpects to the Prince of ORANGE, as ſoon as he was arriv'd at London, and was receiv'd by him with abundance of diſtinction. When that Prince was rais'd to the Throne, he ſhow'd him marks of his Goodneſs on all manner of occaſions, which were often attended with ſolid Favours. When his Majeſty was entertain'd at any great man's Houſe, he very often named him for one of the Gueſts, and was extremely pleas'd with his converſation. Being aſſur'd of the protection and good-will of the new King, he thought of nothing but of ending his days peaceably in England, when it was told him he had leave to return to France. It

was

was before the Declaration of War in 1689, that the Count DE GRAMMONT acquainted him with this by order of the Miniſtry. Several of his Friends did ſollicite him, at the ſame time, to come to Paris; and made him very obliging offers: but whether his extreme paſſion to return was abated thro Age, or whether he was ſatisfy'd with that kind of Life, and with the Society which he had choſen; he anſwer'd the Count DE GRAMMONT, that he was too old to be tranſplanted from one Country to another: that beſides, he lov'd better to continue at London out of choice, where he was known to all the better ſort, where People were accuſtom'd to his Wen and his white Hair, his Behaviour and Temper of Mind; than to return to France, where he had loſt all his Acquaintance, where he ſhould be like a Stranger, and ſcarce know any other Courtier but the Count DE GRAMMONT himſelf.

The reſt of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND's Life was too equal, and too much of a piece, to detain us long. It is ſufficient to ſay, That he liv'd at London like a Philoſopher. Reading and Converſation were more than ever his chief buſineſs, and the reſt of his time was imploy'd in compoſing little Pieces for his own Amuſement, and that of a certain number of perſons who met every day at Madam MAZARIN's. The Death of this Lady touch'd him to the quick, and ſometimes he could not name her without ſhedding tears. Upon this occaſion ſome of his Friends renew'd their

Sollicitations, and preſs'd him to leave England; but he continu'd firm in his firſt Reſolution.

He enjoy'd to the laſt a ſound Judgment, a happy Memory, and as perfect Health as one could have wiſh'd at his age. Eight or ten months before his Death, he began to complain of a difficulty in making water, which was occaſion'd by an Ulcer in his Bladder. This Diſtemper grew upon him inſenſibly, and produc'd ſharp pains and watchings, which weaken'd him, and at laſt took away his appetite, which till then had been always very good. Finding himſelf paſt recovery, he made a Will, and diſpos'd of the little which he had, to his Domeſticks and ſome of his Friends. He died on the $\frac{2}{12}$th of September 1703, being in his ſenſes to the laſt, and ſpoke as long as he could be underſtood. His age was never exactly known; but by the moſt juſt calculation that could be made of it, he could not be leſs than ninety two years of Age. He was buried in Weſtminſter-Abby, near the Learned CASAUBON, CAMBDEN, BARROW; and the Poets CHAUCER, SPENCER, COWLEY, &c. His Friends took care to have his *Buſto* made by an able Sculptor: it is plac'd above the Inſcription that contains his Epitaph, which is engraven on white Marble, and which the Reader will find at the end of this Preface.

Before we conclude this Preface, let us ſay ſomething of his Perſon and Character. Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND was of a tall proper ſtature, and a good ſhape; and having

per-

perform'd his Exerciſes well in his youth, he preſerv'd a natural and eaſy Gait at a very old age. His Eyes were blue, lively and full of fire, his Look ingenious, and his Smile arch. He had fine black Hair; and tho it was become perfectly white, and but very little remain'd, yet he would never take a Perriwig, but contented himſelf with a Calot. Above twenty years before his death, there aroſe a Wen above the upper part of his Noſe, which grew to a conſiderable bigneſs, but did not much disfigure him; at leaſt thoſe who were us'd to ſee him, were not much offended at the ſight of it.

His Converſation was jovial and eaſy, his Repartees ſmart and biting, his Manners obliging and polite: in one word, we may ſay of him, that in every thing he look'd like a Man of Quality. Being a rigid obſerver of the Rules of Civility, he never fail'd to return a Viſit; but it was always without that affectation of Ceremony, which ſpoils the ſweetneſs and agreeableneſs of Correſpondence.

He was not a man of great Learning, but what he had read, he underſtood thorowly. In reading he was more concern'd to ſtudy the Genius and Character of an Author, than to burden his memory with pompous, and oftentimes uſeleſs Learning.

He wrote with eaſe; and tho his Stile ſeems to be labour'd and ſtudy'd, yet he had acquir'd ſo great a habit of writing, that it coſt him no pains. However, we are not to imagine, becauſe of this, that he never corrected his

Works. On the contrary, after a certain time he revis'd them, added to them, and sometimes curtail'd them: but very often he was more lucky in his first thought than he was in his corrections.

Altho every body agrees that his Poetry is much short of his Prose, yet he did not always judge of it as the Publick did. And we may even say, that he was a little too much prejudic'd in favour of his Verses; otherwise he made them with a great deal of facility. He was a passionate lover of Musick, and understood it so well, as to be able to compose Tunes. He prick'd the *Consort of Chelsey*, a *Prologue in Musick*, and several other Pieces, which you will find among his Poems. 'Tis true, that as to Overtures, Thorow-Base, Chorus's, and the whole Symphony, he left them to be compos'd by some able Musician. Being a great admirer of a fine Voice, and yet more of Instruments when they were well play'd upon, he never miss'd any Consort or Diversion of that kind.

All the while he serv'd in the Army, he was very careful to perform all the Duties of a good Officer; and out of it he was a lover of Pleasure, a good Companion, and a lover of Good Cheer. The Count D'OLONNE, the Marquis DE BOISDAUPHIN, and he, were call'd *les Coteaux*, &c. because they would needs refine upon the taste and delicacy of the Table. In foreign Countries he always lov'd Good Cheer, and when all other Passions left him, this accompany'd him to his very Tomb.

Altho he was naturally inclin'd to Satire, or rather to a fine Raillery, or an ingenious Irony; yet his Politeneſs, and his Knowledge of the World, made him very circumſpect and reſerv'd. In his old days he affected to praiſe and commend every thing, and even to applaud too highly Favourites and people in places. This was rather an effect of Fear and Diſtruſt, the ordinary Companions of old Age, than a change of his Temper and Inclination. He has expreſs'd this Diſpoſition in thoſe four Verſes:

My taſte of Satire is no more,
And I malicious Praiſe give o'er:
But when with truth I can commend,
'Tis pleaſant then to pleaſe a Friend.

He not only liv'd to a very old Age, but during the whole courſe of his Life enjoy'd a firm and vigorous Health. He preſerv'd to the laſt a gay facetious Humour, which had nothing of auſtereneſs in it, nor none of the peeviſhneſs of old Age. He lov'd the company of young people, and was touch'd with all their Pleaſures. The Diverſions he was not in a condition to enjoy, made a lively and agreeable impreſſion on his mind, and he lov'd to hear them talk'd of.

He was naturally ſlovenly, which was occaſion'd chiefly by his having Dogs, Cats, and all ſorts of Animals always with him. He us'd to ſay, that in order to divert the uneaſineſſes of old Age, it was neceſſary always

to have before one's eyes ſomething alive and animated.

He brought from France all the Money he could recover, leaving ſome Bills with the Mareſchal DE CREQUI, who ſettled a penſion for Life on him for them of 200 Crowns. When he went the ſecond time from Holland over to England, he gave 500 *l.* ſterling to the Duke of MONTAGUE, who in lieu thereof ſettled an Annuity upon him of 100 *l. per annum* during Life. This, together with what he receiv'd from Normandy, and the Gratifications which he had from K. CHARLES II. and K. WILLIAM III. ſupply'd him with the neceſſaries and conveniences of Life.

This is ſufficient to give you an Idea of Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND; if there are any ſtrokes wanting to his Picture, you may ſee that he drew himſelf: he concludes it with theſe Verſes, which inform us wherein conſiſted his Religion:

Juſtice and Charity ſupply the place
Of rigid Penance, and a formal face:
His Piety, without inflicted Pains,
Flows eaſy, and Auſterity diſdains.
God only is the object of his care,
Whoſe Goodneſs leaves no room for black deſpair:
Within the boſom of his Providence,
He places his Repoſe, his Bliſs, and ſure Defence.

London, April 1, 1705.

EPI-

EPITAPH

OF M. DE

SAINT-EVREMOND.

CArolus de Saint Denis, Dñs de Saint Evremond,
Nobili genere in Normannia ortus,
A prima juventute
Militiæ nomen dedit ;
Et per varia munera
Ad caſtrorum Mareſcalli gradum evectus,
Condæo, Turennio
Aliiſque claris belli Ducibus
Fidem ſuam & fortitudinem
Non ſemel probavit.
Relicta patria Hollandiam,
Deinde à Carolo II. accitus, Angliam
Venit.
Philoſophiam & humaniores Litteras
Feliciter excoluit :
Gallicam Linguam
Cum ſoluta, tum numeris aſtricta Oratione
Expolivit, adornavit, locupletavit.
Apud potentiſſ. Angliæ Reges benevolentiam & favorem:
Apud Regni proceres gratiam & familiaritatem :
Apud omnes laudem & applauſum
Meruit.
Nonaginta Annis major obiit
Die IX Septembris M DCC III.

Viro Clariſſimo
Inter præſtantiores
Ævi ſui Scriptores,
Semper memorando
Amici mœrentes.
P. P.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MARESCHAL DE TURENNE.

I Should diſparage the Birth of Mareſchal DE TURENNE, if I pretended to inform the Publick of a Family ſo illuſtrious and ſo remarkable all over Europe, as his was. I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with drawing all the lineaments of his Face; the Characters of Great Men have nothing in common with the Portraitures of fair Ladies: but I may ſay in general, that there was in him ſomething auguſt and agreeable; ſomething in his Countenance which diſcovered I don't know what Greatneſs in his Soul, and in his Genius. One might have perceived, by looking on him, that nature had, by a particular diſpoſition, fram'd him for doing every thing that he did.

Being the off-ſpring of a Father in ſo much Authority among the Proteſtants, as the Duke DE BOUILLON was, he had from him his ſentiments about

Religion, without an indiſcreet zeal for his own, and without an averſion againſt that of others; being guarded againſt a ſecret deluſion, which makes us believe we have Charity for our neighbour, where 'tis nothing but an exceſs of complaiſance for our own Opinion. As there is nothing mean in the Poſts of the Army, he went thro' the very loweſt, and the middle ones, and was always thought worthy of greater ones than he had: and though he was ever diſtinguiſhed by his Birth, yet the diſtinction of his Services alone, raiſed him by degrees to the Command of Armies; and without exaggerating the matter, we may ſay that no man ever owed ſo much to his own Merit, and ſo little to Fortune in arriving at the Employments to which he was raiſed.

I ſhall not take up much time in giving an account of his Actions, but confine myſelf to ſome Particulars but little known, which will contribute towards forming his Character. All the while he ſerv'd with the Prince of CONDE' in Germany, his Highneſs gave him the chief Glory of all that was done in that Country; and he carried the eſteem he had for him ſo far, that in diſcourſing with a certain perſon of all the Generals of his time, *If I was to be chang'd*, ſaid he, *I would be changed into Monſieur* DE TURENNE; *and he is the only man who could make me wiſh for a change.* You cannot imagine with what care the Prince applied himſelf to obſerve him, with a deſign to reap benefit not only from his Actions, but likewiſe from his Diſcourſes.

I remember he aſk'd him one day, *What Conduct he would obſerve in the war of Flanders.* "The "beſt way, *anſwered Monſieur* DE TURENNE, "is to make few Sieges, and give many Battels "When you have once made your Army ſuperior "to that of the Enemy, by the number and "goodneſs of your Troops, (which you have ver-

"nea

" near done already by the Battle of Rocroi;)
" when you are become maſter of the open coun-
" try, villages will be of as much ſervice as the
" fortified towns: but it is thought much more
" honourable to take a Fortreſs, than to conquer
" a Province with eaſe. If the King of Spain had
" laid out ſo much in forming Armies as it coſt
" him in men and money to make Sieges, and
" fortify Places; he would, by this time, be the
" moſt potent King upon earth."

Monſieur DE TURENNE's firſt Maxim in War, was that which is attributed to CESAR, *That we ought to reckon we have done nothing, ſo long as any thing remains to be done.* Scarce had Philipsburg capitulated, but he march'd away with his Troops to fall upon the ſmall Body, commanded by SAVELLI and COLOREDO: he fell upon them, defeated them, march'd to Spire, Worms, and Mentz, which yielded to him; and all this was done in ſix or ſeven days. He look'd more to the Conſequences of Actions, than to the Actions themſelves: he valued a General more who preſerved a Country after loſing a Battel, than one who had gain'd a Battle, and did not underſtand how to make an advantage of it.

Let us now come to our Civil Wars. 'Twas there that Monſieur DE TURENNE was beſt known, by being moſt expos'd to the obſervation of the Courtiers. 'Tis well known, he ſav'd the Court at Gergeau, and that he prevented its falling into the Prince's hands at Gien. He preſerv'd the State, when every body thought it was loſt; he augmented the glory and grandeur of it, at a time when people durſt ſcarce hope for its preſervation.

But one of the moſt conſiderable ſervices Monſieur DE TURENNE did, was doubtleſs that which he did at Gien. The Court thought they were in the utmoſt ſafety in that place, when the Prince had

ventur'd to paſs through the greateſt part of the Kingdom with ſix perſons only, in order to come and join the Dukes of BEAUFORT and NEMOURS; when the Prince had no ſooner join'd them, but he march'd up to the Mareſchal D'HOCQUINCOURT, and falling into the middle of his Quarters, carried them all away, one after another. You cannot imagine the conſternation the Court was in at this unfortunate news. They durſt neither abide in that town, nor go away from it, not being able to think of a place where they could be in any ſafety. All their hopes were placed in Monſieur DE TURENNE, who was reduced to a very great perplexity. *Never*, ſaid he afterwards, *did ſo many frightful proſpects preſent themſelves to any man's imagination, as did then appear to mine. I had not been long in good terms with the Court, and received the Command of the Army, which was to ſecure it from danger. Let one have ever ſo little eſteem or merit, one is ſure to meet with enemies and envious people; I was not without ſome of that ſort, who gave out every where, that I had ſtill a ſecret correſpondence with the Prince. 'Tis true, the Cardinal did not believe this; but perhaps he might have entertain'd the ſuſpicion that others did, on the very firſt misfortune that ſhould have happen'd to me. Beſides, I knew Monſieur* D'HOCQUINCOURT *would not fail to ſay, that I had expos'd him, and not ſuccour'd him. All theſe thoughts were very afflicting; but the greateſt evil of all was, that the Prince came up with me when he was moſt powerful and victorious.*

In this wretched condition which Monſieur DE TURENNE deſcribes himſelf, he aſſembled his troops as well as he could and marched, more by conjecture, than certainty, towards that part where he thought the Prince might come. The Night was extremely dark, and he had no other guides but deſerters, who were more likely to frighten his troops, than to conduct

duct them. In the morning he luckily found himſelf at the head of a defile, which the Prince muſt neceſſarily paſs, before he could go to Gien. Monſieur DE NAVAILLES propos'd to throw the Infantry into a wood which border'd on the defile: Monſieur DE TURENNE rejected the propoſition, as well knowing that the Enemy, who were ſuperior in ſtrength, would have beat them out of it, and that in the diſorder to which they ſhould be reduced, he ſhould be obliged to retire to Gien only with the Cavalry. The courſe which he took, was to place all his troops in a Line, and remove them five or ſix hundred paces from the defile. The Prince believing that he retired in good earneſt, cauſed fourteen ſquadrons to paſs the defile, who were to be follow'd by the whole Army: then Monſieur DE TURENNE turning upon them with all his troops, charg'd and broke thoſe ſquadrons, and made them repaſs the defile with incredible diſorder. The Prince ſeeing him in this poſture, believed the paſſage of the defile to be impracticable, as it really was; and the reſt of the day was ſpent only in cannonading one another. Monſieur DE TURENNE receiving an additional ſtrength from the remains of Monſieur D' HOCQUINCOURT's Army, and ſome other freſh troops, retired in the evening to Gien, where he received the ſincere applauſes which are given by a Court, that is not yet perfectly heartened after the danger it has been in.

A particular detail of his Services, would make the Character become languid; and therefore one inſtance ſhall ſerve for all. He found the Court ſo much abandon'd, that no City would receive it: the Parliaments had declared againſt it; and the people, prepoſſeſs'd with a falſe opinion of the publick good, blindly followed their Declarations. The Duke of ORLEANS was at the head of the Parliaments; the Prince at that of the Troops: FUEN-

SALDAGNE was advanced as far as Chauny with twenty thouſand men; and the Duke DE LORRAINE was not far diſtant from him. Such was the condition of this unhappy Court, when Monſieur DE TURENNE, after ſome ſieges and battles, an account of which I leave to the Hiſtorians, brought it back againſt its will to Paris; where the King was no ſooner come, but his reſtoration in the Capital, made his authority to be acknowledged all over the Kingdom. The ſafety of the King being ſufficiently confirmed within; Monſieur DE TURENNE made his power to be felt without, and reduc'd Spain to ſue for a Peace, which was her preſervation; ſhe not being able to continue a war, which muſt have prov'd her ruin.

From the Exploits of Monſieur TURENNE, let us return to a more particular obſervation of his Conduct, his Accompliſhments, and his Genius. When he had good ſucceſs, he puſh'd the advantages as far as they could well be carried: when he had bad ſucceſs, he found out all the remedies that could be found out by any one. He always preferr'd ſolidity to a blaze; was always leſs affected with the glory that accrued to his great actions, than with the advantage which the State reaped from them. The good ſucceſs of Affairs was what he had moſt at heart: he was known to bear with the ill offices of thoſe that envied him, the wrongs of his enemies, the diſcontents of thoſe whom he ſerved, in order to perform real ſervice. Being modeſt in the moſt glorious exploits he ever did, he made the Miniſters imperious with him, through the advantage they drew from what he had done. Severe to himſelf, he reckon'd all his misfortunes as errors; indulgent to ſuch as made a ſlip, he made their miſtakes to paſs for misfortunes.

It ſeems, he attributed too little to Fortune, as to the ſucceſs of Events; and being willing to convince

vince him by his own example, of the power that it has on certain occaſions, one ſaid to him, *That he had perhaps never behaved himſelf better than at Mariandal and Rhetel; and that he had loſt thoſe two battles, by having had ill fortune.* " I am well enough " ſatisfied with my ſelf (*anſwer'd he*) in the Action; " but if I ſhould do juſtice on my ſelf ſomewhat " ſeverely, I would ſay that the affair of Mariandal " happen'd, for having yielded unſeaſonably to the " importunity of the Germans, who demanded " Winter-quarters; and that that of Rhetel fell out, " by having truſted too much to the Governor's Let- " ter, who promiſed to hold out four days, that " very day he ſurrender'd:" and he added, *When a man boaſts that he has been guilty of no errors in war, he convinces me that he has not made war long.* He always remembred the importunity of Roſen, in begging Winter-quarters, and his too eaſy compliance in granting it. This reflection made him alter his conduct with regard to the Officers; he continued his wonted good treatment of them, but he would never after ſuffer himſelf to be over-ruled by them in the ſervice.

The firſt difficulty he got rid of, was that of the diſputes that happen'd in the Infantry: this old cuſtom, founded upon an appearance of honour, was a ſort of right which all the corps were reſolved to maintain: the oppoſition was great, but the General gain'd his point, and PUYSEGUR, the moſt intelligent, and the greateſt ſtickler for rank among the Officers; PUYSEGUR, I ſay, who was an enemy to all Generals whom he did not govern, was obliged to ſell his Regiment, and retire to his own houſe, with his troubleſome capacity. The ordinary roll of Officers in detachments, their rank in the order of Battle, were no longer obſerved. This was ſeen at the Battle of Dunkirk, where Monſieur DE TURENNE pitch'd upon the Marquis DE CREQUI

to command the wing oppoſite to the Prince, without any regard to the priority of the Lieutenant-Generals.

After having changed thoſe old Cuſtoms, he changed, to ſpeak ſo, the Genius of Nations; he made Foreigners take up an Activity which was not natural to them; he made the French throw off that Lightneſs and Impatience which had been always natural to that Nation; he made them bear fatigue without murmuring; he made Courtiers who ſerv'd in the Army, forget the Court, as if there had been no other Trade but that of War. This was the Conduct of Monſieur DE TURENNE, with regard to the Officers; let us ſee what was his Behaviour towards Cardinal MAZARIN.

At the time when the Cardinal was the moſt unfortunate; when his Friends ſought pretexts to deſert him, and his Enemies occaſions to ruin him, Monſieur DE TURENNE paid him the ſame deference, the ſame reſpect he had done when Fortune ſmil'd moſt upon him. When his Eminency had recovered his Power, and reigned rather than governed, he obſerved greater ſtate towards him than he had done in his misfortunes. He was the firſt who ventur'd to make his court to the King; all the perſons of note making their applications entirely to the Cardinal. He ſollicited for no Favours, and the Advantages he obtain'd, appear'd to be the effects of his Services to the State, without any dependance upon the Miniſtry.

Never were the Virtues of private Perſons ſo well united with the Qualities of Heroes, as in the perſon of Monſieur DE TURENNE. He was eaſy of Acceſs, delicate in Converſation, and faithful in Friendſhip. He was accuſed of not having uſed his intereſt enough at Court for his Friends; but he did not make advantage of that intereſt even in his own behalf: a ſecret Pride hindering him from asking what he was not ſure to obtain; he did by himſelf

ſelf all the kind and obliging things he could do. There is nothing more common than to think our Friends have more intereſt than they really have, and that we are entitled to more than is our due.

Monſieur DE TURENNE was not incapable of loving; his Virtue was not of that rough and dry kind, which is not ſweetned by any tender Sentiment. He lov'd more than he thought he did, hiding as much as poſſible, a Paſſion which others might eaſily diſcover.

If Singularities are a ſort of failings in Society, Monſieur DE TURENNE had two, which but few people are charged with; a too great Diſintereſtedneſs, when a ſpirit of Intereſt reign'd univerſally; and too pure a Probity, when Corruption generally prevail'd.

His changing his Religion, touch'd all the Proteſtants very ſenſibly: they who knew him, did not attribute it either to Ambition or Intereſt. He ever lov'd to talk of Religion, particularly with my Lord D'AUBIGNY, and was wont to ſay, That *the Doctrine of the Reformed was ſoundeſt, but that they ought not to have ſeparated from the Roman-Catholicks, in order to engage them to embrace their Religion inſenſibly.* "When one owns, he was in the wrong to ſepa-"rate from a Church, *replied my Lord* D'AUBIGNY, "one is in a fair way to return to it again; and if I "ſurvive Madam DE TURENNE, I ſhall ſee you in "ours." Monſieur DE TURENNE ſmil'd; but that ſmile did not ſufficiently diſcover, whether he laugh'd at my Lord D'AUBIGNY's prediction, or approved it. In both Religions, he always acted for the beſt: when he was a Huguenot, he did nothing contrary to the intereſt of the Catholicks; and when he became a Convert, he had no zeal that was prejudicial to the ſafety of the Huguenots. Conſidering the deference the King had for his great ſenſe, 'tis likely enough he would have complied with it; and that the

the Reformed Miniſters ſhould have no reaſon to complain of their ruin, nor the Catholick Clergy to repent of their zeal.

They who followed him in his laſt Campaigns, ſay that his Valour was more quick and lively than in the preceding ones; that he was more adventurous in undertaking and engaging than formerly. A Cannon-Ball put an end to ſo glorious a Life [1], a deſirable Death (ſince we muſt die) to ſo great a Man. His loſs was lamented by all the French, and regretted by all indifferent People; his Perſon was praiſed by his Enemies, and his Virtue admired by all the World. The King, whom he had ſerved ſo well, would needs have him interr'd at St. Denis among the Kings his predeceſſors, as thinking he was as much obliged to him who had preſerved his Kingdom, as thoſe who left it to him.

[1] *The 17 of July 1675.*

A PARALLEL

BETWEEN THE

PRINCE OF CONDE'

AND

M. DE TURENNE,

As to what relates to War.

YOU will find in the Prince of CONDE', ſtrength of Genius, heighth of Courage, a quick, diſtinct, and ready Judgment. Monſieur DE TURENNE has the advantages of cool Blood, great Capacity, long Experience, and confirmed Valour.

The former is never at a loſs in Council, never irreſolute in his Deſigns, nor embaraſs'd in his Orders, always taking his meaſures better than any man in the World: the latter forms a Plan of his conduct in the War, diſpoſes every thing to the beſt advantage, and manages them with a dexterity equally removed from Slowneſs and Precipitation.

The Activity of the former, carries him farther than is neceſſary, to the end he may not omit any thing that may be of uſe: the latter is as active as he ought to be, forgets nothing that is of uſe, and does nothing that is ſuperfluous; being maſter of Fatigue and Reſt, endeavours to ruin the enemy's army, and ſtudies the preſervation of his own.

The

The Prince is ſevere in Command, is equally fear'd and eſteem'd: Monſieur DE TURENNE is more indulgent, and obey'd not ſo much from the Authority he takes, as from the Veneration that the ſoldiers have for him.

The Prince is more agreeable to thoſe who know how to pleaſe him, and more vexatious to thoſe who diſpleaſe him; more ſevere when perſons fail of their Duty, and more ſenſibly affected when they have done well. Monſieur DE TURENNE, who is better compoſed, excuſes Faults by reckoning them Misfortunes, and often reduces the greateſt Merit to the ſimple praiſe of having done one's duty well: Satisfied with the ſervice that is done him, he is not always pleaſed with the value that people ſet upon themſelves; and improving with pleaſure the merit of the moſt ſubmiſſive, he looks with diſpleaſure on thoſe induſtrious perſons who endeavour to gain a reputation under him, and to be raiſed by the Miniſtry.

The Prince animates himſelf with ardour to great things, enjoys Glory without vanity, receives Flattery with diſdain; if he takes pleaſure in being praiſed, 'tis not the praiſe of his Actions, but the delicacy of the Praiſe that affects him agreeably. Monſieur DE TURENNE goes naturally to great and ſmall things, according to the relation they have to his deſign: he is never elevated in good, never caſt down in bad fortune.

No Precautions are ſufficient againſt the attacks of the former, his boldneſs and vigour rendring weak the ſtrongeſt enterprize that can be formed; the latter extricates himſelf out of all danger, and finds means to preſerve himſelf when his ruin ſeems to be unavoidable.

Whatever Troops you give to the Prince, old or new, known or unknown, he has ever the ſame Boldneſs in battle: one would believe, that he knew how

to

to inſpire his own qualities into the whole Army; his Valour, his Ability, his Action, ſeem to him to anſwer for that of others. If Monſieur DE TURENNE has many Troops whom he cannot truſt, he ſtudies his own ſafety; if he has but a few good ones whom he can confide in, he undertakes what appears to be impoſſible, as a thing eaſy to be done.

How great ſoever may be the Prince's eagerneſs for fighting, Monſieur DE TURENNE will fight more battles than he, becauſe he takes better meaſures to bring the enemy to an engagement: but in the time of action he does not ſo well take thoſe unforeſeen opportunities which produce an abſolute Victory, and this is the reaſon why his Advantages are not compleat. When the matter is diſputed, the Plan of his War comes freſh into his mind, and he commits what he ſees doubtful and difficult to a more ſecure Conduct. The Prince has a greater Preſence of Mind, and is more briſk in Action; he ſets every thing right himſelf, recovers his Diſorders, and puſhes on his Advantages. He makes all the uſe of the Troops that any one can make of them; he expoſes himſelf to the utmoſt danger, and ſeems reſolv'd either to overcome, or not to ſurvive his defeat. He thinks it not enough that he is not worſted, but reckons it a diſgrace to him not to overcome.

Monſieur DE TURENNE prefers the publick Good to every thing elſe; he bears with the Murmurs of the envious, the ill Offices of his enemies, and the Diſlike of thoſe whom he ſerves, that he may thereby do real ſervice. The Prince has more regard for the Orders of the Court; but when a favourable opportunity offers itſelf, then he hearkens to nothing but his Valour, and thinks he is anſwerable for his Actions only to his Glory.

The Prince arrives at the higheſt pitch of glory by his victories, and never falls under diſcredit upon the account of his misfortunes; which may perhaps be

a prejudice to the Publick, but never can be ſuch to his Reputation. The Reputation of Monſieur DE TURENNE is always inſeparable from the publick welfare. His Actions are not diſtinguiſhed by any ſingularity, becauſe they are always equal, and of a piece: his whole Conduct has leſs luſtre to beget the applauſes of the Populace, than ſolidity to employ the Reflections of the Judicious. All that Monſieur DE TURENNE ſays, writes, or does, has ſomething in it too ſecret to be div'd into by any but ſuch as have a good ſhare of penetration; people loſe a great deal by not underſtanding him diſtinctly enough, and he loſes no leſs by not explaining himſelf ſufficiently to others. Nature has beſtowed on him as much Senſe, Capacity, and merit, as on any man living; and has denied him that fire of Genius, that openneſs and freedom of Mind, which makes it appear bright and agreeable. He muſt be deſtroy'd, before we can know his value; and it will coſt him his Life, before he has compleat juſtice done to his Reputation.

The Prince's Virtue is as bright as it is powerful; it is fatal to his enemies, who feel the effects of it, and comfortable to thoſe who reap the advantages of it: but, to tell the truth, it has not ſo much coherence and conſiſtency as that of Monſieur DE TURENNE; which made me ſay a long time ago, that the one was fitteſt to bring Actions to a glorious iſſue, and the other to put an advantageous period to a war. In the courſe of an affair, the Prince's Conduct is ſpoke of with moſt advantage; but when the Affair is over, the fruits of what Monſieur DE TURENNE hath done are of a longer duration.

I ſhall add this one difference more: Monſieur DE TURENNE is fitteſt to ſerve a King, who will truſt him with his Army; the Prince to command his own, and get reputation by his own means.

A

A

LETTER

TO THE

MARQUIS OF SAISSAC,

In the name of the DUTCHESS *of* MAZARIN.

I Muſt begin my Letter with thanks, and tell you in few words, that I am extremely obliged to you for the care you take of my intereſts. This well deſerves that I ſhould frankly declare to you my real Sentiments about my return. They are the ſame that I have always had; and that is, that I muſt firſt pay my debts e'er I can have the liberty of departing from England. Theſe are my intentions as to my Return. If you had had the curioſity to know the ſtate of my Affairs, I ſhould have told you that it was never worſe than it is at preſent. I continue to live by borrowing; but the greateſt evil is, that I know not how to borrow any more. I am well ſatisfied that it is not owing to the want of your Endeavours, that I am not relieved. It was not poſſible for you to do more than you have done; you leave an Obligation upon me, without my reaping any Benefit from it.

Monſieur MAZARIN's Advocate [1] wants good Reaſons; but he makes amends for the weakneſs of his reaſoning, by the good Turn he gives it. It muſt be own'd, he is very nice at Raillery. Our common Friend, Monſieur DE ST. EVREMOND, is ſo in love with Ridicule, that he is even pleas'd with that Gentleman's Ridicule upon him. He ſays, *He knows not whether the Advocate had greater pleaſure in beſtowing, than he had in receiving it, it being ſo very ingeniouſly turned.* All the Satyr that any one employs, were it even againſt himſelf, is pleaſing to him; a noble Temper, which has been kept up in its purity for theſe eighty Years!

I return at the end of my Letter, to the Complements I made you at the beginning of it. I intreat you to believe, that I ſhall be ſenſible of your Friendſhip all my life, and grateful for the kind Offices you have done me.

A BILLET TO THE DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

YOU commanded me to write to the Marquis DE SAISSAC, which I have accordingly done: you commanded me to write like a Normand; and I have acquitted myſelf ſo well in this, that I defy Monſieur DE SAISSAC to know whether you prais'd him for his diligence, or complain'd that he

[1] *Mr. Erard, in his pleading on behalf of the Duke, againſt the Dutcheſs of Mazarin.*

he has contented himſelf with uſing fruitleſs endeavours to ſerve you, where you might have expected real effects of his Promiſes. A thouſand Complements, if you pleaſe, to the Duke of ST. ALBANS. My little *Conſort* is finiſhed: if he thinks it worthy of his Cloſet, I ſhall get it copied for him; I mean at his expence. I am the firſt Author in Proſe, Verſe, and Muſick, who ruins himſelf in Copiſts. My Works muſt needs be very little worth.

AN ANSWER TO THE PLEADING OF M. ERARD,

On behalf of the Duke of MAZARIN *againſt the Dutcheſs his Wife.*

THE PREFACE[1].

IT is not decent to pry into the ſecrets of Families; much leſs to expoſe to the Publick ſuch things as paſs between a Husband and a Wife: but ſince the

[1] *This Preface was not written by M. de St. Evremond; but he having reviſed it, and beſides it containing ſeveral curious Particulars, we thought it proper to inſert it here. See what has been ſaid of it in the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *under the year* 1689.

Duke of MAZARIN *has thought fit to open 'em to the great Council, and Monſieur* ERARD, *his Advocate, to put them into print; it was not fair that the World ſhou'd hear but one ſide: and the* Anſwer to the Pleading *falling into my hands, I thought my ſelf bound to publiſh it, that the world might paſs their judgment upon the whole. I hope, that after a thorough examination of the matter, Madam* MAZARIN *will by common conſent be found worthy of a better fate, and another ſort of Husband.*

If the Duke had proceeded no farther, than Coldneſs, Reſervedneſs, or Rigour; the Dutcheſs had quietly lamented her misfortune in ſecret, in hopes at length by the conſtancy of her ſufferings, and the ſweetneſs of her compliance, to reclaim him: but when he came to that degree of exceſs, which took away all her repoſe; and to ſuch a rate of Profuſion, as muſt abſolutely ruine her Family; ſhe had recourſe to thoſe methods, that might preſerve her Eſtate, and Liberty.

The Relations treated, the Directors uſed their endeavours, the King interpos'd his authority; but nothing could either perſuade or prevail upon Monſieur MAZARIN. *Muſt a Wife be eternally enſlav'd to the Caprices, Enthuſiaſms, and falſe Revelations of her Husband?*

This is what Monſieur ERARD *has maintain'd with as many Invectives, as Calumnies. Theſe few paſſages taken out of his Pleading, may ſerve to ſhew the violent temper of the Advocate.*

Matters are come to that paſs in England, that 'tis no longer lawful for a Catholick, a Frenchman, nor for an honeſt man to ſtay in London.

If Madam MAZARIN, *adds he*, had any affection for King JAMES and his Queen, or any Gratitude for their Bounties; or indeed but that ſenſe of Honour and Religion, which ſhe ought to have learn'd

learn'd by being near their Perſons; could ſhe ſee, without horrour, the Uſurper of their Kingdoms, and the Enemy of our Faith, eſtabliſh his Tyranny upon the wrack of their lawful Throne, and the ruin of the true Religion?

In another Place:

Unleſs ſome ſplendid fit of Zeal made Madam MAZARIN covetous of a glorious Palm; and gave her a holy Ambition of being ſacrificed by that barbarous Nation.

But after all, how can the names of the King and Queen of England, be made uſe of to excuſe the elopement and abſence of Madam MAZARIN..... now that ſhe offers the ſame incenſe to the Prince of ORANGE, ſhe offer'd to them; but with as much baſeneſs and unworthineſs, as it was honour to her, to pay that reſpect which ſhe ow'd to them.

And at the end of his Pleading.

What excuſe can Madam MAZARIN now have? Is the Prince of ORANGE her Kinſman? Are all theſe Gameſters, Libertines, Presbyterians, Epiſcopalians, Quakers; in a word, are all this rabble of all Religions, except the true one, which reſort to her houſe, her Relations?

To cite all the injurious things, that he ſays of Madam MAZARIN, *and the Engliſh Nation, would require our tranſcribing the whole Pleading.*

Monſieur MAZARIN *can't deny, but that he has given occaſion for a lawful ſeparation. But he boaſts that he has forgot nothing that might procure a Reunion; and 'tis certain that he ſent Articles to that purpoſe. The firſt of them, upon which almoſt all the reſt depend, was this;*

Nothing by condition, but all by way of friendſhip.

In thoſe difficulties, that will undoubtedly ariſe, a clear ſtating of matters muſt immediately follow.

To imitate the beſt Œconomy in the Kingdom, and by that model to form ours.

Never to give the publick an account of our domeſtick Affairs: much leſs to let the curious into our greateſt ſecrets; but to tell 'em in few words, that our reconciliation was happily effected.

Monſieur MAZARIN *not being contented to have laid down Rules for the conduct of Husband and Wife, would needs make regulations thro' his whole eſtate, without regard to the juriſdiction of the Biſhops, or the authority of Governours. He begins with eccleſiaſtical Affairs, which in reaſon ought to go before the civil. Theſe Articles being printed, I ſhall mention 'em only in general.*

He enjoins good order in Fraternities; where, *as he ſays,* abundance of abuſes are crept in.

He preſcribes to the Curates their duty in their parochial Maſſes, eſpecially in the publication of Holidays, and the Banns of Matrimony: Veſpers and Complines *are not forgotten; he touches lightly upon the* Sermon.

From thence proceeding to ſome rules for Laymen; he orders an Apothecary, or his man, who carries a Clyſter, to be decently habited; and the Patient ready to receive it, to turn himſelf with all poſſible modeſty.

He forbids Women to milk Cows, or ſpin with a Wheel; becauſe of a certain exerciſe of the Fingers, and a motion of the Foot, which may give them looſe Ideas.

He requires great innocence of the Women, who keep Sheep; and more of the Men, who keep Goats.

For the Herdſmen, as well thoſe who keep Bulls, as thoſe who bring their Cows to them, they muſt turn their eyes another way at the time of leaping; and afterwards come to payment according to a rate at which he had tax'd it.

Having a vaſt extent of Land in divers Provinces, he takes his Progreſſes to ſee his orders put in execution; which being univerſally ill receiv'd, he purchaſes obe-

dience

dience to them very dear. The train of his Fraternities, the equipage of his Saints errant, half eccleſiaſtick, half ſecular, wou'd make a pretty large Caravan in Aſia; and this is not the leaſt magnificent way that he has taken to ruin himſelf. This would be ſufficient to juſtify the ſeparation of Madam MAZARIN: *however, let us hear her Advocate.*

AN ANSWER TO THE PLEADING OF M. ERARD, &c[a].

'TIS a certain truth, Gentlemen, that Impudence is not acquired at once. 'Tis by degrees that men arrive at the aſſurance of telling, and maintaining great Lyes. Truth has no occaſion for Inſtructions, or Exerciſe. It may be ſaid to be born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our Veracity. Judge then, Gentlemen, how much Art, Study, and Practice, muſt have concurr'd to give Monſieur ERARD the perfection of his Talent. What perverſions of Truth, what Suppoſitions, what Forgeries of fact were neceſſary to form the capacity of ſo great a man!

[a] *Concerning this Anſwer, ſee the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *under the year* 1689.

To ſay, the Duke of Nevers accompanied his Siſter to the end of the firſt ſtage; which is falſe: That Madam MAZARIN carried rich moveables, and abundance of plate; who never had abroad, either Goods, Plate or Jewels, except one Necklace, which ſhe uſually wore in France: That ſhe reſided in the territories of the King of Spain, thro' which ſhe only travell'd in the time of a profound peace, as her road led her: That ſhe ſcandaliz'd all the Convents, where ſhe has been; tho' we are witneſſes how much ſhe was belov'd and honour'd by the Abbeſſes of Chelles and the Lis, and of all the Superiours of the religious houſes where ſhe lived: That her Penſion in England was given her in conſequence of a debt due to the Cardinal; a debt which the two Kings always laughed at as chimerical, and ridiculous: To invent a hundred things of this nature, to diſguiſe, feign and ſuppoſe, have been as it were, the ſteps, by which Monſieur ERARD has mounted to the aſſurance of his Encomium upon the Duke, and the impudence of his Calumnies againſt the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

If all theſe Praiſes, all theſe Reproaches, be not the Creatures of your own Brain, tell us, Monſieur ERARD, who cou'd inform you of the Virtues of Monſieur MAZARIN? Had you theſe fine Notions of him, from the Court, from the Provinces, or from the Villages? Who has informed you of the ill Qualities of Madam MAZARIN? Did your information come from Paris, from Rome, from Venice, or from London? I can give you a more faithful and exact account of them both; and to hinder you from falling any more into error, in charity I will tell you, that Monſieur MAZARIN makes himſelf contemptible every where, as well where he is not, as where he is; and that Madam MAZARIN is as generally eſteemed, wherever ſhe is, or has been.

But

But in what Country did you live, or in what obſcure hole did you ſpend your days, that you are ignorant how this Match with Monſieur MAZARIN was brought about? Cardinal MAZARIN, at the beginning of his Illneſs, was inquiſitive into the Merit of our Courtiers, in order to find one worthy of his lovely Niece, and capable to maintain the Honour of his Name. As he had yet ſome remains of Vigour, he found no difficulty in reſiſting Virtue without Wealth; but his Diſtemper increaſing daily, and his Judgment impairing with his Strength, he cou'd not withſtand the falſe Report of the Riches of Monſieur MAZARIN.

This, Monſieur ERARD, this was that noble and glorious Choice of the Cardinal; a Choice, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, that almoſt ruin'd his Reputation, notwithſtanding all the merit of his paſt life. By it he loſt the Reſpect of the Courtiers, the moſt Cautious could not forbear their Railleries; and ſome foreign Miniſters wrote to their Maſters, that they ought no longer to make any account of his Eminency, after the ridiculous Match he had made.

What Averſion ſoever you may have for Truth, for once do yourſelf the violence to hear that which I have to ſay of Monſieur MAZARIN. You cannot have a greater Averſion againſt Truth, than I have againſt Lyes; yet I have been forc'd to hear all thoſe you have ſaid of Madam MAZARIN, with as much villany as impudence.

Upon the death of the Cardinal, the Courtiers (who did not yet underſtand the niceneſs of the King's taſte) were afraid that Monſieur MAZARIN ſhould inherit as well the Favour as the Eſtate and Name of his Eminence. Monſieur DE TURENNE, was heard to ſay, "That if he ſhould ſee ſuch an "indignity, he would leave France with the ſame "eaſe that he had heretofore done, when he went "into the ſervice of the Prince of CONDE'." The

Mareſchal DE VILLEROY, who, having been his Majeſty's Governour, ought to have been better acquainted with his diſcernment, was not without his apprehenſions. The Mareſchal DE CLEREMBAUT, who had ſignaliz'd himſelf in ridiculing this Match, was alarm'd: but Monſieur MAZARIN, who was more in their Intereſts than his own, ſtaid only long enough at Court to decry himſelf, and to give the King that judicious contempt of his Perſon, which his Majeſty has retain'd ever ſince.

Nevertheleſs, they were not yet abſolutely rid of their fears: they were afraid, that the Mareſchal DE LA MEILLERAYE, who in his time had always held the firſt Poſt in War, ſhou'd by his example rouze the Ambition of his Son to make himſelf the moſt conſiderable perſon. Monſieur MAZARIN was too good a man to ſuffer the world to continue in that miſtake. He bid farewel to War, as he had done to Court; and you will grant me, Gentlemen, that 'twas none of the unwiſeſt Actions of his life.

He had yet but too much left to make himſelf conſiderable; his Places, Governments, and Riches, in which he out-did all the Subjects of Europe, procur'd him reſpect enough: but like a Philoſopher, he ſhook off all theſe things, as Superfluities; or, like a Chriſtian, as Vanities that might endanger his Salvation. However it were, he left himſelf nothing of thoſe great Honours and Incomes which are ſo precious in the opinion of men. Of a thouſand Rarities which had been heap'd up by Wealth, and Curioſity; of an infinite number of Pictures, Statues, and Tapeſteries; there was nothing but was either ſold, or diſfigur'd: of all his Places, he did not keep one; of all his Governments, he kept only that of Alſace, where he knew he ſhould not be ſuffer'd to command. In ſhort, Gentlemen, I am aſham'd to name the poor Remains of twenty millions

lions [1], that Madam MAZARIN brought him; a
the only reaſon he gave was, that he could not
conſcience keep ill-gotten Wealth. It was not
gotten, Gentlemen, in truth it was not: the D
fence of the Crown againſt ſo many Forces with
and ſo great a Power without, was the purchaſe
it, which the Juſtice and Liberality of the Ki
confirm'd; but theſe advantages have been as
bequeath'd, as they have been kept. The Memo
of the Cardinal is anſwerable for the bad choice
made of Monſieur MAZARIN, and Monſieur M
ZARIN for the ill uſe he made of that vaſt Wealth

Let us ſpare Madam MAZARIN the pain of hea
ing a farther detail of this ſquandring away of h
Fortune: let us ſpare Monſieur MAZARIN t
ſhameful remembrance of the manner of his ſqua
dring it. A hard fate for Madam MAZARIN
have her Wealth ſquandred; a harder to bear con
nually the ſight of the Squanderer! Thus did M
dam MAZARIN ſpend her unhappy days. She e
pected the Reſt of the Night, which is allow'd to t
moſt Unfortunate to ſuſpend the ſenſe of their ſ
ferings; but this relief was denied her. No ſoon
were her fair Eyes clos'd, but Monſieur MAZARI
(who had the Devil always preſent in his black Im
gination) this amiable Huſband, wakes his be
beloved, to make her partaker..... you will
ver be able to gueſs of what, Gentlemen; to ma
her partaker of his nocturnal Viſions. Flambea
are lighted, and ſearch is made every where; h
no Spectre does Madam MAZARIN find, exc
that which lay by her in the bed. His Majeſty
treated more obligingly, he was made the Confid
of his Revelations, thoſe divine Lights which M
ſieur MAZARIN's uſual commerce with Hea
afforded him. The world has been fully infor

[1] *Twenty millions of Livres.*

of his Revelations; and ſince the Advocate has ſet ſuch a value upon that Devotion, which has merited him that Grace, I beg your Patience, Gentlemen, to hear ſome of the Effects of it; they are ſingular, and worth your attention.

During the time that Monſieur MAZARIN courted Mademoiſelle HORTENSIA, he gave a Note for 50000 Crowns to the Biſhop of Frejus [4]; upon condition that he ſhou'd promote the Match, which with reaſon he ſollicited ſo hotly. The Match was made, and the Biſhop had a great hand in it. But it being neither eaſy nor honourable for a Prelate to exact the payment of ſuch a Note, he return'd it to Monſieur MAZARIN, truſting rather to his Word, than his Note. Some time after this piece of generoſity, the Biſhop had occaſion for Money to ſettle his Nephews, and demanded it of Monſieur MAZARIN, who doing violence to his Good-nature, refus'd to pay it; being inform'd by his Director, that 'twould have been a more criminal Simony in him to purchaſe the Sacrament of Marriage, than in a Biſhop to purchaſe his Biſhoprick.

See, Gentlemen, the nice tender Conſcience of Monſieur MAZARIN: the Biſhop, notwithſtanding his holy Character, wou'd have taken the Money, and never boggled at the Simony; Monſieur MAZARIN, a meer Layman, makes a ſcruple of paying it, and religiouſly pays it not!

Here is another Inſtance, that will confirm the good opinion people have of his Piety. Monſieur MAZARIN had a Law-Suit of great importance. An Agreement very much to his advantage was offer'd him: he anſwer'd thoſe that propos'd it to him, *That our Saviour came not to bring Peace into the world; that Controverſies, Diſputes, and Law-Suits, were of divine Right, but Compoſitions of humane*

[4] *Zongi Ondedei, Biſhop of Frejus, Cardinal Mazarin's Creature.*

mane Invention: that God had appointed Judges, but never thought of Arbitrators; and that therefore he was reſolv'd to go to Law all his life, and never come to an Arbitration: a Promiſe that he has piouſly kept, and will keep to his laſt breath.

Modeſty forbids me, Gentlemen, to open to you the occaſion of his Journey into Dauphiné, to conſult the Biſhop of Grenoble: I will only tell you, that a Caſe of Conſcience ſo extraordinary, a Scruple ſo nice, ſo delicate, was never heard before.

But the maſter-piece of Monſieur MAZARIN's Devotion, was this: he caus'd one of Madam DE RICHELIEU's Children to be brought up, with expreſs Prohibition to the Nurſe from ſuckling it on Fridays and Saturdays; that inſtead of Milk, it might ſuck in the holy Uſe of Faſting and Mortification.

This, Gentlemen, is the Devotion of Monſieur MAZARIN, which his Advocate has not been aſham'd to extol; a Devotion that ſerves to confirm our Refugees in their belief: but the Catholicks as well as they laugh at ſo ridiculous a Piety; and you, Gentlemen, whoſe Piety is ſolid, diſapprove it no leſs than the Proteſtants themſelves.

The firſt misfortune that can befall a man, is to be depriv'd of ſo much Senſe as is neceſſary to humane Society; the next, to be obliged to live with thoſe who want that Senſe. Theſe two Calamities appear to the full in that unhappy Marriage of Monſieur and Madam MAZARIN. Nature has ſet Monſieur MAZARIN at ſuch a diſtance from Reaſon, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible he ſhould ever be reaſonable: the only excuſe that his Friends (if he has any) can make for his Conduct. Madam MAZARIN has (by her ill Fortune) been compell'd to live with Monſieur MAZARIN. Joining the Living to the Dead is not a greater Cruelty, than linking Prudence to its reverſe; yet, this torment

was

was Madam MAZARIN for five Years forced to endure: beſieged all day, alarm'd all night; fatigu'd with Journey upon Journey, Journeys contrived without any occaſion; ſubject to extravagant and tyrannical Orders; ſeeing none but Spies, or Enemies; and, which is the worſt of all miſerable Circumſtances, unhappy without conſolation. Any other Woman would have defended herſelf from Oppreſſion, by an open Reſiſtance: Madam MAZARIN ſought only to eſcape from her misfortunes, and to find in the place of her birth (among her Relations) that Security and Repoſe which ſhe had loſt.

While ſhe was at Rome, ſhe was honoured by all that were illuſtrious and great there. Upon her return to France, ſhe obtain'd of the King a Penſion for her ſubſiſtence, and an Officer of the Guards to conduct her ſafely out of the Kingdom, where ſhe neither could nor would ſtay. After ſo many troubles and diſquiets, ſhe fixed her retreat at Chambery; where ſhe paſſed three years with tranquillity in Study and Reflexion, at the end of which ſhe came by the permiſſion of his Majeſty into England. All the world knows the regard that King Charles and King James had for her: all the world knows the favours that ſhe received from them; favours beſtowed only on her Perſon, without any reſpect to the Cardinal's debt. 'Twas therefore to the meer Bounty of their Majeſties that ſhe owed her ſubſiſtence. For, her Huſband, as juſt and charitable as devout, had procur'd the Penſion to be taken away which the King of France gave her.

How little do you act like a Chriſtian, Monſieur MAZARIN, you who talk of nothing but the Goſpel! True Chriſtians render Good for Evil; you leave a Wife to ſtarve, who brought you a greater Fortune, than all the Queens of Europe together brought to their Huſbands. True Chriſtians pardon the Injuries that are done them; you don't forgive

give the Offences which you yourſelf give. On Perſecution draws on another: by your Humou which is ſharpened, and your Temper, which is i ritated by doing of evil; you heighten Perſecutio in proportion as you perſecute. Was it not enoug to deprive Madam MAZARIN of all manner of Sub ſiſtence, during her life? muſt you ſeek out mea to prevent her misfortunes coming to an end, whe you ſhall no longer be in a capacity to enjo them?

Don't think it is ſufficient, that your Advocate mouth is perpetually full of *the auguſt and venera ble name of Husband, the ſacred Bonds of Marriag the Tie of civil Society:* we have for us Monſieu MAZARIN againſt the Husband; we have his vi qualities againſt theſe fine magnificent expre ſions. Our firſt engagements are to Reaſon, Ju ſtice, and Humanity; and the quality of a Hu band cannot diſpenſe with ſo natural an obligatio When a Husband becomes extravagant, unjuſt, c inhumane, from being a *Husband*, he turns *Tyran* and breaks the ſociety which he contracted with h Wife. In that caſe, a Separation is of right wa ranted: the Judges do not make it; they only pul liſh its validity by a ſolemn Declaration. Now th Monſieur MAZARIN is plentifully provided of a thoſe qualities, that make ſuch a Divorce, no o can doubt. His Humour, his Proceedings, his Co duct, all his Actions prove it. The difficulty wou be to find one that did not; and Monſieur ERAS may ſee for it as much as he pleaſes, Gentlemc he will never be able to find it. He'll tell us, th Monſieur MAZARIN is devout: I own it; but I Devotion is ſuch as ſcandalizes all good men. He ſay, that he faſts, and mortifies himſelf: 'tis tru but the torment, that he puts others to, affor him more pleaſure, than his auſterity gives h pain. To refrain from miſchief, to abſtain fr

do

doing evil, were an Abſtinence agreeable to God, and uſeful to men. But the Mortification would be too great for Monſieur MAZARIN, and without an extraordinary grace from Heaven, he will never put it in practice.

From his Religion, Monſieur ERARD will perhaps deſcend to his Morals, and tell us of his Liberality; to which we ſhall oppoſe his Avarice in all honeſt things, and his Prodigality in things that are not allowable. To ſpeak properly, he gives nothing, but he throws away all: he takes from his Wife and Children, what he laviſhes upon ſtrangers. Virtues would change their nature in his hands, and become more criminal than Vices. Would to God, Gentlemen, we had as much occaſion for falſe Vices, as Monſieur ERARD has for ſham Virtues! To our misfortune, we have but too many real ill qualities to alledge. Vexatious ſuits with his Neighbours; irreconcileable hatreds with his Friends; tyrannical treatment of his Children; and perpetual perſecution of his Wife, are the ſad and inconteſtable proofs of our allegations.

As for Monſieur ERARD, after having rejected all Truth, as low, groſs, and unbecoming the delicacy of his Wit; after having exhauſted his copious imagination, in inventing, feigning, and giving falſe colours of Virtues to Vices, and the appearance of Vices to Virtues; in fine, diſcouraged by the ill ſucceſs of his artifices, he has recourſe to Laws extinct, whoſe authority he would revive. He flies to the old ridiculous Novel of JUSTINIAN; a pretty refuge for ſo famous an Advocate!

Let us ſee this terrible Law, Gentlemen, ſo formidable to humane ſociety; this Novel, that takes from the politeſt people the ſweeteſt conſolation of life, by puniſhing a Commerce which is altogether reaſonable and innocent:

If a Woman eats with Men, without the permiſſion of her Husband, ſhe forfeits her Rights; ſhe can claim no benefit of her Marriage-Articles.

By good fortune, this Novel is not in force in the Countries wherein we now live. If this good Law had held its credit, every Wife in the Low-Countries, France, and England, had forfeited her jointure. I wonder that Monſieur ERARD, to ſhew a greater knowledge of Antiquity, did not lead you from the time of JUSTINIAN, to that of ROMULUS, when Husbands and Fathers uſed always upon their firſt coming home, to kiſs their Wives and Daughters, in order to diſcover by their breath, whether they had drank wine, or not; and if they had, they puniſhed them for thoſe faults, which wine might occaſion, altho' the faults were not really committed.

I confeſs, that the Laws give a very great power to Husbands, but then there were no MAZARINS, when they were made: if there had, the whole authority had been lodged in the Woman. Reaſon taught the Antients to make juſt Laws, or ſuch at leaſt as were neceſſary for the government of their time: but yours, Gentlemen, loſes none of its rights by the regulations of antiquity; and it lies upon you, to judge deciſively, and by your own underſtanding, of our intereſts.

Husbands would be too happy, if Monſieur ERARD's infatuation ſhou'd prevail: Wives too unhappy, if it had any influence over your judgments. To be a Husband, would be ſufficient to excuſe all faults, juſtify all crimes, and commend all defects. To be a Wife, enough to ſuffer innocently, to be deſpiſed with merit, and decried with honour. Let Monſieur MAZARIN ſpoil, waſte, and ruine all; he is maſter; he's the Husband: let Madam MAZARIN be left to neceſſity, abandon'd to miſery, and the tyranny of her creditors; what right

right has ſhe to complain of Monſieur MAZARIN, ſays his Advocate! ſhe's his Wife. A Cuſtom of the Greeks, a Law of the Romans, or ſome Novel of JUSTINIAN, are immediately brought in to ſupport his declamation. Madam MAZARIN eats with Men without leave from Monſieur MAZARIN; ſhe loſes her dower, and matrimonial rights: ſhe loſes all that ſhe can pretend to. Moderate your ſelf, Monſieur ERARD, cool a little. Otherwiſe I ſhall beſtow that Character upon you that SALUST does on CATILINE; *Eloquentiæ ſatis, Sapientiæ parum:* much Eloquence, and little Senſe.

Let us come to the wonderful Revolution, which we can't think on without aſtoniſhment. Then it was, ſays Monſieur ERARD, that Madam MAZARIN ought to have left England; and thereupon he aggravates the ſhame of her ſtaying, after the Queen, to whom ſhe had the honour to belong, was gone out of the Kingdom.

No doubt but Madam DE BOUILLON, and Madam MAZARIN would have waited on the Queen with pleaſure: but the ſecret of leaving her Kingdom was of ſuch importance, that it was not imparted to any one; ſo that the Ladies were left of neceſſity in a trouble, which nothing but the preſence of the new Prince could allay. Since that time, it has been impoſſible for Madam MAZARIN to leave a country, where ſhe has been in a manner block'd up by her creditors; where really Monſieur MAZARIN forces her to ſtay, having obliged her to contract unavoidable debts, which he will not pay. He demands with the authority of a Husband, ſo dear to his Advocate, that ſhe return to Paris; while he neceſſitates her abſence, and keeps up the Separation of which he complains. He pretends to deſire her Perſon, but in reality he covets only the Eſtate, that he may entirely ruin it.

I own the Parliament of England would have ſent away Madam MAZARIN: but ſhe had no occaſion to beg the protection of the preſent King; his juſtice anticipated the favour which ſhe would have been obliged to ask.

But tell me, Maſter Advocate, who ſet you on to declaim ſo furiouſly againſt this King? You call him the Deſtroyer of our Faith very unjuſtly. But for his humanity, goodneſs, and protection, not a Catholick had been left in England. You thought to make your court by it to the King of France, and are miſtaken. A Prince who has ſo true a taſte of Glory; a Prince ſo clear-ſighted, diſtinguiſhes great merit, wherever it is to be met with. His judgment, and his affections don't act always in concert; his generoſity to his unfortunate Friend does not hinder him from being juſt to the virtues of his Enemy.

To return to Madam MAZARIN, it remains only that I juſtify her againſt three Charges, which will give me very little trouble. The firſt is, that ſhe keeps a *Bank* in her houſe; the ſecond, that ſhe ſees *Epiſcopalians* and *Presbyterians*; the third, that ſhe converſes with Lords. Hear, Gentlemen, hear your Orator thunder. Never did DEMOSTHENES of Greece thunder againſt PHILIP, at the rate that ERARD of France does againſt Madam MAZARIN. Madam MAZARIN keeps a *Bank*, what a diſorder is this! a *Baſſet-table* in her houſe, what a ſhame! ſhe ſees *Epiſcopalians* and *Presbyterians*; what impiety is this in a Catholick! the Wife of Monſieur MAZARIN devoted inceſſantly to Congregations and Fraternities. She ſpeaks to *Lords*; what depravation of Manners! *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Cool this heat of Eloquence, Maſter Orator, and bring your ſelf into temper. Great Genius's are apt to fly out; give a little attention, afford your ſelf leiſure to conſider things a little. Do you think, that three great Queens, devout and virtuous, as

any ever were; Queen KATHERINE, Queen MARY now in France, the preſent Queen of England, and the Princeſs her Siſter who is ſo regular; do you think, they would have had publick *Baſſet-tables* at Court, if *Baſſet* was not an honeſt diverſion, an innocent game.

The accuſation of ſeeing *Church-of-England-men*, and *Presbyterians*, is ridiculous. To reproach Madam MAZARIN for ſeeing Proteſtants at London, is altogether as juſt as to upbraid Proteſtants when they are at Rome, for ſeeing Catholicks. But if it be a crime to ſee Proteſtants in England, ſure 'tis much more ſo to marry them. Yet a Daughter of France, and an Infanta of Portugal made no difficulty of it. Their Chamberlains, their Ladies of Honour were Proteſtanrs. The principal Officers to Queen MARY, were of that Religion; then how could Madam MAZARIN go to Court without ſeeing them? The Queen's eyes could bear the ſight of them; why ſhould it offend Madam MAZARIN's? But if ever any perſon ſignaliz'd their zeal for the Catholick Religion, 'twas King JAMES, and Queen MARY; yet thoſe truly zealous Princes made no ſcruple of being crown'd at Weſtminſter; of praying with the Biſhops, and receiving the Crown from the hands of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Society has indiſpenſable Laws, Laws equally enemies to impiety, and ſcrupulous niceties.

We are come now to the *Lords*, which Monſieur ERARD is as great a ſtranger to, as to the *Baſſa's*, and the *Mandarins*. I'll inform him then, that theſe Lords are Peers of the Realm of England, the moſt conſiderable Subjects of the nation. Madam MAZARIN will confeſs, that ſhe knows a great many of them, who are as much eſteemed for their merit, as they are regarded for their rank and quality; ſhe will own, that ſhe has received great ſervices from them in her hard circumſtances, and great helps in

her wants. After this confeſſion, methinks I hear Monſieur ERARD exclaim, O Depravation of Manners! *O Tempora, O Mores!* But he muſt give me leave to anſwer with more reaſon: *O ſtultitiam inauditam!* O unheard of Impertinence! O extream Folly!

What! Gentlemen, ſhall Monſieur MAZARIN have leave to diſhonour the name he bears, thro' all the Villages; ſhall he be allow'd to ſettle the great point of keeping Sheep decently; to tax the Leaps of Bulls; to give rules to Apothecaries boys for the decent adminiſtration of Clyſters; to prohibit women from milking Cows, and ſpinning at the Wheel: and ſhall not Maſter Orator ſuffer Madam MAZARIN to ſupport the dignity of her name in all Courts and Nations where ſhe comes?

You are eloquent, Monſieur ERARD, you talk well: but unreaſonable things ſet forth eloquently, make no impreſſion upon a ſound judgment. All your fine words will never perſuade people of good ſenſe, that Madam MAZARIN ought to return to her Husband: to be admitted into the ſociety of Shepherds, Herdſmen, Apothecaries, Milk-women, and Spinners at the wheel; or that ſhe ought to return to Monſieur MAZARIN to be tied down to new rules, as ridiculous as thoſe which he has cauſed to be printed. If you harangued to ignorant people, you might dazzle or move them; but to your misfortune, you have to do with clear-ſighted Judges, wiſe men, who are prepared againſt all falſe reaſonings, and all vain exaggerations.

I wiſh Gentlemen, that Monſieur and Madam MAZARIN could appear before you together at a hearing: you would read their ſeparation in their faces. Every Feature and Lineament in Monſieur MAZARIN's face, would confirm what I have been a ſaying. One Look of Madam MAZARIN would

confound all Monſieur ERARD's calumnies. Heaven has already made the Separation by the contrariety of their humours; by the oppoſition of their tempers; by the greatneſs of one's ſoul, and the meanneſs of t'other's: Nature has ſeparated them as well as Heaven, by a beauty that charms our eyes, and by an aſpect that doth not ſo much engage our ſight. Some unlucky ſtar knit this unhappy knot, which reaſon has inſtructed Madam MAZARIN to untie. Thus, Gentlemen, is ſubmitted to your deciſion, the cauſe of Heaven, of Nature, and of Reaſon. Let your wiſdom give the finiſhing ſtroke to this great work: let it confirm this Separation for ever; and, taking out of Monſieur MAZARIN's hands the adminiſtration of his Eſtate, let it ſecure to his Children the poor remainders of that prodigious wealth, which he has confounded.

A BILLET

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

THree Words of your Letter, are worth three Volumes: *I never was in better health; I never was handſomer in all my life.* What you ſay, as to your Health raviſhes me; but I am not ſurpriſed with what you ſay, as to your Beauty, 'tis what we knew before. 'Tis true the air with which you ſpeak it, has an agreeableneſs above what I can expreſs. I was ſo affected with it, that I could not forbear telling it to my Lord SUNDERLAND, and my

my Lord MULGRAVE [1], who was with him. *Never*, ſaid they, *was confidence ſo noble, ſo juſt, and ſo well founded.* My Lord SUNDERLAND added, that all the Sayings of the Antients, and the Moderns, could not come up to it.

Whatever benefit I reap from your abſence, *viz.* Bath-Mutton, Rabbits, and charming Letters; whatever trouble and vexation, I have to undergo, about my Reſtleſſneſs, my Dogs, and Birds at your return; yet I paſſionately wiſh for it. My Lord MONTAGUE expects to hear of the bleſſed day of your paſſing by his Country-Seat.

TO THE SAME.

I Should never be eaſy, Madam, after the hurry and diſorder of your viſit, if I did not think that the Duke of RICHMOND's Houſe would drive the ſcurvy Idea of mine out of your head. How is it poſſible, that a man, infected with the naſtineſs of his Dogs, and that of himſelf, can be endured, by two perſons who are cleanly, even to a diſeaſe? I am yet more afraid of Mr. VILLIERS, than of you: however, Madam, I was extreamly glad to ſee him; being aſſured that Mr. MILON [2] did not follow you with that diſmal exhortation, with which he has long threatned me. I am preparing one for him to live well, which will be at leaſt as good, as that which he is to make me, to die well. I admire the diſcretion of my Dogs. They that uſed to devour every body, approach'd you, only to pay you their reſpects: it was I who taught them this, and it was rather mine, than theirs, that they paid you.

[1] *The late Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.*
[2] *Madam Mazarin's Chaplain.*

TO THE SAME.

OLD men don't ſleep much: when they ſee you go away at ten at night, they don't ſleep at all. The night paſſes with extraordinary uneaſineſs, leſt ſome inconvenience may have befal'n you [1]. Not being able, and yet leſs willing, to give me good nights, I beg the favour of you, not to give me bad ones; that is, that you would be pleaſed to go away always with Sun-ſhine, without expoſing your ſelf to robbers, drunken, or rude people. In Italy, MUSTAPHA would ſhare your dangers; in England, you muſt run the riſque all alone. The Reſtoration of *the Knight with the diſmal countenance*, gives me perfectly new Ideas: When I ſee DULCINEA at the bottom of your Letters, the caſe will be quite another.

A

LETTER

TO MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS.

I Have been enquiring after you above this twelve months of all the world, and no body can tell me any thing of you. Mr. DE LA BASTIDE told me

[1] *Madam Mazarin liv'd then at Chelſea, whither ſhe choſe to walk from town, tho' late at night.*

me you were very well; but he adds, that if you have not now ſo many Lovers as formerly, you are content to have a great many Friends. The falſity of this laſt news, makes me doubt the truth of the firſt. You were born to love all the days of your life. There is ſome reſemblance betwixt Lovers and Gameſters; *whoever has lov'd, will always love.* If I had been told you were become godly, I could have believ'd it. This is paſſing from a human paſſion, to the love of God, and furniſhing employment for the Soul; but not to love, is a kind of annihilation, which can never ſute with your heart's deſire.

I deſire you would inform me about your health, your occupations, and your temper; and this in a very long Letter, which muſt contain but little Morality, and a great deal of Affection for your old Friend. They talk here as if the Count DE GRAMMONT was dead, which touches me with a very ſenſible grief. If you are acquainted with BARBIN, pray ask him why he prints ſo many things under my name, which are not mine. I have fooliſh things enough of my own, without taking upon me thoſe of others. They attribute to me a Piece againſt Father BOUHOURS, which I never ſo much as thought of. There is no Writer whom I eſteem more than him: our Language owes more to him, than to any Author whatſoever, not excepting VAUGELAS. I pray God the news of the Count DE GRAMMONT's Death, may prove falſe [1], and that of your health, may be true. The Holland Gazette ſays, *That the Count* DE LAUZUN *is to be married:* if that had been true, we ſhould have had an account of it from Paris; beſides Monſieur DE LAUZUN is a *Duke*, and the name of

[1] *That piece of News was, in effect, falſe. Philibert Count de Grammont died on the 10th of January* 1707, 86 *years old.*

Count does not agree to him. If you will be ſo kind as to write me ſome account of this, you will oblige me, as well as by offering my reſpects to Monſieur DE GOURVILLE, in caſe you ſtill ſee him. As for news relating to Peace and War, I ask you none: I neither write any of that nature my ſelf, nor do I receive any. Adieu; the trueſt and moſt faithful of your ſervants would gain very much by your having no Lovers; for he would then be the firſt of your Friends, in ſpite of an abſence which we may call eternal.

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

JUDGMENT

OF

The Abbé RENAUDOT, *upon Mr.* BAYLE's Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary[1].

Mr. BAYLE *Speaks.*

AFTER having employed my Criticiſm upon all ſorts of people, I expected as much freedom would be taken in ſpeaking of me, as I uſed in ſpeaking of others. But I am agreeably ſurpriz'd

[1] *As ſoon as Mr. Bayle's Dictionary appeared in France, the Bookſellers of Paris, who had a mind to reprint it, addreſſed themſelves to the Chancellor Boucherat, in order to obtain a Privilege; and he order'd the Abbé Renaudot to examine it, in order to ſee if there was nothing in it againſt the Government, or the Catholick Religion. Hereupon the Abbé compos'd a ſhort Diſcourſe, which was ſoon printed; and which Mr. Bayle found ſo full of* Blunders, Falſhoods, *and* Impertinencies, *that he declared,* that if ever he refuted it, it ſhould not be till ſuch time as he underſtood that the Author own'd it to be his, ſuch as it was publiſh'd. *Monſieur de St. Evremond, who always had a particular Eſteem for Mr. Bayle, and was then* (1697) *reading his Dictionary with a great deal of pleaſure, wrote this little Piece in his vindication.* See the Life of M. de St. Evremond, *under the Year* 1697.

priz'd to find that the Abbé RENAUDOT, who durſt not praiſe a Proteſtant in France, takes the ingenious method of an apparent Cenſure to favour all my Opinions. In effect, he purpoſely finds fault with me, in a manner that is proper to make all the world praiſe me. It is not enough to have the will to oblige me; ne muſt have the wit and ingenuity of the Abbé, to give ſo great a Reputation to my *Dictionary*.

He ſays, that I have a mind to eſtabliſh *Pyrrhoniſm*; and can one treat a man who is accuſed of deſtroying every thing more obligingly, than by making him eſtabliſh ſomething? This is ſlily ruining his own Accuſation himſelf; this is juſtifying me with abundance of art from the Crime he pretends to charge me with.

You ſlightly paſs, Sir, from Pyrrhoniſm to *Obſcenities*, with which I don't believe you are ſcandalized. You love the Belles Lettres too well, not to read with pleaſure CATULLUS, PETRONIUS, and MARTIAL: and yet their Writings are full of Smut and Obſcenity; whereas in mine, you will meet with nothing but meer Pleaſantry, and little liberties, which are very innocent.

I have no leſs veneration than you have for the great Zeal of the Fathers, and I believe you have as mean an opinion of their Learning as I have. *The Fathers were good men, ſaid Scaliger, but they were not learned.* St. AUGUSTIN was an Innovator in the Article of Grace, in the opinion of Father SIMON: VOSSIUS did not admire him: HOBBES did not at all eſteem him[a]; and you will allow the French, who have ſuffered Perſecution, not to approve an African, who adviſes it.

I

[a] *The Earl of Arlington told Mr. Hobbes one day, that he had bought St. Auguſtin's Works, very cheap:* That cannot be, *ſaid Mr. Hobbes*, for how little ſoever they coſt you, yet you have given more for them than they are worth.

I come now to the *Change of Religion*[3], with which I am reproached, and which I confeſs without any difficulty. I carried away with me from the Catholick Religion all that is good in it, when I left it: I learnt in the Reformed Religion that which is beſt in it, when I embrac'd it again; and thereby I find myſelf in a condition at preſent to judge of both. In effect, whatever eſteem I have for Mr. JURIEU, I am commonly of the opinion of Monſieur DE MEAUX, againſt his; and tho' I have a great value for Mr. ARNAUD, yet I am often inclined to be of Mr. CLAUDE's ſide againſt him.

I will not make an end, Sir, without returning you Thanks for your Favours: I beg the continuance of them, in your *Judgments* upon my Works.

A BILLET TO THE DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

IF I can be of any ſervice to you; if my old Age is any way agreeable to a philoſophical Dutcheſs, who prefers PRIAMS and NESTORS to impertinent ADONIS's; I will take a Coach to come and ſee you. If my Uſeleſſneſs for your Intereſt, and my Diſagreeableneſs for Converſe, will diſpenſe with my not performing

[3] *See the* Life of Mr. Bayle, *added to the Engliſh Tranſlation of his* Miſcellaneous Reflections, occaſion'd by the Comet which appear'd in December 1680, *Page 9 & ſeqq.*

performing my ordinary Duty, I ſhall ſit ſtill at my own fire till two a-clock, when I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you.

TO THE SAME.

THE pleaſure of ſeeing you, is the greateſt that one can deſire; that of waiting for you is not ſmall, and this laſt I taſted for eight hours together at St. James's. I go away, in order to execute the Commiſſions which you do me the honour to give me. I ſhall not fail to be with you at the hour appointed; it is too much my Concern not to fail.

TO THE SAME.

AS all the world gives you Fruit, I will not be the only perſon that gives you none. Receive Peaches from a man who has no Garden, with as good a heart as he gives you them. I ought not to have made uſe of the word *Heart:* that word ought no more to come out of the mouth of a man at my Age, than that of Health. But without Heart and without Health, I am *haſta la muerte.*

TO THE SAME.

THERE is an Expreſs arriv'd, that ſays, Mareſchal BOUFFLERS and my Lord PORTLAND had a ſort of an Interview between the two Camps. This occaſions much diſcourſe in the Park. As for me, who have tied myſelf down to Events, I leave to the Holland Slip the general Reflexions, the Conjectures to the Sagacious, and the Privilege of Viſions to the Speculative.

A

LETTER

FROM MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS

TO

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

I Learn with pleaſure, that my Soul is more dear to you than my Body; and that your good ſenſe leads you always to what is beſt. In truth, the Body deſerves no further regard, and the Soul has yet ſome glimmering light that ſupports it, and touches it ſenſibly at the remembrance of a Friend, whoſe lineaments abſence has not effac'd. I often tell old Stories, in which Monſieur D'ELBENE, Monſieur DE CHARLEVAL, and the Chevalier DE RIVIERE, do rejoice the Moderns. You have a ſhare in the beſt Parts: but as you are a Modern alſo, I take care not to praiſe you before the Members of the French Academy, who have declared for the Ancients. I heard of a *Prologue* ſet to Muſick, which I would fain ſee upon the Theatre of Paris. The Beauty, who is the Subject of it, would raiſe Envy in all thoſe who ſhould hear it. All our HELENS have not a right to be celebrated by a HOMER, and to be always the Goddeſſes of Beauty. I am now got very high: how ſhall I deſcend again? My dear Friend, ought we not to make the Heart

Heart ſpeak its own Language? I aſſure you, that I ſtill love you more tenderly than Philoſophy allows. The Dutcheſs of BOUILLON looks as if ſhe was but eighteen: the Spring of Charms runs in the Blood of the MAZARINS. Now our Kings are Friends, would not you do well to take a trip hither? This to me would be the greateſt Bleſſing of the Peace.

A LETTER TO MADAM DE L'ENCLOS.

I Have a ſenſible pleaſure, in beholding young, handſom, and blooming perſons, who are capable of pleaſing, and are proper to touch ſincerely ſuch an old Heart as mine. As there has always been a great reſemblance, between your Taſte, your Humour, your Sentiments, and mine, I believe you will not be diſpleaſed to ſee a young Cavalier, who has the art of pleaſing all our Ladies. This is the Duke of ST. ALBANS, whom I deſired to viſit you, as much for his own intereſt, as for yours. If there comes over with Mr. TALLARD, any of your friends, of the merit of our time, to whom I can do any ſervice; command me. Pray let me know how our old friend Monſieur DE GOURVILLE does. I ſuppoſe his affairs go well: if he is ill in health, I am ſorry for it.

Doctor

Doctor MORELLI, my particular friend, accompanies the Counteſs of SANDWICH, who is going to France for her health. The late Earl of ROCHESTER, who was my Lady SANDWICH's Father, had more wit than any man in England, my Lady SANDWICH has more wit than her Father had: ſhe is as generous as witty; as lovely as witty and generous. Here you have one part of her qualities: I ſhall dwell longer on the Phyſician than on the Patient.

Seven Cities, you know, contended for the birth of HOMER: ſeven great Nations contended for that of MORELLI; India, Egypt, Arabia, Perſia, Turkey, Italy, and Spain. The cold Countries, nay even the temperate; France, England, Germany, have no manner of pretenſion to it. He underſtands all the Languages, and ſpeaks moſt of them. His elevated, majeſtick, and figurative ſtile, makes me think he was born in the Eaſt, and that he has learnt all the beſt things that are among the Europeans. He loves Muſick paſſionately, and Poetry to diſtraction: in Painting, he is curious, at leaſt; but whether he is a Connoiſſeur, I know not: as to Architecture, he has friends who underſtand it: he is ſeriouſly famous in his profeſſion, and capable of exerciſing that of others. I beg of you to facilitate his acquaintance, with all your celebrated men: if he has yours, I eſteem him happy enough; you cannot make him acquainted with any perſon, who has ſo ſingular a merit, as you have. I think EPICURUS made one part of his Chief-Good, to conſiſt in the remembrance of things paſt. There is no Chief-Good for a man of an hundred years old, like me; but there are ſtill Conſolations left. That of my remembring you, and all that I have heard you ſay, is one of the greateſt.

I write you a great many things, which you will not much care for; I do not conſider that they will be tedious to you. 'Tis enough that they pleaſe my

ſelf: I have no reaſon to think that at this age I can pleaſe others. My merit is to content my ſelf; and I am too happy in being able to do it by writing to you. Pray uſe your intereſt to get ſome Wine for me, from Monſieur DE GOURVILLE. I lodge with Monſieur DE L'HERMITAGE, one of his Relations; a very honeſt man, who fled to England for his Religion. I am ſorry that the Conſciences of the French Catholicks, could not ſuffer him to live at Paris, or that the ſcrupulouſneſs of his made him leave it. He certainly deſerves the approbation of his Couſin.

MADAM DE L'ENCLOS's ANSWER TO M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

HOW could you imagine that the ſight of a young man, would be pleaſing to me? your Senſes deceive you, as to thoſe of others: I have forgot every thing except my Friends. If the name of *Doctor* had not given me courage, I ſhould have made you an anſwer by the Abbé DE HAUTEFEUILLE, and your Engliſh folks ſhould never have heard a word of me. My porter told them I was not at home, and took your Letter, which gave me as much joy, as any I ever received from you. How deſirous you are of having good Wine! and how unhappy am I, who cannot ſucceed in anſwering your expectation! Monſieur DE L'HERMITAGE could

could tell you as well as I, that Monſieur DE GOURVILLE ſtirs no more out of his chamber: he is pretty much indifferent about all manner of taſtes; a good Friend ſtill, but his friends never think of employing him, for fear of diſturbing him. After all, if by any inſinuation, which I do not foreſee, I can employ my skill for the Wine, you need not doubt but I will do it. Monſieur DE TALLARD was my friend formerly; but great affairs, make great men neglect things that are uſeleſs to them. I was told that the Abbé DU BOIS would go with him; he is a little acute man, who I fancy will pleaſe you [z]. I have twenty of your Letters in my hands: they are read here with admiration. You ſee that a good taſte is not quite gone in France. I was charmed with that part of your Letter, where you are not afraid of being troubleſome; and that you are wiſe, if you are now only concern'd about your ſelf: not but that the principle is falſe, as to you, that you are not capable of pleaſing others any longer. I have written to Dr. MORELLI: if I find in him all the Learning you ſpeak of, I ſhall look upon him as a true Doctor.

[z] *The Abbé du Bois came into England, being Secretary to Monſieur de Tallard, Ambaſſador Extraordinary from the French Court to King William. He was a Cardinal, and prime Miniſter of France when he died, on the* 10th *of Auguſt* 1723.

A BILLET
TO THE
DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

YOU will be ſo kind, if you pleaſe, to come at two a clock to the parlour, whither you did not diſdain to come, in the Marquis DE CREQUI's time. There you will find a little ſpace cover'd with ſweet herbs. I think my Lord RANELAUGH promiſed to be there. I formerly had the reputation of knowing good Wine, and good Eating, very well: as to Fruit, I confeſs my ignorance, and I am too old to learn new knowledge; too happy, if I have not forgot that which I have already learnt. To honour your Grace is what knows, and ſhall always know *haſta la muerte, ell Cavallero,* &c.

A LETTER
FROM MADAM
DE L'ENCLOS
TO
M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

I Have ſent an Anſwer to your laſt Letter, Sir, to the Abbé DU BOIS's correſpondent; but he being at Verſailles, I am afraid it was not deliver'd to

to him. I ſhould have been very much in pain about your health, if I had not had a viſit from Madam DE BOUILLON's good little Library Keeper[1], who overwhelm'd me with joy, by ſhowing me a Letter from a perſon[2], who thinks of me upon your account. Whatever reaſon I had in my ſickneſs, to be thankful to the world and my friends, yet I have met with nothing that affected me with a more lively ſenſe, than that mark of kindneſs. Do in this matter all that you are obliged to do, ſince 'tis owing to you that I have received this favour. Pray let me hear from your ſelf, whether you have recover'd that happineſs, which people enjoy ſo little at certain ſeaſons. The ſpring can never be dried up, ſo long as you have the friendſhip of that amiable perſon, who ſuſtains your life. How do I envy thoſe who go into England! and how ſhould I be delighted to dine with you once more! Is there not ſomething that is groſs and mean in wiſhing for a dinner? The Mind has great advantages above the Body: however this ſame Body often furniſhes little reliſhes which are repeated, and which relieve the Soul from its melancholy reflections. You have often laugh'd at thoſe which I made; I have now baniſh'd them all. There is no time for them any longer, when one is arriv'd at the laſt period of Life: we ought to content our ſelves with the day in which we live. Near hopes, whatever you may ſay of them, are full as much to be prized as thoſe which are carried further; for they are more ſure. Here is fine Morality for you: I wiſh you good health; this is the point to which every thing ought to tend.

[1] *The Abbé de Hautefeuille.*
[2] *The Dutcheſs of Mazarin.*

A BILLET

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

MY Lord Duke of DEVONSHIRE told BRUNET that he would fain have the honour of taking leave of you, before he went to his Country-Seat; that he was very ſure ſome people had endeavoured to give you bad impreſſions of him, which he did not deſerve. My Maxim is, not to be pleas'd with abundance of things, and to ſhow nothing of it. Threatning one's enemy, is delivering one's ſelf up to him; or making thoſe our enemies who would not otherwiſe be ſo, when we ſhow them we are diſpleas'd with them. God rejects the lukewarm, but the world muſt bear them. My Lord DEVONSHIRE would not have ſuffered a Fox to have eat his belly, as the young Lacedemonian did, without ſaying any thing. He has ſhewn no ſteadineſs; but there had been no great harm in ſpeaking. He would have been forgiven; and I fancy you will forgive my Lord DEVONSHIRE. I approve your reſolution of living without debt, and comfortably. Money and Merit, are not incompatible things: and even tho' they ſhould not well agree together, it would be worthy of you, to make them good friends. You have the latter in perfection, and I wiſh Fortune may give you the other. You would make better uſe of it than any one alive.

I ſend you a new Book of *The Amours of Henry the Great*, which is very well writ, and very entertaining. If the Author had not inſerted in it the whole *Confeſſion of Monſieur* DE SANCY, under the Title of *The King's Manifeſto upon his Divorce*, I ſhould eſteem it very much.

TO THE SAME.

MY Lord GODOLPHIN, having buſineſs which he muſt neceſſarily attend, and not being able to go a fiſhing according to appointment, that diverſion is put off to another time. My Lord RANELAUGH has undertaken to acquaint you of it; but however, for the more ſecurity, I write you word of it my ſelf. The firſt of theſe Lords, has ſent me ſix Rabbits, in order to deliver them to you: one would imagine I was ſpeaking of a Letter. The Pacquet being large, I have kept one Rabbit to pay the carriage, or rather the duty of intelligence. I wiſh all givers of intelligence, were as modeſt in their fees, as I am in mine: one in ſix is little enough in all conſcience. My Lord ARRAN either would not, or could not explain to me the Engliſh which is in your Letter: he ſays he is unhappy in Love, unſucceſsful in Courtſhip, and goes backward in Politicks; and that King JAMES is not more unhappy in loſing his three Kingdoms, than he is, in having no farther admiſſion into your houſe. As I am not very lucky in ending my Letters, I ſhall ſay bluntly *Haſta.*

TO THE SAME.

'TIS too long, to be two days without hearing from you. I have enquir'd after you twice a day at St. James's, without hearing any thing of you: you will be ſo kind as to let me hear

from you, by the little Senator. If you are well, I cannot be ill. Hitherto your Health, has been the cauſe of mine: I wiſh that influence may laſt very long. If your Fields, which are more fertile and not ſo much ſcorched by the Sun as that of Montiel, yield you any ſmall Beans, you would pleaſe an appetite, which, for its irregularity, may be called a Fancy. You underſtand well enough, what is meant by Montiel's Field, ſo that I need not explain it to you. I leave DON QUIXOT there, and only borrow from him *haſta la muerte*, with which I commonly end my Letters.

A LETTER
FROM MADAM
DE L'ENCLOS
TO
M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

THE Abbé DU BOIS deliver'd me your Letter, and ſpoke as well of your Stomach as of your Underſtanding. There are certain occaſions wherein we value the Stomach more than the Underſtanding; and I confeſs, to my ſhame, that I reckon you are more happy in enjoying the one than the other. I always believ'd that your Judgment would be as long-liv'd as yourſelf; but we cannot be ſo certain of the Health of the body, without which there is nothing left but ſad Reflexions. I find myſelf inſenſibly ready to be engag'd in them: but I turn to another ſubject. It relates to a pretty Youth, whom the

the deſire of ſeeing perſons of the beſt note in all Countries has obliged to leave an oppulent Family without a farewell. Perhaps you will blame his Curioſity; but the thing is done. He underſtands a great many things; and is ignorant of others, which one of his age ought not to know. I thought him worthy of paying his reſpects to you, in order to make him begin to be ſenſible that he has not loſt his time by going to England. Uſe him well for my ſake. I have ſpoke to his elder brother, who is my particular friend, to deſire him to go and wait on the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN and my Lady HARVEY, ſince they have been pleaſed to remember me.

M. DE ST. EVREMOND's ANSWER TO MADAM DE L'ENCLOS.

I Never ſaw any Letter that contained ſo much good Senſe as yours does. You praiſe the Stomach to ſo much advantage, that from henceforth it will be a ſhame to have a good Underſtanding, without having a good Stomach at the ſame time. I am obliged to the Abbé DU BOIS, for having gained me your Eſteem by this advantageous Character. At eighty eight years of age, I eat Oyſters every morning: I dine heartily, and ſup tolerably. Heroes are celebrated for leſs merit than mine.

When I was young, I admir'd nothing but the Pleaſures of the Mind, being more indifferent about the Concerns of the Body than I ought to have been: now, I make amends, as much as is poſſible, for the wrong I was guilty of, either by the uſe I make of the Body, or the eſteem and friendſhip I have for it. You followed a quite other method. You had ſome regard for the Body in your youth; at preſent you are employ'd only about what concerns the Mind. I know not whether you have reaſon to value it ſo much as you do. I can ſcarce read any thing that is worth retaining; I hardly hear any thing ſaid worth liſtening to: how miſerable ſoever the Senſes are at my age, yet the impreſſions that agreeable Objects make upon them, do affect me much more ſenſibly; and we are much in the wrong to go about to mortify them. 'Tis perhaps a jealouſy of Mind, that looks upon their lot to be better than its own.

Monſieur BERNIER, who was the prettieſt Philoſopher I ever knew, (*pretty Philoſopher* is not a common expreſſion; but his Make, his Stature, his Manner, and his Converſation, gave him a juſt title to that Epithet), Monſieur BERNIER, I ſay, ſpeaking of the Mortification of the Senſes, ſaid to me one day, "I will entruſt you with a Secret, "with which I would not entruſt Madam DE LA "SABLIERE, nor even Mademoiſelle DE L'ENCLOS, "whom I take to be of a ſuperior kind; I'll tell it "you as a ſecret, *That Abſtinence from Pleaſure "appears to me a great Sin.*" I was ſurpriz'd with the Novelty of the Syſtem; it left however ſome impreſſion upon me. If he had continued his diſcourſe, perhaps he had made me reliſh his doctrine. Continue to me your Friendſhip, which has never been impair'd: a rare thing in ſo long a Commerce as ours has been!

A BILLET

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

THE dreadful Retirement that you mention to me, cannot be more ſo to you, than it is to me. When you are content, I am ſatisfied; when you have occaſion to lament your Condition, that is a reaſon for me to lament mine. I expect from your Conſtancy and Reſolution, that you will yet bear with patience the bad ſtate of your Affairs for ſome time; and from your good Senſe, that the Illuſion of deceitful and imaginary Goods will gain no power over your mind. Don't loſe your hopes, Madam; for your Troubles and Difficulties will have an end. Leave off Beer, drink your Wine, and let MUSTAPHA drink, that his uſual Inſpirations may come upon him. This will do you more ſervice againſt bad fortune, than SENECA's *Conſolation* to MARCIA.

A LETTER

FROM MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS

TO

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

THE Count DE CLEREMBAUT gave me a ſenſible pleaſure, when he told me that you thought of me; which I really deſerve, becauſe of my conſtant affection to you. We ſhall deſerve the praiſes of Poſterity for the duration of our Life, and that of our Friendſhip. I fancy I ſhall live as long as you. I am ſometimes weary with doing always the ſame thing, and I commend the Swiſs who drown'd himſelf for that reaſon. My Friends often check me on this ſcore; and aſſure me, that Life is deſirable, ſo long as we enjoy Tranquillity and a ſound Mind. Strength of Body gives us other thoughts; one would prefer that to the Strength of the Mind: but every thing is uſeleſs, when we cannot make any change; 'tis as good to avoid Reflexions, as to make any that are of no uſe. My Lady SANDWICH has given me a thouſand ſatisfactions, by the happineſs I had of pleaſing her. I did not believe that upon my Decline I could be a fit Companion for a woman of her age. She has more Wit than all the women in France, and

and more true Merit. She is going to leave us, which makes every one grieve that knows her, and me particularly. If you had been here, we ſhould have made entertainments worthy of the paſt time. Madam DE COULANGE has undertaken to make your Compliments to the Count DE GRAMMONT, by the Counteſs DE GRAMMONT. He is ſo young, that I think him as light as when he hated ſick people, and lov'd them after they had recovered their health. Every body that comes from England, ſpeaks of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN's Beauty, as they talk here of that of Mademoiſelle DE BELLEFOND, which is now in the bud. You have wedded me to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, and I cannot hear of her welfare without pleaſure. Adieu, Sir; but why is it not with us a good Day? We ſhould not die without firſt ſeeing one another.

A LETTER TO DR. SILVESTRE.

THE Dutcheſs of MAZARIN is ſo much indiſpos'd, that ſhe cannot write to you with her own hand; and therefore ſhe borrows mine, and commands me to tell you, that you have obliged her extreamly by ſending her news of your ſelf, and of your little Caravan. She was touched with your hard lot at Antwerp, in having nothing to drink but Burgundy; no Beer, no Moſelle Wine,

no Bourdeaux: ſhe lamented your misfortune. My Lord MONTAGUE had the Sentiments of a true Father who ſends his Son to travel. As for me, who am accuſed of Indifference, and ſometimes of Hard-heartedneſs; I was very glad that my Lord MONTHERMER accuſtom'd himſelf to fatigue betimes. The Dutcheſs of MAZARIN can hardly conceive how a Caravan can return without bringing home with them Monkeys and Parrots. You found at Amſterdam a young Monkey, ſo little, and ſo tender, that it could never have paſs'd the Sea. You ſaw at Breda a wonderful Ape, which the Owners would not part with. No Town but had its Rarity, of which you give as good an account, as the moſt exact German Traveller could have done. Let thoſe who want Monkeys and Gammons of Bacon, apply to Merchants: you travel as a man of Curioſity; and I doubt not but your Journal will be well fill'd.

After I had wrote my Letter, the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN has been informed that Monſieur PUJOLAS has met with a very troubleſome Accident; which affected her very much, as well as me. You don't ſeem as if you deſign'd to return very ſpeedily: From an Inſpector of Gardens and Buildings, you will become for ſome time longer an Inſpector of Life and Manners. If you return, bring Monkeys and Parrots; if you go to Rome, bring Pardons and Beads.

A LETTER

FROM MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS

TO

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

HOW great a Loſs have you ſuſtain'd, Sir[1]! If we were not to be loſt ourſelves; it is impoſſible we ſhould ever be comforted. I heartily condole with you: you have loſt an amiable Commerce, that ſupported you in a foreign Country. What can be done to retrieve ſuch a misfortune? They who live long, are liable to ſee their Friends die. After this, your Parts, your Philoſophy, will ſerve to ſupport you. I am as much touched with this death, as if I had had the honour of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN's acquaintance. She thought of me in my ſufferings: I was touched with that goodneſs; and her being ſo dear to you, made me love and eſteem her. There is no remedy for this misfortune; nor is there any againſt that which happens to our poor Bodies. Take care of your's. Your Friends are pleaſed to ſee you ſo healthy and ſo wiſe; for I reckon

[1] *The Dutcheſs of Mazarin died on the 2d of July 1699.* See the Life of M. de St. Evremond.

reckon thoſe wiſe who know how to make themſelves happy. I return you a thouſand thanks for the Tea you were pleaſed to ſend me. The Humour and Gaiety of your Letter pleaſed me as much as your Preſent. You will ſoon have my Lady SANDWICH with you again, whom we behold with abundance of grief juſt on her departure. I wiſh her manner of life may afford you ſome conſolation. I don't know the Engliſh way; but this Lady has been very much French here. Adieu, Sir, a thouſand times. If one could think like Madam DE CHEVREUSE, who fancied when ſhe was dying, that ſhe was going to chat with all her Friends in the other world; one might receive ſome comfort from ſuch a thought.

A LETTER

FROM MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS

TO

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

YOUR Letter has fill'd me with unprofitable Deſires, which I did not think myſelf any longer capable of. *The days paſs away*, as good DES YVETEAUX ſaid, *in Ignorance and Lazineſs; and thoſe days deſtroy, and deprive us of thoſe things which we are fond of.* You experience this in a cruel manner. You formerly ſaid, *That I ſhould die of nothing but*

but Reflexion: I endeavour not to make any more, and to forget to-morrow the time which I live to-day. Every body tells me, that I have leſs reaſon to complain of time, than another. But however this be, if any one had propos'd ſuch a life to me, I ſhould have hang'd myſelf. And yet notwithſtanding, we cling to an ugly Body, as much as to an agreeable one: we love to feel eaſe and reſt. I have ſtill a pretty good Stomach. I wiſh to God I had an opportunity of trying my ſtomach with yours, and of talking of all the Originals that we have known, the remembrance of whom rejoyces me more, than the preſence of abundance of people which I ſee; altho' there be ſomething good in all this, but in reality, no reſemblance. Monſieur DE CLEREMBAUT often aſks me, whether he reſembles his Father, as to his Parts? I tell him, *No*: but I hope from his Preſumption, that he believes this *No* is to his advantage, and perhaps ſome people may think ſo. What Compariſon is there betwixt the preſent Age, and that which we have ſeen! You will quickly ſee my Lady SANDWICH; but I am afraid ſhe goes into the Country. She knows all that you think of her. My Lady SANDWICH will tell you more News of this Country than I. She has examin'd and ſounded every thing to the bottom. She perfectly knows all my haunts, and has found the way not to be a ſtranger here.

M. DE ST. EVREMOND's ANSWER TO MADAM DE L'ENCLOS.

THE laſt Letter I receive from Madam DE L'ENCLOS, ſeems to me to be always the beſt: and this is not becauſe the ſenſe of the preſent Pleaſure prevails above the remembrance of the paſt; but the true Reaſon is, becauſe your Mind receives new Improvement and Vigour every day. If it be with your Body as it is with your Mind, I ſhall but ill maintain the ſtruggle you mention for the beſt Stomach. I was willing to make a trial of mine againſt that of my Lady SANDWICH, at a great Entertainment at my Lord JERSEY's; and I was not worſted. All the world knows my Lady SANDWICH's Wit; and I am convinc'd of her good Taſte, by the extraordinary eſteem ſhe has for you. She did not get the better of me in the Praiſes which ſhe gave you, any more than in Appetite. You are of all Countries; as much eſteem'd at London as at Paris. You are of all Times; and when I alledge you for the honour of mine, the young people immediately name you to give the advantage to theirs. Thus you are Miſtreſs both of the preſent and the paſt; I wiſh

with all my ſoul you may have a conſiderable power over the future! It is not Reputation that I have now in view; this is ſecur'd to you in all times: I am thinking of a thing that is more eſſential; and that is, Life, of which eight Days are more worth, than eight Centuries of Glory after death. *If any one had formerly propos'd to you to live as you now do, you would have hang'd yourſelf*; (the Expreſſion charms me) and yet you content yourſelf with *Eaſe* and *Quiet*, after having taſted the moſt lively Pleaſures.

There is not one who has a greater value for Youth than I have: as I have nothing of it but the remembrance, I follow your example; and make the moſt of the preſent that I can. Would to God the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN had been of our mind! for then ſhe ſhould have been alive ſtill: but ſhe would needs die the greateſt Beauty in the world. My Lady SANDWICH goes into the Country: ſhe goes from hence as much admired at London, as ſhe was at Paris. Live; for life is good, when it is without pain. Pray ſend the enclos'd Billet to the Abbé DE HAUTEFEUILLE at the Dutcheſs of BOUILLON's. I ſometimes ſee the Abbé DU BOIS's friends, who complain he has forgot them: pray aſſure him of my moſt humble Reſpects.

A LETTER

FROM

M. DE ST. EVREMOND

TO THE

MARQUIS DE CANAPLES.

I Know not, Sir, whether you have received the Letter which I did my ſelf the honour to write to you [1], to return you my moſt humble thanks for the moſt obliging offers that could be made. I wiſh I was in a condition to accept of them. Nature, to which I have had ſo much reaſon to be grateful, is juſt upon the point of withdrawing her favours, and of treating me as ſhe did the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN. This was unmerciful to Madam MAZARIN, who was as handſome as ever, and the ſame ſhe was when you ſaw her: ſhe was very little concern'd for the injuſtice that ſhe did her; for never perſon died with ſo much reſignation and reſolution. I mourn for the Loſs of her every day. She often repeated a Verſe of LA FONTAINE, which, I doubt not, ſhe had made uſe of with regard to me, but which I cannot with regard to her:

Upon the wings of time, grief flies away.

I wiſh

[1] *You will find that Letter in the* Life of M. de St. Evremond, *under the year* 1699.

I wiſh I could do what ſhe would have done, and what I ſhall never be able to do. The conſideration of what ſhe owed me, has no part in my Complaints. When I reflect that the Niece and Heireſs of Cardinal MAZARIN had need of me on certain occaſions for her ſubſiſtence, I make Chriſtian Reflexions, which will be for the good of my Soul, if they are of no effect towards my Payment.

A LETTER

FROM MADAM

DE L'ENCLOS

TO

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

WIT is very dangerous in friendſhip! Your Letter would have undone any one but my ſelf. I know your lively and ſurpriſing Imagination; and I was even forc'd to call to mind that LUCIAN has writ in praiſe of a Fly, in order to make your Stile familiar to me. I wiſh to God you could think of me, what you ſay of me! I could diſpenſe with all Nations. And, indeed, 'tis to you that the glory of all this is to be aſcrib'd. Your laſt Letter is a maſter-piece: it has been the ſubject of all the converſations that have been had in my chamber this month. You return to youth: you do very well to love it. Philoſophy ſuits well with ſprightlineſs of Wit. 'Tis not enough to be wiſe, we muſt likewiſe pleaſe at the ſame time; and

I am well assured, you will always please, so long as you think as you do. Few people are able to resist old age: I fancy I am not yet sunk under the weight of it. I could wish with you, that the Dutchess of MAZARIN had regarded life in itself, without thinking of her face, which would have been lovely to the last, tho' good sense had come in the room of some fewer charms. My Lady SANDWICH will always keep up the force of her Wit, when she loses Youth; at least I am of that mind. Adieu, Sir: when you see the Countess of SANDWICH, make her remember me; for I should be much troubled to be forgotten by her.

A LETTER

TO

MY LORD MONTAGUE.

NO Person can be more sensible than I am of the honour of being remembred by you. There is not one word in your Letter that does not please me, except where you tell me, that you eat Truffles every day. I could not forbear crying, when I thought of my eating them with the Dutchess of MAZARIN; I represented her to my self, with all her charms: I thought I was at Boughton; the Nile and the Crocodiles appear'd to me [1]. I cannot continue

[1] *The Marquiss d'Heucourt and M. de St. Evremond, being at Boughton, their Servants went a fishing in the Ponds, and saw some Pikes so large, that they took them to be such Crocodiles as are found in the Nile, and ran away for fear of being devour'd by them.*

tinue this Diſcourſe without ſorrow; and therefore I muſt give it over. My Lady SANDWICH has been at Windſor theſe nine or ten days. I ſent her your Letter: if ſhe returns to London, as 'tis probable ſhe will, I ſhall not fail, my Lord, to tell her of the Muſick and the Truffles that wait for her.

I doubt not but Dr. SILVESTRE has cauſed theſe Pieces of CORELLI, which he brought with him, to be play'd over; which will make us deſpiſe the *Chacoon* of GALATEA, and the *Logiſtill* of ROLAND. We expected Dr. SILVESTRE would be all upon his Architecture and Painting, but he has deceiv'd us; for CORELLI has taken the place of MICHAEL ANGELO, and of RAPHAEL. I wiſh the Doctor would be ſo kind as to tranſlate for me ſome chapter of the Author, who teaches us the way not to die[1]. I have no hopes but in him. All the Doctors, Apothecaries, and Surgeons, are angry to diſtraction at him, for diſpoſing of Death to their prejudice. I wiſh, my Lord, I could profit any thing by his inſtructions, and live the *Mille Años* of the Spaniards, that I might continue ſo long your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant.

A BILLET TO MR. DES MAIZEAUX.

I Return you the Book, Sir, which has been printed at Paris, under my Name[2]. There is nothing of mine in all that Volume, but the beginning

[1] *Mr. Aſgill.*

[2] Recueil d'Ouvrages de Monſieur de Saint Evremont qui n'ont pas encore été publiez, *printed in the Year* 1701.

ning of the *Parallel between the Prince of* CONDE' *and the Mareſchal* DE TURENNE; and that is quite changed. The *Letter* on the death of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, is the thing in the world that I ſhould have been the fartheſt from writing: I never ſo much as thought on ſuch a thing.

You may confidently anſwer your Friends in Holland, that the *Memoirs of the Life of the Count* D*** and the *Saint-Evremoniana*, are none of mine: there is not one Line in this laſt that ſutes me. As to the other Books which are attributed to me, I have marked on your Copy, the Pieces that are not mine; and you know that the genuine ones are ſtuffed with ſo many faults, that I ſcarce know my ſelf any longer in them. You have engag'd me in the Correction of them; and I have been labouring at it theſe three months, without being able to mend all the faults. However, I ſhall continue to reviſe them, ſince that obliges you.

A LETTER TO MY LORD GALLWAY.

London Auguſt the 29th, 1701.

MY LORD,

I Have not done my ſelf the honour of writing to your Lordſhip, ſince his Majeſty gave you a Regiment [1]: you wou'd doubtleſs have been ſo obliging

[1] *The King had given him a Regiment of the Dutch Horſe-Guards.*

liging as to anſwer me; I was willing to ſave you that trouble, and only deſired the Marquiſs DE MONTANDRE and Mr. BOYER to aſſure your Lordſhip that no body in the world can think himſelf more intereſted in what concerns my Lord GALLWAY than my ſelf.

As to M. DE PUYZIEUX; in my opinion he acts very wiſely to fall in with the bad taſte now in faſhion, concerning Champagne Wine, in order to ſell his own the better. I cou'd never have thought, that the Wines of Rheims cou'd have been changed into Wines of Anjou, by their colour and their harſhneſs. There ought to be a harſhneſs in the Wines of Rheims: but a harſhneſs with a colour, which turns into a ſprightly tartneſs when it is ripe. The Tartneſs is amorous of it, and it is not to be drank till the end of June. You have formerly been a Lover, and perhaps you think I prophane the word *amorous*. However, it is the term uſed by the Connoiſſeurs, the D'OLONNES, the BOISDAUPHINS, and by your humble Servant; formerly renown'd for their nice palate [1]. We can never have good Champagne, without a good body, let our modern Vinedreſſers ſay what they will. *Tocane* [2] muſt be left to the Wines of Ay. The Wines of Sillery and Roncieres uſed to be kept two years, and were admirable: but for the firſt four months, they were nothing but Verjuice. The Wines of Burgundy have got ſuch an aſcendant, notwithſtanding all that I have ſaid and written concerning the Wines of Champaigne [3], that I dare not name

[1] *The French has,* Coteaux autrefois fort renommés; *an alluſion to the word* Coteaux, *which was given to theſe three Gentlemen, upon the account of their nicety in the choice of Wines. See the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *in French, under the year* 1654.

[2] *Virgin Wine, which comes firſt of it ſelf from the Grapes without preſſing.*

[3] *See the* Letter to Count d'Olonne, *Vol.* II. *pag.* 97. *and ſeqq.*

them any more. You cannot think how much I am mortified at it.

Let M. DE PUYZIEUX order a little Veſſel of Wine to be managed the ſame way it was done forty years ago, before the viciated taſte crept in, and ſend you ſome of it.

M. DE PUYZIEUX was very young when I left France, yet I had the honour to know him, tho' my chief acquaintance was with his Father, in whom I loſt a very good friend, and a dozen bottles of his beſt Wine, which he us'd to order me every winter by GAUTIER his Merchant in England.

You will oblige me, my Lord, by making my compliments to M. DE PUYZIEUX, when you write to him. I reſpect him both for his Father's merit, and his own.

I am ſo touch'd with yours, that I need not recall that of M. DE RUVIGNY [1], to aſſure you that I ſhall diſpute with all the world the ſentiments of eſteem and friendſhip which are due to you. I honour your virtue, your good qualities, your philoſophy, and your great talents of every kind. With theſe ſentiments I always think of your Lordſhip, and am, my Lord, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant, and ſubaltern in Philoſophy.

[1] *My Lord Gallway's Father.* *See Vol. II. pag.* 16, 17.

A BILLET TO DR. SILVESTRE.

BE ſatisfied, Sir, with your merit of Inſpector, and don't encroach upon mine. I leave you your Architecture and Painting; but pray don't diſturb me upon the *Geography of Good-eating*. However I muſt confeſs, that your Heath-Cocks, your Oyſters, your Salmon, your Fruits, and the reſt of that delicious abundance which you mention to me, give you ſome right to inſult me, and leave me no relief, but in attributing all your advantages to the direction and magnificence of my Lord. *Let but a thing pleaſe my Lord* MONTAGUE, *and don't trouble your head any further: whatever expence is to be made; whatever care, whatever induſtry is to be employed to have it, you will be ſure not to go without it.* Theſe are the very words of the late Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, which are as good as Oracles, and which were never more juſt than on this occaſion. I never deſired any thing ſo earneſtly as to go to Boughton, to ſee my Lord, the good Company and Learning in its full luſtre, when Mr. LE VASSOR is there: I do not look upon my ſelf as any thing, becauſe I don't underſtand Greek.

TO

TO THE SAME.

IF my new infirmities, or rather my old ones which are very much grown upon me, had not hindred me from going to Boughton, I ſhould have been as happy as a man almoſt a hundred years of age can be. I loſe a thouſand pleaſures which are all to my taſte. That of ſeeing the fine Houſe, the fine Water-Works, the fine Ducks, would have pleaſed me extreamly, altho' I be but an indifferent Inſpector. But you will eaſily gueſs the greateſt of all, and that is being with my Lord MONTAGUE, to enjoy his converſation twice a day, before and after the beſt cheer in the world. No Perſon ever merited to be more magnificently receiv'd, and more handſomly entertain'd, than my Lady SANDWICH; no man was ever more proper to receive and entertain her well, than my Lord MONTAGUE. I hope the Caſcade, the Octogon, the Water-Sheafs, and the Water-Spouts, ſhall have made my Lady SANDWICH forget France. And as my Lord is very happy in inſpiring his taſte and his deſigns as to Buildings and Gardens, I don't queſtion but ſhe will ſoon undertake ſome new Work at Inchinbrooke, which will not be behind thoſe of Boughton, in any reſpect. It is impoſſible for any one to be more ſenſible than I am of the honour of her remembrance. There was nothing wanting to perfect my grief, for not having ſeen Boughton and the Maſter of the place; but my not having ſeen Inchinbrooke, and its Miſtreſs, who is the greateſt ornament of all the places where ſhe is.

If the poor Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, had been yet alive, ſhe would have had Peaches, of which ſhe would not have fail'd to give me a ſhare; ſhe would have had Truffles, which I ſhould have eat with her; not to mention the Carps of Newhall. I muſt make

up the loſs of ſo many advantages, by the Sundays and Wedneſdays of Montague-Houſe.

A LETTER

TO PRINCE MAURICE D'AUVERGNE[1].

I Had always heard that Friendſhip never aſcended; an opinion founded on ſome obſervations, that Fathers love their Children, better than they are beloved by them. As to Fathers, I have nothing to ſay againſt it; but I find the Proverb to be falſe by my own experience, with regard to Grandfathers. The Friendſhip of my *Grand-child*, does not ſtop at the firſt degree; it aſcends with all its force, till it arrives at the *Grand-Papa*[2]. What does one do in order to pleaſe him? one gives excellent Wine at London; one ſends the beſt Tea from Holland; one writes firſt. I could puſh this ONE very far; but I chuſe to quit that manner of writing in the third Perſon, which was introduced at Court by Monſieur DE TURENNE, and has been kept up after his death by thoſe that belong to his Family; I chuſe to quit it on purpoſe to upbraid you directly, thereby to ſhew you the tenderneſs of a *Grand-Papa*. How could you leave England, to go into Holland, and get a Fever? If you had ſtaid at London, our Doctor had certainly prevented

[1] *The Count d'Auvergne's elder Son. He died at the Hague in March* 1702, *a few days after M. de St. Evremond ſent him this Letter.*

[2] *Prince Maurice, uſed to call M. de St. Evremond, his Grand-Papa.*

vented your Diſtemper by the ordinary diet which he preſcribes, and obſerves himſelf. He would have order'd for you in your own Chamber a Health-Soop, with a good Capon, a knuckle of Veal, Sellery and Succhory. He would have order'd two Partridges to be roaſted for you, or three if I had been there, well larded and of a high reliſh. He would have added an *Hetudeau*, and a Dove-Coat Pigeon for each of us. The Wine of Villiers, taken moderately would have made part of an honeſt ſimplicity, and neceſſary for preſerving health. But the dear Doctor is juſt entring my Chamber; and ſince he cannot at preſent hinder the Diſtemper, he is going to tell you the Remedies you muſt make uſe of for your recovery, &c.

A LETTER

TO

MR. DES MAIZEAUX.

I Am ſorry, Sir, I did not ſend you your Book of Mr. BAYLE [1] ſooner, that I might have ſpared you the trouble of ſending for it. I have read it with abundance of pleaſure. All that you do me the favour to ſend me, is ſo well choſen, that there's no leſs ſatisfaction than inſtruction to be gain'd, from reading it; eſpecially when they are any of Mr. BAYLE's Works. He gives ſuch an agreeable turn to his profound Learning, that one is

[1] *The* Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary, *of the ſecond Edition, printed in* 1702.

is never weary of him. 'Tis true, his chronological Diſcuſſions tire me a little: but they are neceſſary to Hiſtorians; and I ſoon find wherewithal to make amends in what comes after. How charming wou'd Reading be, if all Authors had ſo much delicacy and judgment as he has! But inſtead of thoſe rare qualities, we find in moſt of them only a confuſed Knowledge, a falſe Taſte, a ridiculous Conceitedneſs.

How great a folly 'tis to pore
On what befel in days of yore!
But 'tis a greater folly far,
To think poſterity will care
T' eſpouſe our cauſe and right thoſe ills,
Which from the preſent Age one feels.

This Man delights in what is paſt,
And that in what won't come in haſte:
A wiſer head than mine muſt ſhew,
Which is the biggeſt Fool o'th' two.

There goes a walking Library,
Whoſe reading's boundleſs as the ſea,
Whoſe erudition is immenſe,
Without one ſpark of Wit or Senſe:
Why, let the Vulgar gape and ſtare;
I have no notion on't, I ſwear.
But BAYLE is wondrous in his way,
Who, equally profound and gay,
Refers it to my appetite
To chuſe Inſtruction or Delight.

Your fine Gentlemen, as they are call'd, have certain Faults, which are pretty near a-kin to the falſe

falſe Taſte and ridiculous Vanity of book-learned Men.

Birth I eſteem; but if it makes men vain,
Merit is loſt, tho' quality remain.
When theſe two meet, how charming to the eye!
But fate too oft this junction does deny.

One, without choice, is laviſh in expence,
Too much of Luxury has ſpoil'd his ſenſe;
While in another's grandeur we may find
A Taſte moſt exquiſite, with neatneſs join'd.
The leaſt reſemblance of the firſt beware,
And imitate the laſt with utmoſt care.

But can we thus felicity attain,
Or the true Good by this our conduct gain?
'Tis what we've no experience of: mankind
This true felicity cou'd never find;
In vain we ſearch of earth and ſea the hoards;
Nor earth nor ſea this precious gem affords.

Indeed, nothing but a perfect reſignation to the will of Providence, can make us truly happy.

Let's calmly live without a moan;
For as MALHERBE confeſt,
To will what God wills, is alone
The ſcience that gives reſt [a].

But is it not contrary to the Will of that Providence, to perſecute one another in the moſt barbarous

[a] *Malherbe in his* Conſolation to Mr. du Perier, *upon the Death of his Daughter.*

rous manner, becauſe we are not of the ſame Opinion in Religion? as if Perſuaſion ought to ſtretch farther than Conviction; and it were in our power, to believe what we pleaſe. Yet theſe evils will never have an end till the ancient rights Religion had once over our heart, are reſtored to her again.

Inſtead of reviling and calling to naught
Our Neighbour about his Belief,
Let us look what his Life is, and not what his (Thought,
And unite in good deeds; that's the chief[1].

In the laſt Converſation we had together, you told me ſome particulars, concerning the *Romance of the Roſe*; I ſhould be glad to ſee them more at length.

[1] *See Vol.* II. *page.* 90.

A LETTER FROM Mr. DES MAIZEAUX, TO M. DE ST. EVREMOND, Concerning the *Romance of the Roſe.*

I Here ſend you, Sir, the Particulars you deſired of me, concerning *the Romance of the Roſe.* They did not coſt me much pains. Three or four of our French Authors furniſh'd me with moſt of them; and I had little more to do, but to collect them.

The Romance of the Roſe, is, properly ſpeaking, a Courſe of Love-Philoſophy: that is, a Syſtem of Love; or, to ſpeak as our old Authors do, *The Commandments of Love, in order to come at Enjoyment.* This work was begun by WILLIAM DE LORRIS [1], and finiſhed by JOHN CLOPINEL, ſirnamed,

[1] *He was a Native of the City of Lorris, in the Gatinois; and 'tis likely, he took his Name from thence.*

named DE MEUN, becauſe he was born at Meun, upon the Loire [2]. Some pretend that he got the name of CLOPINEL, by being lame. WILLIAM DE LORRIS [3] undertook that Work to pleaſe a Lady, with whom he was in love; but he died in the Year 1260, without having been able to finiſh it. JOHN DE MEUN continu'd it forty Years after the Death of LORRIS, as he tells us himſelf in the prophetical Complaint of Love. JOHN DE MEUN was a man of great Learning: he was of the Order of the Dominican Friers, a Doctor of Divinity; and withal a great Orator, Philoſopher, and Mathematician. He wrote many Books, and made ſeveral Tranſlations [4]; and among others, that of BOETIUS *de Conſolatione Philoſophiæ*, which he dedicated to PHILIP the Fair. I here ſet down the beginning of his Dedication, where he ſpeaks of the Works which he had already compoſed [5]: *To your Royal Majeſty, moſt noble Prince, by the Grace of God King of France,* PHILIP *the Fourth, I* JOHN DE MEUNG (*who formerly upon jealouſies putting* BELACCOIL *in priſon, taught how to take the Caſtle, and gather the Roſe; and tranſlated from Latin into French* Vegetius de re militari, *and* the Wonders of Ireland, *and the Letters of* PETER ABEILLARD *and* HELOIS *his Wife, and* AELRED's *Book concerning Spiritual Friendſhip*) *do now ſend you* BOETIUS de Conſolatione: *which I have tranſlated into French, altho' you underſtand Latin very well, &c.*

BOUCHET, in his *Annals of Aquitany*, takes notice of JOHN DE MEUN. "In the time of Pope "JOHN

[2] *See Fauchet's* Recueil contenant les Noms & Sommaire des Oeuvres d'aucuns Poëtes & Rymeurs François, vivans avant l'an M.CCC; *in the* Oeuvres de Fauchet, *Tom.* II. *Fol.* 589. *of the Paris Edition* 1610: *and la Croix du Maine, in his* Bibliotheque des Auteurs François, *in the Article of* Jehan de Meun, ou Mehun.

[3] *Fauchet ſays he was a Lawyer.*

[4] *You may ſee the Title of them in la Croix du Maine.*

[5] *Fauchet*, ubi ſupra.

" JOHN XXII, *says he* [6], flouriſh'd at Paris Maſter JOHN DE MEHUN, a Doctor of Divinity, and " a great Philoſopher: who took delight in compoſing ſeveral ſingular Books; and among others " he finiſh'd the *Romance of the Roſe*, which was " begun by Maſter WILLIAM DE LORRIS: He " tranſlated out of Latin into French, BOETIUS *de* " *Conſolatione:* and *de regimine Principum*, written " by ST. THOMAS: and OVID *de Arte amandi*, " which he had done very well to let alone: And " wrote ſeveral other diverting Books of Worldlineſs. His Body lies in the Cloiſter of the Dominicans, at Paris; where, as I was told at the ſaid " place, it was buried by order of the Court of Parliament: For the ſaid Friers would not bury him; " becauſe he had fool'd them, and had given them " in his ſickneſs a Trunk full of Slates: which the " ſaid Friers fancy'd to be Money; and found the " Cheat after his death, and before they had bury'd " him. I don't believe it to be true."

PASQUIER prefers WILLIAM DE LORRIS and JOHN DE MEHUN to all the Poets of Italy. " In the " Reign of St. LEWIS, *says he* [7], we had WILLIAM " DE LORRY: and in that of PHILIP the Fair, we " had JOHN DE MEHUN; whom ſome of our Authors [8] have compared to DANTE, the Italian " Poet: And, for my part, I ſhould be very willing to ſet them up againſt all the Poets of Italy; " whether on account of their marrowy Sentences, " or their elegant Expreſſions, altho' the general " Œconomy does not reſemble that which we practiſe at this day. Do you ſeek Natural or Moral " Phi-

[6] Les Annales d'Aquitaine, Faicts & Geſtes en ſommaire des Rois de France & d'Angleterre, Pays de Naples & de Milan. *Part* IV. *Chap.* II. *Pag.* 187 *of the Edit.* 1644.

[7] Les Recherches de la France, *Book* VII. *Chap.* 3. *p. m.* 603. *of the Paris Edition* 1643.

[8] *See Fauchet, Fol.* 590.

" Philoſophy? you will find in them as much as " they have occaſion for: Would you have ſome " wiſe ſtrokes, or would you have ſtrokes of folly? " you will find them there in abundance, but ſtrokes " of folly for which you may be the wiſer. When " even they have occaſion to mention any thing of " Divinity, you will find they are no Apprentices " at it. And ſome ſince their time have been in " great vogue; who enriched themſelves with their " feathers, without taking notice of it. Wherefore " they have preſerved both their Works and their " Fame to this day, among an infinite number of " others, who have been buried in years, within the " coffin of darkneſs. CLEMENT MAROT would " needs make them ſpeak the Language of our time, " in order to engage your effeminate and trifling " Sparks to read this Romance; which is nothing " elſe but a Dream, whereof the chief ſubject is " Love: in which you cannot ſufficiently praiſe the " invention, for in reality the effects of Love are be- " tween us, nothing elſe but true Dreams. This is " the reaſon why WILLIAM DE LORRY preſup- " poſes that it was in the Spring, which is the Sea- " ſon expreſly dedicated to that exerciſe. This Au- " thor had not leiſure to advance his Book very far: " but in that little which he has left us [9], he is (if I " may venture to ſay ſo) inimitable in his Deſcrip- " tions. Read that of the Spring, and then that of " Time: I defy all the Antients, and thoſe who " ſhall come after us, to make any that excel them. " JOHN DE MEHUN had more Learning than " LORRY, and had likewiſe more leiſure and mat- " ter than his predeceſſor."

The ſeekers after the Philoſopher's Stone, pretend to find it in this *Romance*; nor ought this to ſurprize us, ſince they ſee it clearly in the *Song of Solomon*. Others

[9] *He wrote but about a fifth Part of it.*

Others have diverted themſelves with diſcovering in it a kind of Moral Divinity [10]: but the famous GERSON, Chancellor of the Univerſity of Paris, very far from that opinion, look'd upon it as a very dangerous Book; and wrote a Diſſertation, on purpoſe to decry it [11]. In fine, there were people who took it to be a Satyr againſt the fair Sex, as we ſhall ſee preſently. They were not altogether in the wrong. JOHN DE MEUN had kept meaſures ſo little with the Women in that Work, that they reſolved to be revenged on him. The Preſident FAUCHET, who has preſerved us this Story, tells it in ſo ſimple and natural a manner, that I ſhall make uſe of his own words.

" JOHN DE MEUNG, *ſays he* [12], was like to be paid " in the ſame coin that his Maſter OVID was: for " ſome of the Ladies at Court who lay under a bad " fame, Monks, Hypocrites, and other debauched " people, whom he had laſhed in his Book, raiſed " up a great many enemies againſt him. The La- " dies being vexed at theſe two biting Lines,

" *All of you are, will be, or have been,*
" *Whores in Deed, or in Will,*

" reſolved one day to chaſtiſe him for them. From " which deſign he cleverly delivered himſelf in " this manner. JOHN DE MEUNG, being come to " Court on ſome buſineſs, was ſtopt by the Ladies " in one of the chambers of the King's palace, " being ſurrounded by ſeveral Lords; who, in or- " der to be in their good graces, had promiſed to " point him out, and not to hinder their puniſh- " ing him after what manner they pleaſed. But " JOHN

[10] *See the Diſcourſe which is at the beginning of the Edition of the* Romance of the Roſe, *printed at Paris by Galliot du Pré, in the Year 1529, in Octavo.*

[11] *La Croix du Maine.*

[12] Ubi ſupr. *fol.* 590.

" JOHN DE MEUN ſeeing them holding Rods in " their hands, and preſſing the Gentlemen to make " him ſtrip, begg'd they would grant him but one " requeſt; ſwearing that on that condition he " would not aſk any abatement of the Puniſhment " they were ready to inflict on him, (which he had " not deſerved) but on the contrary the heightning " of it. Which was granted with great difficulty, " and at the earneſt requeſt of the Lords. Then " JOHN begun to talk to them in this manner: My " Ladies, ſince I muſt receive chaſtiſement, I " ought to receive it from thoſe whom I have of- " fended. Now I have ſpoken only of ill Women, " and not of you here, who are all of you hand- " ſome, diſcreet, and virtuous: wherefore ſhe a- " mong you that finds herſelf offended the moſt, " let her begin to ſtrike, as the mightieſt Whore of " all thoſe whom I have blamed. There was not " one of them all who would take the honour of be- " ginning firſt, being afraid of bearing that infamous " Title. And JOHN eſcaped, leaving the Ladies " cover'd with ſhame and confuſion, and giving " the Lords there preſent a ſufficient cauſe for laugh- " ter: for there were ſome of them who thought " ſuch or ſuch a Lady ought to begin; but thoſe " who were better adviſed, diverted this Judgment, " to avoid the ſtriſe that muſt have followed upon " it.

" The *Romance of the Roſe*, adds FAUCHET, " has (nevertheleſs) been receiv'd into the Libraries " of the Lords, as an entertaining Book, and full of " beautiful learned paſſages, in ſpite of the Preachers " and Divines; who were ſorry to ſee it ſo much " read, and learn'd by all ſorts of people. And, " among others, Maſter MARTIN FRANC, a Na- " tive of the County of Aumale in Normandy, Pro- " voſt and Canon of Lauzane in Savoy, publiſh'd a " Book againſt the *Romance of the Roſe*, intitled, " *The*

" *The Lady's Champion*: as if JOHN DE MEUNG " had wrote againſt them; but this was long after " the Death of Maſter JOHN DE MEUNG, for this " *Champion* is dedicated to PHILIP the Second, " Duke of Burgundy, ſirnamed *the Good*."

FAUCHET relates afterwards the Trick which JOHN DE MEUN play'd the Dominicans: but tho' he quotes BOUCHET for his Author, he varies from him in ſome particulars. He ſays, that JOHN DE MEUN had order'd by his laſt Will and Teſtament, that theſe Friers ſhou'd bury him in their Church; and left them a Trunk with all that was in it, on condition nevertheleſs that it ſhould not come into their hands till after he ſhould be buried. Scarce was the Ceremony over, but the Dominicans went to inquire about this Trunk; and they found nothing in it but Slates, which 'tis likely he had made uſe of to draw Mathematical Figures upon. This enraged them to ſuch a degree, that they dug up his Corps; but the Court of Parliament having notice of it, order'd that it ſhould be honourably interr'd in the Cloiſter of the Convent, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition of thoſe good Friers.

The *Romance of the Roſe* was made Proſe by JOHN MOULINET [13], who enrich'd it with ſeveral Allegories of his own Invention.

I had forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Language of all the printed Copies of the *Romance of the Roſe*, is different from what it was at firſt. It was changed into a more modern French [14]: and this is alſo the reaſon why the printed Copies differ ſo much from one another; every Bookſeller having cauſed new Alterations to be made in his. We have already ſeen that PASQUIER in his *Recherches*, blames MAROT for having reviſed it: he expreſſes himſelf yet

[13] *A Canon of Valenciennes. He flouriſhed about the Year* 1480. *See la Croix du Maine, pag.* 149, *and* 246.

[14] *La Croix du Maine.*

yet more vehemently in his *Letters* [15]: *There is not*, ſays he, *a learned man among us, who does not read the learned Writings of Mr.* ALAIN CHARTIER, ... *and who does not hug the* Romance of the Roſe, *which I heartily wiſh* CLEMENT MAROT, *by a ridiculous mixture of old and new Language, had not taken upon him to cloath after the modern French faſhion.* And yet it is certain, others had been employ'd in this before him. I have even obſerved, that the Manuſcripts have been changed, as well as the printed Copies; and it is hard to meet with any of them that have eſcaped the indiſcreet diligence of thoſe Reviſers. They thought to make the Work better, and they only ſpoiled it. We cannot now judge by thoſe reviſed Copies of the State of our Language, in the thirteenth Century. That ſimplicity and agreeableneſs which it then had, notwithſtanding all its imperfection, has been taken from it. 'Tis almoſt the ſame thing as if one at this day, ſhould ſet about reviſing our Authors of the fifteenth and ſixteenth Centuries, in order to bring them nearer to our modern Language.

CHAUCER that moſt ancient and celebrated Engliſh Poet [16], hath tranſlated a good part of the *Romance of the Roſe*. I ſhall ſet down here ſome Verſes of the beginning:

Many menne ſaine that in ſweuenings
Ther nis but fables and leſings
But menne may ſome ſweuen ſene
Which hardly that falſe ne bene
But afterward ben apparaunt
This may I draw to warraunt.
An Authour that hight Macrobes
That halt not dremes falſe ne lees

[15] *Book* II. *in the* Letter to Mr. Cujas *p. m.* 104, *and* 105.
[16] *He died the* 25*th of October* 1460, *in the* 72*d year of his age.*

But undoth us the auiſioun
That whilom met King Cipioun.
And who ſo ſaith, or weneth it be
A ſape or els nicete
To wene that dremes after fall
Let who ſo liſt a fole me call
For this trow I, and ſay for me
That dremes ſignifiaunce be
Of good and harm to many wights
That dremen in her ſlepe a nights
Full many things couertly
That fallen after all openly.

Within my twenty yere of age
When that love taketh his corage
Of young folke, I went ſoone
To bed, as I was wont to done
And faſt I ſlept, and in ſleping
Me mette ſuch a ſweuening
That liked me wonders wele
But in that ſweuen is neuer a dele
That it nis afterward befall
Right as this dreme woll tell us all.
Now this dreme will I rime aright
To make your herts gay and light
For love it praieth, and alſo
Commandeth me that it be ſo.
And if there any aſke me
Whether that it be he or ſhe,
How this booke, which is here
Shall hite, that I rede you here
It is the Romaunt of the Roſe
In which all the art of loue I cloſe.
The matter faire is of to make
God graunt me in gree that ſhe it take
For whom that it begonnen is
And that is ſhe, that hath iwis

So

So mokell prise, and therto the
So worthy is beloved to be
That she well ought of prise and right
Be cleped Rose of every wight [27].

A BILLET
TO MADAM
DE LA PERRINE[1].

I Send to see whether the fatigue you had yesterday, was not as great as the pleasure of seeing the Ceremony [2]. If you had the company of the Prebendaries, as I make no doubt you had, I don't pity you. They have remedies against the weariness and faintness that we are apt to be seiz'd with on such occasions. The Dean of GUERNSEY used to say, that *a Canon or Prebendary, and an Hospitaller, are the same thing.* This is their Institution, and he who does not give good entertainment to his Guest, affords an occasion of a Lapse, and deserves to lose his Canonicate; a risque which Dr. SARTRE has never run. I could wish you had his company often: I fancy that of Dr. BREVAL cannot but be very good; and that you will find your account very well in the graces and favours which the Lord bestows on his Church.

A

[27] The Romance of the Rose *in the* Works of Chaucer, *printed at London* 1598. *folio* 116.

[1] *The Marchioness de la Perrine.*

[2] *The Queen's Coronation the* 2*d of May* 1702.

A LETTER TO D^r. SILVESTRE.

YOU cannot imagine the joy I was in when I ſaw the Pye was come. Beſides that a Partridge-Pye is conſiderable in itſelf, it recall'd to my mind the idea of my Lord MOUNTAGUE, of you, and of all the good company at Boughton; and made me imagine in a lively manner all the Beauties there, which I have not ſeen, and of which I am informed by all thoſe who have been there. My Lord GALLWAY who is a good judge of every thing, told me that the Caſcade of Boughton is the moſt perfect and finiſh'd one he ever ſaw: that there are greater collections of Water at Verſailles and Chantilly; but that if he was to give a model of thoſe kinds of Works, he would give that of the Caſcade of Boughton in preference to all others. Mr. LE COQ has made a deſcription of it in a very long Letter; and the Marquis DE MONTANDRE talks of it almoſt after the ſame manner that they do.

If my Lord ſent me the Pye of his own proper motion, he makes me one of the moſt preſumptuous men in the world: even tho' you had put him in mind of it, yet I ſhould ſtill have a very great obligation to his Lordſhip, and ſhould not be diſpleaſed to lie under many more of that kind to him. I am afraid there may be a ſort of ingratitude in making ſuch nice diſtinctions. Whatever vanity there may

be *in it*, I am willing to believe, that my Lord thought of me firſt himſelf, and that you put him *in* mind from time to time of his deſign.

After I had written my Letter, Monſieur LA PIERRE arriv'd, who gave me eleven Peaches, *which are worth eleven Cities*, to ſpeak like the Spaniards, when they would highly commend the preſents they receive. The pains which I feel this minute, bring my diſtemper to my mind. I wiſh you had cured me with the Diet of Boughton, the Partridges, Truffles, *&c.* If you were here, your Looks alone would do. There is no diſtemper that can hold it againſt the *corpuſcula*, *effluvia*, *emanationes*, *ſimulacra ſanitatis*, which flow from your eyes. I wiſh with great impatience to receive the effects of them.

A BILLET

TO MADAM

DE LA PERRINE.

I Thought to have brought you as far as *innate Ideas* [1], but I ſee you are hardly got to *Axioms*. Let us lay aſide Knowledge; *Solomon* the wiſeſt man ſaid, that Knowledge was *a wearineſs to the fleſh*. Not being able to rejoyce that of the Ladies, it is decency and good manners not to afflict and vex it. If the changing of a Guinea, or a whole Guinea, could this day merit an entry into your Houſe, I ſhould endeavour to have that merit: not on the account of money, but by my civil and gallant manner of loſing it.

A

[1] *M. de St. Evremond was then reading Mr. Locke's* Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding.

A BILLET TO Dr. SILVESTRE.

'TIS about ten years ago that my Lord MOUNTAGUE, explain'd to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN and me, the meaning of *Depontani*. I thought I had read all the good Authors, that ſpeak of the cuſtoms of the Romans; but I had miſs'd FESTUS, who teaches me what my Lord told us, but does not explain it ſo well. *Depontani* were old men good for nothing, uſeleſs to publick and private perſons, who were thrown from the top of the Bridge (*de ponte*) into the River. This Diſcourſe alarm'd me. Judge you, if I ought not to be in the utmoſt apprehenſion this day:

Urget præſentia Turni.

I beg of my Lord MOUNTAGUE not to put me in the number of the *Depontani*; but to contribute to preſerve me in the world as long as nature will allow. As for you, Doctor, who ought to take care of my old Maſs, and enliven it again by your ſalutary Looks, how comes it that you have been ſo long without ſeeing me? If you give over your aſſiduity, I will take back thoſe corpuſcles, thoſe atoms of health which I gave you.

A BILLET

TO MADAM

DE LA PERRINE.

MONSIEUR ROUVIERE has obtained your good graces for two Jonquils: one of my age ought to make a more conſiderable preſent; wherefore I ſend you five. I ſhould not be in pain about favours, if I knew how to make a good uſe of them. Pray ſend me word what you are to do after dinner. I ſigned all my Letters to the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, when ſhe and I were good friends, as DON QUIXOT did his to DULCINEA; *the Knight with the diſmal countenance:* and ſhe ſign'd hers as DULCINEA did to DON QUIXOT.

A LETTER

TO

COUNT MAGALOTTI,

Counſellor of State to his Royal Highneſs the Great Duke of TUSCANY.

HOW happy are you, Sir! I have had the honour to know you above theſe thirty years: your years have acquired you a great ſtock of know-

ledge; have gain'd you a great deal of experience, a great deal of eſteem, without leſſening the vigour either of your Mind or Body: mine, which are indeed more numerous, have not been ſo favourable to me. They have left none of the Vivacity which I had, nor the beſt Conſtitution in the world which I was bleſt with. For the reſt, Sir, I am extreamly obliged to you for writing to me in Italian. If you had taken the pains to write to me in French, you would have put me to the bluſh, to ſee a ſtranger underſtand the beauty and delicacy of our Language, a great deal better than I. 'Tis true, all the Nations in Europe would have had the ſame reaſon to bluſh; for there is none of them whoſe Language you do not ſpeak more elegantly than their greateſt wits can do.

I muſt have done you much injury in the opinion which the Marquis RINUCCINI [1] had of your diſcernment: the reputation which you were pleaſed to give me with him, has certainly ſpoil'd yours. This Court is extreamly ſatisfied with him, his perſon, his behaviour, and his converſation. I have found all the accompliſhments in him that can be deſired. The Cavalier GIRALDI, who is in great favour with every body here, makes him acquainted with all his friends, which he will ſtand in no need of, when he pleaſes to appear himſelf: his preſence makes it unneceſſary for any one to do him good offices.

Before I make an end, I beſeech you, Sir, to acquaint his Royal Highneſs with my humble acknowledgments, which I ſhall retain to the laſt moment of my life, for all the favours he has conferred upon me. I owe to the liberalities of his good Florence Wine, my latter years, which I have ſpent with tole-

[1] *Envoy Extraordinary from the Great Duke of Tuſcany, to compliment the Queen on her Acceſſion to the Throne.*

tolerable eaſineſs. After you have acquitted me of this firſt duty, which is to me the moſt precious in the world, you will have the goodneſs to aſſure the Commandeur DEL BENE of the eſteem which I ſhall have for his merit all my life. I will give you no new aſſurances of the ſentiments which you inſpired into me, from the very moment I had the honour to know you. I ſhall end with giving you an account of the ſtate I have been in this long time: theſe ſix Verſes which I wrote formerly *, will explain it to you:

Far from France my life I lead,
Far from plenty, far from need;
With my vulgar fate content,
And the little Heaven hath lent.

Vertue, if not ſour, I chuſe;
Pleaſure, if not wild and looſe;
Life I love, but do not fly
At Death's approach, nor fear to die.

As ill as I am this day, yet I ought to wiſh rather than fear it: but if I paſs an hour without pain, I reckon my ſelf happy. You know that a ſuſpenſion of pain, is the felicity of thoſe who ſuffer. I find that mine is ſuſpended when I am ſo happy as to entertain you.

* *See the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *under the year* 1685.

FINIS.

THE CHARACTER OF M. DE ST. EVREMOND, BY D^R. CHETWOOD[1].

THE Diſcourſes which compoſe this Book[2], being printed already in another Language, there may be ſeveral amongſt us who have only heard in general of Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, and the reputation he has with the men of ſenſe; and therefore may be well enough pleas'd to know what it is wherein he excels, and which diſtinguiſhes him from other Writers. For it is not with the Wits of our times, how eminent ſoever, as with thoſe who lived under AUGUSTUS, when the Empire and Language were in ſome ſenſe univerſal. They properly wrote to the world: the Moderns, even the French Authors themſelves, write at moſt, but to a Province of the Roman Empire; and if they

[1] *Dr. Knightley Chetwood, afterwards Dean of Glocester.*

[2] *This, and the following* Character of M. de St. Evremond, *were prefixt to the Engliſh Tranſlation of ſome of his Works printed in the Year* 1692.

they are known beyond their own Country, and become a common benefit to mankind, it is, in a great measure, owing to their Translators.

Monsieur ST. EVREMOND hath established his fame where-ever the French Language is understood; and yet surely he cannot be displeased with an attempt to carry it farther, by making him speak that of a Country, where he has resided so many years.

Whoever reads these Essays will acknowledge, that he finds there a fineness of expression, and a delicateness of thought, the easiness of a Gentleman, the exactness of a Scholar, and the good sense of a Man of Business: that the Author is throughly acquainted with the world, and has conversed with the best sort of men to be found in it. His subjects are often great and noble, and then he never fails to write up to them. When he speaks of the antient Romans, you would believe you were reading one of the same age and nation; the same spirit, the same noble freedom, the same unaffected greatness appear in both: if the subject he chuseth, be of a lower nature, he is sure to write that which is not common upon it; there is still somewhat new and agreeable, and beyond what you could expect. However you were affected when you began to read him, he gains upon you insensibly, and before you have done, you take a pleasure to be of the same opinion with him.

The variety and choice of his Subjects pleases you no less, than what he writes upon them. He perpetually entertains you with new Objects, and dwells not too long upon any of them. As for Method, it is inconsistent with his Design; neither pretends he to write all that can be said. He sets not up for a Teacher; but he instructs you unawares, and without pretending to it. Every thing appears so natural, that the Art is hidden, and yet the Observer

finds all the ſtrokes of a Maſter's hand. He knows exactly when to give over: all is ſo well, you'll wiſh he had ſaid more; and yet when he concludes, you believe he could not have ended better. He has truly ſtudied Nature in that point, that it is with the Mind as with the Body: they are to be treated alike; the Deſires of both ſhould be ſatisfied, yet ſo that you are to riſe with an Appetite.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

M. DE ST. EVREMOND,

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

I Know how nice an Undertaking it is to write of a living Author, yet the Example of Father Bouhours has ſomewhat encourag'd me in this Attempt. Had not Monſieur St. Evremond been very conſiderable in his own Country, that famous Jeſuit would not have ventur'd to praiſe a perſon in diſgrace with the Government of France, and living here in baniſhment. Yet in his *Penſées Ingenieuſes*, he has often cited our Author's Thoughts and his Expreſſions;

preſſions; as the Standard of judicious thinking, and graceful ſpeaking. An undoubted ſign that his Merit was ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd, when the diſfavour of the Court could not prevail againſt it. There is not only a Juſtneſs in his Conceptions, which is the foundation of good Writing, but alſo a Purity of Language, and a beautiful Turn of Words, ſo little underſtood by modern Writers: and which indeed was found at Rome, but at the latter end of the Common-wealth; and ended with PETRONIUS, under the Monarchy.

If I durſt extend my Judgment to Particulars, I would ſay that our Author has determin'd very nicely in his opinion of EPICURUS; and that what he ſaid of his Morals, is according to Nature and Reaſon. 'Tis true, that as I am a religious Admirer of VIRGIL, I could wiſh that he had not diſcover'd our Father's nakedneſs. But, after all, we muſt confeſs that ÆNEAS was none of the greateſt Hero's, and that VIRGIL was ſenſible of it himſelf. But what could he do? The Trojan on whom he was to build the Roman Empire, had been already vanquiſhed; he had loſt his Country, and was a Fugitive. Nay more, he had fought unſucceſsfully with DIOMEDES; and was only preſerv'd from death by his Mother Goddeſs, who received a Wound in his defence. So that VIRGIL, bound as he was to follow the foot-ſteps of HOMER, who had thus deſcrib'd him, could not reaſonably have altered his Character, and raiſed him in Italy to a much greater height of Proweſs than he found him formerly in Troy. Since therefore he could make no more of him in Valour, he reſolved not to give him that Virtue as his principal; but choſe another, which was Piety. 'Tis true, this latter, in the compoſition of a Hero, was not altogether ſo ſhining as the former; but it intitled him more to the favour of the Gods, and their Protection, in all his

Undertakings. And, which was the Poet's chiefeſt aim, made a nearer reſemblance betwixt ÆNEAS and his Patron AUGUSTUS CESAR; who (above all things) lov'd to be flatter'd for being pious, both to the Gods and his Relations. And that very Piety, or Gratitude (call it which you pleaſe) to the memory of his Uncle JULIUS, gave him the preference among the Soldiers to MARK ANTHONY, and conſequently raiſed him to the Empire. As for perſonal Courage, that of AUGUSTUS was not puſhing; and the Poet, who was not ignorant of that defect, for that reaſon durſt not aſcribe it in the ſupreme degree to him who was to repreſent his Emperor, under another name; which was managed by him with the moſt imaginable fineneſs: for had Valour been ſet uppermoſt, AUGUSTUS muſt have yielded to AGRIPPA. After all, this is rather to defend the Courtier, than the Poet; and to make his Hero eſcape again, under the covert of a Cloud. Only we may add, what I think Bossu ſays, That the Roman Common-wealth being now changed into a Monarchy, VIRGIL was helping to the deſign; by inſinuating into the people the Piety of their new Conqueror, to make them the better brook this innovation: which was brought on them by a Man, who was favour'd by the Gods. Yet we may obſerve, that VIRGIL forgot not upon occaſion to ſpeak honourably of ÆNEAS, in point of Courage; and that particularly in the perſon of him, by whom he was overcome. For DIOMEDES compares him with HECTOR, and even with advantage:

Quicquid apud duræ ceſſatum eſt mœnia Trojæ;
Hectoris, Æneæque manu Victoria Grajum
Hæſit, & in decumum veſtigia retulit annum:
Ambo animis, ambo inſignes præſtantibus armis;
Hic pietate prior.--------

As

As for that particular paſſage, cited by Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, where ÆNEAS ſhows the utmoſt fear in the beginning of a Tempeſt: *extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra, &c.* why may it not be ſuppoſed, that having been long at Sea, he might be well acquainted with the nature of a Storm; and by the rough beginning, fore-ſee the increaſe and danger of it? At leaſt, as a Father of his People, his Concernment might be greater for them, than for himſelf; and if ſo, what the Poet takes from the merit of his Courage, is added to the prime Virtue of his Character, which was his Piety.

Be this ſaid, with all manner of reſpect and deference to the Opinion of Monſieur ST. EVREMOND; amongſt whoſe admirable Talents, that of Penetration is not the leaſt. He generally dives into the very bottom of his Authors, ſearches into the inmoſt Receſſes of their Souls, and brings up with him thoſe hidden Treaſures which had eſcap'd the diligence of others. His Examination of the *Grand Alexandre*, in my opinion, is an admirable piece of Criticiſm; and I doubt not but that his Obſervations on the *Engliſh Theatre* had been as abſolute in their kind, had he ſeen with his own eyes, and not with thoſe of other men. But converſing in a manner wholly with the Court, which is not always the trueſt judge, he has been unavoidably led into miſtakes; and given to ſome of our coarſeſt Poets a reputation abroad, which they never had at home. Had his Converſation in the Town been more general, he had certainly received other idea's on that ſubject[1]; and not tranſmitted thoſe Names into his

[1] *Mr. Dryden excepts here againſt the Judgment of the Court, and appeals to that of the Town; becauſe the Duke of Buckingham and ſome Perſons of Quality, with whom Mr. de St. Evremond was converſant, and from whom he had his Notions of the Engliſh Theatre, were ſo far from approving of his* Plays, *that they did ſeverely criticize upon them. See the Duke of Buckingham's Play, call'd* The Rehearſal.

own Country, which will be forgotten by Poſterity in ours.

Thus I have contracted my Thoughts on a large Subject: for whatever has been ſaid, falls ſhort of the true Character of Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, and his Writings.

FINIS.

A

COLLECTION

Of the beſt

PIECES

Attributed to

M. DE ST. EVREMOND.

To which are prefix'd the

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

P. Lely Pinx.
M. V.r Gucht Sculp.
The Dutchess of Mazarine.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN[1].

SINCE the obligations I owe you are of that nature, that I ought to conceal nothing from you, wherein I can teſtify my acknowledgments of them, I am willing to gratify you with the true Relation of my Life, being you deſire it. Not that I am ignorant, how hard it is to ſpeak diſcreetly of one's ſelf: and you know how averſe I am in my nature, from explaining to the world, matters wherein I am ſo nearly concerned: yet it is very natural to defend one's ſelf from Calumny, and to make appear to thoſe, of whom we have received conſiderable ſervices, that we are not ſo unworthy of their favours, as the traducing world would make us appear to be: nor can I ſpend the time of my Retreat with more innocence. But if what I am going to acquaint you with, ſeem to favour much of the Romance, impute it rather to my deſtiny, than to my inclination. I know the chief

[1] *Theſe* Memoirs *were written in the Name of the Dutcheſs of Mazarin, by the Abbot of St. Real. See the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *under the year* 1676.

chief glory of a woman ought to conſiſt, in not making her ſelf to be publickly talked of; and thoſe that know me, know likewiſe that I never took much pleaſure in things that make too much noiſe: but it is not always in our choice to live our own way; and there is a kind of fatality, even in thoſe things that ſeem to depend upon the wiſeſt conduct.

I would not trouble you with the account of my Birth [2], if thoſe that envied my Uncle's

[2] *There being ſeveral Paſſages in theſe* Memoirs, *which cannot be well underſtood without ſome previous Knowledge of the Family of the Dutcheſs of Mazarin, I ſhall give here a ſhort Account of it.*

PETER MAZARINI, *a Native of Palermo in Sicily, left that place in order to ſettle at Rome, where he died in the year* 1654. *By his Wife* Hortenſia Buffalini, *he had among other Children,*

I. JULIUS MAZARINI, *a Cardinal, prime Miniſter of State in France, who died in* 1661.

II. MICHAEL MAZARINI, *a Cardinal. He died in the year* 1648.

III. LAURA-MARGUERITA MAZARINI, *married to Hierom Martinozzi. She died at Rome in* 1685, *and left two Daughters:*

1. Laura *the Wife of Alfonſo d'Eſte* IV. *Duke of Modena, who died in* 1687.

2. Anna-Maria, *who was married in* 1654 *to Armand de Bourbon, Prince of Conty, and died in* 1672.

IV. HIERONIMA MAZARINI, *who married* Michael-Laurenzo Mancini, *a Roman Knight, and died in* 1656. *Among other Children, ſhe left:*

1. PHILIP MANCINI, *who was created Duke of Nevers in France, and died in the year* 1707.

2. LAURA, *married to Lewis Duke of Vendome. She died in* 1657.

3. OLIMPIA, *who married Eugene-Maurice of Savoy, Count of Soiſſons, by whom ſhe had Prince Eugene. She died in* 1708.

4. MARIA, *married in* 1661, *to Laurenzo Colonna, Conſtable of the Kingdom of Naples.*

5. HORTENSIA, *who died in England in* 1699, *and is the Subject of theſe* Memoirs. *Cardinal Julius Mazarini left her the greateſt part of the immenſe Wealth he had amaſſed, and married her to Armand-Charles de la Porte de la Meilleraye, on condition that he and his Heirs ſhould take the Name of* MAZARIN. *Their Children are*; Marie-Charlotte, *born in* 1662, *and married to Armand-John de Vignerod du Pleſſis, Marquis of Richelieu:* Marie-Anne, *born in* 1663, *made Abbeſs du Lis in* 1698: Maria-Olimpia, *born*

cle's [3] glory had not endeavoured to tarniſh the luſtre thereof: but ſince their fury ſpared nothing that was his, it is lawful for me, to let you know that I am deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious Families of Rome; and that my Anceſtors for theſe three hundred years have held a rank ſo eminent and conſiderable, that I might have paſs'd my days happily, though I had never been Heireſs to a firſt Miniſter of France. The Academy of the *Virtuoſi* of Italy, which began at the Nuptials of one of our Family, made it appear what eſteem that Houſe was in at that time: and as a farther addition of happineſs, I had the advantage to be deſcended from a Father, that was one of the moſt accompliſhed and beſt qualified of our Family.

I was but ſix years old when I was brought into France [4]; and a few years after, the Duke of MAZARIN rejected the marriage of my Siſter [5], and conceived ſuch a violent paſſion for me, that upon a time he told Madam D'EGUILLON, That *if he could but have the happineſs to be married to me, it would not grieve him to die three months after.* The ſucceſs ſurpaſſed his deſire; he has married me, and yet, God be thanked, he is alive ſtill. Upon the firſt report of his refuſing my Siſter, the Cardinal was much offended; and would often ſay, *He had rather marry me to a Footman.* But he was not the only man I had the ill fortune to pleaſe. An Italian Eunuch,

born in 1665, *and wedded in* 1681 *to Lewis-Chriſtopher Gigault, Marquis of Bellefonds and of la Boulaye: and* Charles-Julius, *born in* 1666, *married in* 1685 *to Felicia-Armanda-Charlotte of Durefort-Duras, eldeſt Daughter of James-Henry de Durefort, Duke of Duras, Mareſchal of France.*

6. Marie-Anne, *who was married in* 1662 *to Godefroy-Maurice de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke of Bouillon, Peer and Lord High Chamberlain of France.*

[3] *Cardinal Julius Mazarin.*

[4] *In the year* 1653.

[5] *Married afterwards to the Conſtable Colonna.*

Eunuch, Muſician to the Cardinal, was accuſed for having a kindneſs for me. But the truth is, that it was as much for my Siſter as for me. He was alſo jeered for being in love with the beautiful Statues that were in the Palace Mazarin. This man's Love certainly was unlucky, ſince thoſe poor Statues were ſo cruelly puniſhed for it as well as I, though they were as little in fault.

It was no fault of my Siſter's, that I was not in love with ſomething, as well as I was beloved. As ſhe had a ſincere inclination for the King, ſhe would have been glad to ſee me ingaged with ſome ſuch folly. But being extream young and childiſh, I could fix to nothing. All that ſhe could obtain from me, to oblige her, was to ſhew ſome complaiſance to thoſe of my age, that diverted me moſt in our little Play-games, which then took up all my time and thoughts, tho' they were often interrupted by the King's preſence, who ſeldom ſtirred from our houſe, tho' he converſed among us with wonderful goodneſs. He had ſo much of ſerious and ſolid (not to ſay of Majeſty) in all his ways, that he could not keep himſelf from ſtriking through us a moſt aweful reſpect, even beyond his intentions. My Siſter was no way diſturbed at his preſence, whoever elſe was: and you may eaſily conceive that his Aſſiduity had Charms for thoſe who were the cauſe of it, when it had none for others. As the things which Paſſion makes us do, ſeem ridiculous to thoſe that have never known what that paſſion is; my Siſter's expoſed her very often to our raillery. One time among the reſt we jeered her, becauſe ſhe ſeeing at a diſtance a Gentleman of the Houſhold, who was about the King's ſtature, with his back to her, ran to him with open arms, crying, *Ah my poor Sire!* Another thing that made us ſport about that time, was a joke of the Cardinal's, with Madam DE BOUILLON, which was then about

ſix years old. The Court was then at la Fere [6]. One day as he made ſport with her about ſome Gallant that ſhe ſaid ſhe had; at laſt he began to chide her, for being with child. The reſentment which ſhe ſhewed, diverted all ſo, that it was agreed ſhe ſhould be ſtill told of it. They ſtreightened her Cloaths from time to time; and they made her believe that ſhe was growing very big. This continued as long as it was thought neceſſary, to perſuade her to the likelihood of her being with child. Yet ſhe would never believe any thing of it, and denied it with a great deal of heat, until the time of her lying-in came, ſhe found betwixt her ſheets, in the morning, a Child new-born. You cannot imagine the aſtoniſhment and grief ſhe was in at this ſight. *Such a thing*, ſaid ſhe, *never happen'd to any but to the Virgin* MARY *and my ſelf; for I never felt any kind of pain.* The Queen came to condole with her, and offered to be God-mother; many came to goſſip with her, as newly brought to bed: and that which at firſt was but a paſttime within doors, came to be the publick divertiſement of all the Court. They preſſed her hard to tell who was the Father; but all they could get from her, was only, *That it could be none but the King, or the Count of* GUICHE, *becauſe no other man but thoſe two ever kiſſed her.* For my part, being three years elder than her, I was infinitely proud that I knew the truth of the matter; and I could never be weary of laughing, to make people take notice I knew it.

You will hardly believe that at thoſe years, when there is nothing leſs thought of than of reaſoning upon things, I ſhould make as ſerious Reflections as I ever did of any thing of this life. It is true, notwithſtanding, that my greateſt delight was at that time to ſhut myſelf up alone, to write whatever came

[6] *In the year 1656.*

came into my head. It is not long ſince ſome of thoſe Papers fell into my hands; and I aſſure you, I was ſtrangely ſurprized to find things ſo far ſurpaſſing the capacity of a Girl. They were Doubts and Queſtions, which I propoſed to myſelf upon all things, which I could not well underſtand. I could never ſufficiently ſatisfy my fancy in deciding them; and yet I ſought with obſtinacy what I was not able to dive into, nor find. And if in my Conduct ſince, I have not ſhewed much Judgment; I have at leaſt this Conſolation, that I had a very great deſire to attain to a good one. I remember about that time, writing to a young Lady, for whom I had a great kindneſs, I began to grow weary of writing ſo often, *I love you*, in one and the ſame Letter; and gave her to underſtand, that hereafter I would only make a Croſs to ſignify theſe three words. According to this pretty Invention, it happen'd ſometimes that I writ to this Lady Letters wherein there was nothing elſe to be ſeen but whole Lines of Croſſes, one after another. One of theſe Letters fell afterwards into the hands of ſome, whom it concern'd to find out the Myſtery, but could never find any fault with ſo godly a Cypher.

My Infancy being paſſed among theſe innocent Amuſements, or Paſtimes, they began to talk of a Match for me. Fortune, that intended to make me the moſt unfortunate perſon of my Sex, began to flatter me with a ſhew of making me a Queen; and did all ſhe could to make me hate the Match ſhe deſign'd for me, by the compariſon of thoſe wherewith ſhe firſt did cajole my Imagination. Yet I can truly ſay for myſelf, that thoſe illuſtrious Matches never dazled my fancy. And the Duke of MAZARIN dares not ſay, that he ever found me guilty of any vain-glory above my condition. All the world knows how many repeated Overtures were made to

marry me with the King of England [7]. As for the Duke of SAVOY, you know what was ſaid about it in the Journey to Lyons [8], and that the buſineſs broke off, upon the Cardinal's obſtinate refuſal to abandon Geneva, in conſideration of that Marriage. We lodged at Belle-Court [9], and our chamber-windows, which open'd towards the Market-place, were low enough for one to get in with eaſe. Madam DE VENELLE, our Governeſs, was ſo uſed to her trade of watching us, that ſhe roſe even in her ſleep, to ſee what we were doing. One night, as my Siſter lay aſleep with her mouth open, Madam DE VENELLE, after her accuſtomed manner coming aſleep as ſhe was to grope in the dark, happen'd to thruſt her finger into her mouth, ſo far, that my Siſter, ſtarting out of her ſleep, made her teeth almoſt meet in her finger. Judge you the amazement they both were in to find themſelves in this poſture, when they were thoroughly awake! My Siſter was in a grievous fret. The ſtory was told the King the next day, and the Court had the divertiſement of laughing at it.

The Cardinal, whether it were thro' Modeſty or Diſſimulation, ſhewed himſelf as averſe as the Queen to the King's purſuit of my Siſter. As ſoon as the Marriage with the Infanta of Spain was concluded [10], nothing was ſo much in his thoughts, as how handſomly to ſend her farther off, fearing leſt ſhe might be a hindrance to it. A little after our return from Lyons, he ſent us to ſtay for him at Fontainebleau; from thence he carried us to Poitiers, where he left it to her choice to retire to what place ſhe pleaſed. She choſe la Rochelle: and the Cardinal, willing to wean her a little more, deſired the Biſhop

[7] *See the Life of Monſieur* de St. Evremond, *under the year* 1675.
[8] *In the year* 1658.
[9] *A large Square at Lyons.*
[10] *In the year* 1659.

Biſhop of Frejus, at Brouage, to propoſe to her the Marriage of the Conſtable Colonna. But ſhe rejected it; her Inclinations being not yet drawn into Italy, by what drew her thither ſince. He had reſolved to carry Madam DE BOUILLON and me to the King's marriage; but my Siſter obſtinately refuſing to let us go, when he ſent for us, unleſs ſhe might go too; he choſe rather to deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing us there, than to let her come with us. At their Majeſties return from the Frontiers [11], we were ſent to Fontainebleau, where the Court then was. The King looked but cold upon my Siſter, and his change began to make her reſolve to marry into Italy. She would often pray me to tell her as many ill things of the King as I could. But, beſides, that it was hard to ſpeak ill of ſuch a Prince as he, who lived among us with that familiarity and charming ſweetneſs; I being but ten years old then, I could not well comprehend what it was ſhe would have. All I could do for her, loving her tenderly, and ſeeing her all in tears, was to weep for her Misfortunes with her, until ſhe might, at my turn, bear me company to weep mine.

The Cardinal was ſo vexed at her fondneſs to the King, that he conceiv'd a great averſion for her; and as this Intrigue began with her firſt coming into the world, it may be ſaid, that he hardly ever loved her. My Brother's Humour was nothing more pleaſing to him, and his Conduct much leſs; eſpecially ſince he was accuſed to have been at the Debauch of Roiſſi [12]. One of the things which moſt diſpleaſed

[11] *In the Year* 1660.

[12] *The Count of Buſſi Rabutin; the Abbot le Camus, afterwards Biſhop of Grenoble, and Cardinal; Monſieur Mancini, Nephew to Cardinal Mazarin, and ſome others, having met in* 1659, *at Roiſſi, a Country-Seat belonging to Count Vivonne, in order to ſpend the Eaſter-Holidays, did on Good-Friday commit ſeveral ſacrilegious Impieties and Extravagancies, (inſomuch that it was confidently reported they had chriſten'd a Pig, ſaid Maſs over it,* &c.) *for which*

ſed him in us, was the want of Devotion: you cannot imagine how much he was diſcontented at it. He left no arguments untried, to induce us to have more. Among the reſt, complaining once to us, becauſe we did not hear Maſs every day, he told us we had neither Piety nor Honour! *At leaſt*, ſaid he, *if you don't hear it for God's ſake, hear it for the World's.*

Tho' I was as much concerned in his Remonſtrances as the reſt; yet, either becauſe I was the youngeſt, and ſo the leſs faulty, or that he ſaw ſomething in my humour that pleaſed him better, he had for a long time as much tenderneſs for me, as he had averſion for them. This made him to chuſe me, to leave his Eſtate and Name to the man he ſhould wed me to; which likewiſe made him more circumſpect in the care of my Education than the reſt, and at laſt alſo more diſpleaſed when he believed I had given him cauſe. He was very apprehenſive of my engaging my Affections to any one: Madam DE VENELIE, who had directions to pry into all my actions, would be continually ſpeaking to me of every one that came to viſit me, or were likely to engage my Love, in order to diſcover by my diſcourſe my Thoughts of every body; but I having no tie more to one than another, ſhe could never make any diſcovery; and ſhe had been in ignorance to this hour, had not the indiſcretion of my Siſter made her believe what was not. I told you that ſhe would always preſs me to love ſomething. She importuned me for ſome years to tell her if none of the Court pleaſed me more than another; at laſt being overcome with her intreaties, I told her, *I ſaw*

which Enormities they were baniſh'd the Court; Count Buſſi was exil'd to his Seat in Burgundy; the Abbot, to Meaux; Mancini, to Briſac; Count Vivonne, to Roiſſi, &c.

ſaw a Youth in the houſe that I liked well enough; but that I ſhould be very ſorry he ſhould be half ſo pleaſing in my eye, as the King was in hers. Overjoyed to have drawn this confeſſion from me, ſhe aſked me his name, but I knew it not. And tho' ſhe took all the pains imaginable to make me deſcribe him, ſhe was above two months vexing of me before ſhe could find him out. She underſtood at laſt that it was an Italian Gentleman, newly come from being Page of the King's Chamber, who was then but one of the Sub-Lieutenants in the Guards, but has been ſince kill'd in a much higher Employment in Flanders. She told me his name, and likewiſe made herſelf merry with the King about my pretended Inclinations, from whom ſhe could conceal nothing. The Cardinal knew it ſoon after, and believing it quite another thing than it really was, ſpoke to me of it in very harſh terms. It was the right way to make ſomething of nothing; and if I had been capable of engaging myſelf for ſpight, his Reproaches might incline me to deſerve them. As this Gentleman was familiar in the houſe, the noiſe the Cardinal made about it reached his ear, and raiſed in him Thoughts which he perhaps never had before; at length he found means to make them known to me, and by my Siſter's goodwill I ſhould have anſwer'd his Paſſion, inſtead of deſpiſing and rejecting it.

In the mean time the Cardinal's diſtemper grew every day worſe and worſe, the deſire he had to eternize his name, carried him above the indignation he had conceived againſt me. He broke his mind to the Biſhop of Frejus, and deſir'd to know his opinion of ſeveral perſons, and which of them he thought propereſt for me. This Biſhop, won before by the Duke, upon promiſe of fifty thouſand Crowns, forgot nothing that might deſerve them. But he never had them; for he returned the Bond, intimating,

He

He had a greater mind to the Biſhoprick of Evreux, if it could be gotten for him; but the King did diſpoſe of it to another, notwithſtanding Monſieur MAZARIN's ſoliciting his Majeſty for the ſpace of two months. The Biſhop re-demanded the fifty thouſand Crowns, but Monſieur MAZARIN was no longer in a condition to pay them.

As ſoon as the Marriage was concluded, he ſent me a great Cabinet, wherein, among other rich things, there was ten thouſand Piſtoles in gold. I gave great part of this gold to my Brother and Siſters, to leſſen their hatred of my Opulencies, which they could not ſee without envy, whatever mien they made. I never put them to the trouble of aſking me; for the key was always in the Cabinet, and who would might take for me. One day, wanting other divertiſement, we threw above three hundred Piſtoles out at the windows of the Palace Mazarin, to have the pleaſure of ſeeing the Servants that were in the Court to ſcramble and fight for them. This prodigality being told the Cardinal, it cauſed ſo much diſpleaſure in him, that it is believed it haſten'd his end; but whether it was ſo or no, he died within eight days after, and left me the richeſt Heireſs, but the unhappieſt Woman, in all Chriſtendom.

Upon the firſt tidings of his Death [13], my Brother and my Siſter, inſtead of being ſorry, cried to one another, *God be thanked, he is gone!* And to tell you the truth, I was not much more afflicted: And it is a remarkable thing, that a man of that merit, that all his life had labour'd to raiſe and enrich his family, ſhould never receive other thanks from them, than apparent ſigns of hatred and averſion even after his death. But if you knew with what ſeverity he

[13] *Cardinal Mazarin died on the ninth of March*, 1661.

he treated us, you would be leſs ſurprized at this. Never man had ſo ſweet a Behaviour abroad and in publick, and ſo harſh and ſevere at home: And all our Humours and Inclinations were point blank oppoſite to his. Add to this the tyrannical ſubjection we were kept in; the tenderneſs of our years; and the inſenſibility and careleſneſs we had for all things, to which too much plenty and proſperity reduces commonly perſons of this age, in ſpite of all their good-nature. For my own particular, fortune has taken care to puniſh my Ingratitude by thoſe miſfortunes, which have continually followed me, one on the neck of another, ever ſince his death. I know not what foreknowledge my Siſter had of them; but upon the firſt diſcontents which I fell into after my marriage, ſhe told me by way of conſolation; *Go, go, you will yet be more unhappy than I.*

The Duke of LORRAIN, who for a long time was paſſionately in love with her, made uſe of all his Rhetorick to perſuade her to marry him; and continu'd his purſuit, even after the Cardinal's death. The Queen-Mother, who would by no means have her ſtay in France, charged Madam DE VENELLE to break off this Intrigue at any rate. But all their endeavours had been fruitleſs, had they not been ſeconded by certain reaſons unknown to all the world. And tho' the King had the generoſity to give her her choice of any man elſe in France, if ſhe could not fancy the Duke of LORRAIN, and that he ſeemed to be ſenſibly diſpleaſed at her reſolution to go out of France; her evil ſtars drew her into Italy againſt all reaſon. The Conſtable, who at firſt believed that the Amours of Kings could not be innocent, was ſo much tranſported with joy to find the contrary in the perſon of my Siſter, that he made little account of not being the firſt that had gain'd her heart. He left his bad opinion that he had, and all Italians have, of the liberty which Ladies enjoy in France,

and

and made her live with the ſame freedom in Rome, ſince he found ſhe uſed it ſo diſcreetly.

In the mean time the Eunuch, her Confident, who now by his abſence and the Cardinal's death lived without credit, undertook to make himſelf neceſſary about me; but, beſides that my own Genius made me a ſtranger to all ſorts of Intrigues; Monſieur MAZARIN kept too ſtrict an eye over all my actions. He, enraged at this obſtacle, took a reſolution to be revenged of Monſieur MAZARIN himſelf. This man had kept his acceſs to the King with the ſame freedom he had enjoy'd when he was my Siſter's Confident. He makes a great complaint to his Majeſty of the ſeverity Monſieur MAZARIN uſed towards me; *That he was obliged to take my part, as having been the Cardinal's Creature, and my particular Servant; That Monſieur* MAZARIN *was jealous of all the world, and above all of his Majeſty; and he cauſed me to be watched very narrowly in all places where the King* (who had no thoughts of me) *might ſee me: and that beſides, he took upon him, as if he were a great Miniſter, and that he threatned to baniſh all the Italians out of Paris.* To all this, the King only anſwered, *That if what he ſaid was true, the Duke of* MAZARIN *was mad; and that though he had inherited Cardinal* MAZARIN's *Wealth, he had not his Power.* All that was true of this report, was only that Monſieur MAZARIN, being informed of this Eunuch's Intrigues, threatned to put him out of the Palace Mazarin, where he had lodgings.

Not content with what he had done, he was ſo unwiſe as to boaſt of it before a Lady of Quality of Provence, called Madam DE RUZ, who was, I know not how, acquainted with Monſieur MAZARIN. She tells him of the ill office that had been done him. He had a mind to place about me ſome Lady, who without the name of Gouvernante might

perform the function; and finding this Madam DE RUZ very proper to act the part, he made choice of her, as an acknowledgement for the intelligence she gave him. He desir'd her to find out some means to get herself presented to me, without letting me know that he was acquainted with her. The Bishop of Frejus spake to me of her, as from himself, some time afterwards; and brought her to me up a pair of back stairs, one day when Monsieur MAZARIN was a hunting. I was much taken with her; and as I thought, that if it were perceived that I liked her, I should not be permitted to have her; I was not willing any of the house should see her, before she were received into my family. One day, as I was alone with her, Madam DE VENELLE came suddenly into the room, and broke a Busk we had set to bar the door, and shut ourselves in. On a sudden, Madam DE RUZ, with a wonderful presence of mind, began to roul her eyes in her head, to weep and cry with the tone of a Beggar, *That she was a poor Gentlewoman of Lorrain, and pray'd me to take compassion of her misery.* As she hath the Air of her Face extreme brisk and lively, as most of the Provençaux have, her Grimace succeeded so well, and so disguised her, that I myself could hardly know her again. Madam DE VENELLE was so terribly affrighted at her, that she ran as far off from her as she could, and told all about since, *That she found the Devil in my chamber.*

Monsieur MAZARIN's cunning Artifice in the choice of this woman, in a time wherein he could not yet have any subject to complain of any of my actions, may suffice to instruct you with his natural Diffidence, and in what disposition of mind he married me. As he was jealous of my abode in Paris, he continually carried me about to his Lordships and Governments. During the first three or four years of our marriage, I made three journies into Alsatia,

and as many into Britany; beſides ſeveral others to Nevers, le Maine, Bourbon, Sedan, and other places. Having no greater delight in Paris, but the pleaſure of ſeeing him, it was not ſo irkſome to me, as it might be to a perſon of my age, to be deprived of the divertiſements of the Court. And perhaps I ſhould never have been tired with this wandring kind of life, if he had not too much abuſed my Complacency. He has often made me travel two hundred Leagues when I was big with child, and very near my time. My Relations and Friends were apprehenſive of the dangers to which he expoſed my health, and endeavoured to make me ſenſible of them, but it was a long time in vain. What would they ſay, if they had known that I could not once ſpeak to any of my Domeſticks, but they were turned away the next day? That I could not receive two Viſits ſucceſſively from any one man, but he was preſently forbid the houſe? And if I ſhewed more kindneſs for any of my Maids than for the reſt, ſhe was immediately taken away from me? If I called for my Coach, and he thought it not convenient to let me go abroad, he would laughingly forbid the Coach to be made ready, and then would droll upon it till the hour was paſt to go where I deſigned. He would be content that I ſhould ſee none in the world but himſelf. Above all, he could not endure that I ſhould ſee his Kindred, nor mine own: mine, becauſe they begun to take my part; his own, becauſe they did no more approve of his Conduct than mine did.

I was a long time lodged at the Arſenal with Madam D'ORADOUS his Couſin, without ever being permitted to ſee her. The innocence of my Recreations, which were capable to put any man elſe of his humour out of doubt, who had reſerved any regard for my age, gave him as much diſquiet as if they had been very criminal. Sometimes he ſaid, *It was a ſin to play with my ſervants at Blind-man's Buff.*

Buff. At other times he ſaid, *It was a heinous crime to go to bed late.* Once when Monſieur COLBERT deſir'd to know all his grievances and cauſes of complaint againſt me, he could never alledge any other than theſe two. He often ſaid, *One could not in conſcience go to the Cours* [14], *and much leſs to Plays.* Sometimes my Devotions were too ſhort: in fine, his peeviſhneſs upon my account was ſuch, that I verily believe, if any one would ſeriouſly aſk him how and after what ſort he would have me live, he could not agree with himſelf about the manner. He, no doubt, hath ſaid ſince, *That knowing of what value I was, he could not be too ſolicitous of me; that the Converſation of the world being ſo contagious, whatever ſport or railleries were made of him, he would endeavour to hinder my being ſpoiled, becauſe he loved me more than his own Reputation.* But if it was his love for me that made him treat me after this fantaſtical faſhion, it were to be wiſhed for, for the eaſe of both of us, that he had honoured me a little more with his indifference.

No ſooner did he perceive that I took delight in any place, but I was immediately hurried from thence, though there were never ſo great a reaſon for my ſtay there. We were at the Maine, when the news was brought of the King's Journey to Marſal [15]. He had orders to follow his Majeſty thither; and he ſent me into Britany, to keep company with his Father, who was at the meeting of the States there. While he was preparing himſelf at Paris for his journey, he had intelligence from ſome of his Spies, (by whom I was continually beſet and watched) that I paſſed my time there very pleaſantly; he fell ſick upon it, and ſent for me away with all ſpeed. His Father underſtanding that his Phyſicians adviſed

[14] *A publick place at Paris, where People of Quality reſort, in order to take the air in their Coaches.*

[15] *In the Year* 1663.

adviſed him to go to the Waters of Bourbon, would not let me go, alledging, *That a man while he drank ſuch waters muſt abſtain from women.* Upon this news he fell into a ſwoon for vexation; and after ſeveral Couriers ſent for me, his Father at laſt let me go. I went with him to Bourbon, where I remained a month, ſhut up with him in a Chamber, to ſee his waters paſs; without ſo much as viſiting the Princeſs [16], who was there, and to whom he had the honour to be related. He could not preſently be induced to believe that it was his Father that kept me from departing out of Britany; and notwithſtanding all the aſſurance he received of it ſince, he maintained always that I had been better pleaſed to paſs my time there, than come and ſolace him in his ſickneſs. It had not been hard for me to juſtify myſelf, if he would but hear me. But that he avoided ſtill the moſt he could, becauſe all the blame would be found of his ſide in the clearing of the matter; and he would never acknowledge himſelf in an error. Nothing afflicted me more than his averſion to be informed or convinced of a miſtake, becauſe he took upon him the juriſdiction of treating me continually as guilty.

Some time afterwards being obliged for the King's ſervice to go into Britany, he took ſuch an obſtinate reſolution to have me with him, and writ ſuch ſtrange things upon this occaſion to the Abbot D'EFFIAT, his near Kinſman, that I was forced to go from Paris three weeks after I was brought to bed. Few women of my quality would have done the like; but what would not one do for the enjoying of ſo great a good as peace? And to mend the matter, he made me lodge in one of the wretchedeſt Villages in all that Country, and in ſo miſerable a Cottage, that we were conſtrained to be out

[16] *The Princeſs of Condé.*

out of doors all day. He always made choice of ſuch places becauſe I ſhould ſee no company: and far from ſeeing any of the people of thoſe Villages, thoſe whoſe civility or buſineſs brought thither to ſee him, were forced to lie in the fields for want of Inns; and if they diſpleaſed him never ſo little, he ſent them of errands, about ſeveral buſineſſes which depended upon him in this Province. However, we ſpent ſix months in this pleaſant place, in the year 1666. Another time, being alone at Bourbon, and having ſent me into Britany, he underſtood by his Spies, that I diverted my ſelf very pleaſantly with Madam DE COAQUIN, and that few days paſſed but we took the air either at land or by ſea: His wonted diſquiet ſeizing him, he ſends for me to meet him at Nevers, *where*, as he ſaid, *there were very good Comedians, among other divertiſements.*

I began to grow weary of making ſo many idle journies. I writ to Monſieur COLBERT to complain; but being adviſed by him to go, I was much ſurpriſed to find Monſieur MAZARIN upon the road, ten leagues from Nevers, coming to Paris with my Brother, who was returning out of Italy. He would never give me any reaſon why he dealt ſo ſtrangely with me; we went without any farther clearing of this doubt, to confine our ſelves at our Country-Houſe, call'd the Caſſine, near Sedan, whither my Brother, out of complaiſance, ſeeing me very melancholy, accompanied us. It was there firſt that Monſieur MAZARIN made ſhew as if he were jealous of him, not knowing otherwiſe how to be rid of him; and being unwilling to have ſuch a witneſs of his domeſtick proceedings. You may judge of my reſentment for ſo baſe and wicked a ſuſpicion; but if all theſe outrages, by hearing them related, ſeem hard to be endured, the manner with which he did them, was yet ſomething more cruel

and

and barbarous. I will give you one inſtance, by which you will judge of the reſt. Being one night with the Queen, I ſaw him coming towards me very pleaſant, and with a conſtrained and affected ſmile, publickly made me this Compliment; *Madam, I have good news to tell you, the King has juſt now commanded me to go into Alſatia.* The Duke of ROQUELAURE, who was then preſent, moved, as well as the reſt of the company with this ſilly affectation, but more frank than the reſt, could not refrain telling him, *That this was fine news indeed to be told with ſo much joy to a woman of my condition.* But Monſieur MAZARIN diſdaining to reply, went quietly out of the room, very proud of his gallantry. The King hearing of it, was moved to pity. He took the pains to tell me himſelf, That *my ſtay there ſhould be only for three months*; and kept his word with me, as he always did.

If I did not apprehend to tire your patience, I could tell you a thouſand ſuch little malicious tricks which he play'd me, without any manner of neceſſity, out of the meer pleaſure he took to torment me. Fancy then to your ſelf, continual oppoſitions to my moſt innocent Deſires, and an implacable hatred againſt all thoſe I loved, or loved me; an undefatigable care to bring into my preſence all thoſe I hated mortally, and to corrupt thoſe of my ſervants whom I moſt truſted, to betray my Secrets if I had any; a ſtudious application to cry me down every where, and make my actions odious to all people; in fine, all the malignity of the bigotted Cabal could invent or practiſe, in a houſe where it had abſolute tyranny, againſt a ſimple young woman, careleſs, and whoſe want of circumſpection in her actions, gave every day new matter to her enemies to inſult over her. I boldly make uſe of this expreſſion, bigotted Cabal, becauſe I cannot think that I err againſt the moſt ſtrict rules of Chriſtianity, when

when I preſume that thoſe Devotees by whoſe directions Monſieur MAZARIN doth regulate his actions, are not truly ſo, having promoted the diſſipation of ſo many millions.

And this is the fatal article that has made me loſe all patience, and that has been the true beginning of all my misfortunes. If Monſieur MAZARIN had only taken delight in overwhelming me with ſadneſs and grief, and in expoſing my health and my life to his moſt unreaſonable caprice, and in making me paſs the beſt of my days in an unparallelled ſlavery, ſince Heaven had been pleaſed to make him my maſter; I ſhould have endeavoured to allay and qualify my misfortunes by my ſighs and tears, and my complaints to my particular friends. But when I ſaw, that by his incredible dilapidations, and profuſeneſs, my Son, who might have been the richeſt Gentleman in France, was in danger of being the pooreſt; there was no reſiſting the force of nature, and motherly love carried it over all other conſiderations of duty, or the moderation I propoſed to my ſelf. I ſaw every day vaſt Sums go away; Moveables of ineſtimable price, Offices, Governments; and all the rich remains of my Uncle's fortune, the fruits of his Labours, and the rewards of his Services; I ſaw as much ſold as came to three Millions, before I took any publick notice of it. And I had hardly any thing left me of value, but my Jewels, when Monſieur MAZARIN took occaſion to ſeize upon them. He took his opportunity to lay hold of them one night as I came late home from the City; deſiring to know the reaſon of this proceeding, before I went to bed, he told me, *That I being of a free and liberal nature, he was afraid I ſhould give away ſome of them; and that he had not taken them from me, but with intention to return them again with the addition of others.* I anſwered him, *That it were to be wiſhed his liberality had been as regular as mine; that I was ſatisfied with*

with them I had already, and that I would not go to bed until I had them again. And ſeeing that, to whatever I could ſay, he only replied with unpleaſant Railleries, expreſſed with a malicious laugh, or a ſeeming calmneſs of voice, but in reality moſt tart and bitter; I went out of the room all in deſpair, and paſſed to my Brother's Palace, extreamly perplexed, not knowing what courſe to take.

Madam DE BOUILLON, whom we preſently ſent for, having heard of this my new occaſion of complaint, told me I was well enough ſerved, ſince I had ſuffered ſo much already without ſaying a word. I reſolved to have gone away with her in that very inſtant, if Madam DE BELLINZANI, whom we likewiſe ſent for, had not hindred me, intreating me to ſtay until ſhe had ſpoken to Monſieur MAZARIN: but he had given order that none ſhould be admitted. Yet Madam DE BELLINZANI, through much obſtinate preſſing, was ſuffered to come unto him; but he would not give her leave to ſpeak, nor could ſhe get any other anſwer, *But that her buſineſs could not be ſo urgent with him, as to oblige her to come at ſo unreaſonable an hour; but that if ſhe had any thing to ſay to him, he was going next morning to St. Germains, and he would give her a meeting at the Croſs of Nanterre.* Madam DE BELLINZANI being returned, as ill ſatisfied as we, at ſo unreaſonable a Raillery, it was concluded that I ſhould go to lie at Madam DE BOUILLON's.

The next day all my Relations being come thither about my concern, the Counteſs of SOISSONS was deſired to acquaint the King with it. He received her very graciouſly, and the Princeſs of CARIGNAN was commanded to come and carry me with her to the Hotel of Soiſſons. After ſtaying there about two months, I was obliged to return with Monſieur MAZARIN, even without having my Jewels reſtored to me, or with any other ſatiſfaction,

faction, but to be allowed to discharge some women which he placed about me, whom I did not like; that was the only favour I could obtain. When I pressed to have my Jewels restored, the Countess was the first that told me I did very ill. The Court was always against me ever since that time. It is well known of what consequence that is in all manner of business; and I told the King on that occasion, *That I should see with patience Monsieur* MAZARIN *so much favour'd against me, if he were so in all other things; and if the little help he found in his other affairs did not make it appear, that he had no other friends but my enemies.*

As this was rather a triumph for him than a real accommodation, it made him too haughty, to let it be of any long continuance. An hour before my going to the Palace MAZARIN, I sent thither with some of my things a Groom of the Chamber, whom the Countess had preferred to me since my coming thither. Monsieur MAZARIN, that knew him as well as I did, having asked him what he would have, or who he belonged to; bad him be gone about his business, without letting him stay until I came. This poor fellow met me about two hundred paces from my house, and told me what hapned; and tho' the Countess, who came to conduct me, perceived that this was a just cause of a new breach; she persuaded me to pass forward, and when she had brought me to the stair-foot, she took her leave of me, being unwilling to see Monsieur MAZARIN, because he had used all his endeavours to have me removed to the Palace of Conty, as if the Hotel of Soissons, where she lived, had not been as convenient, and as safe a place for me. I begun immediately to beg that this Servant might be received again into my Retinue; and the necessity I saw my self reduced to, by the authority of the great ones, made me show submissions beyond my natural inclination:

clination: but all in vain, I had a man to deal with, that knew how to make uſe of the conjuncture; and ſeeing then that he paid me with bald excuſes, and as bad jeſts, I reſolved to leave him the ſecond time, and to withdraw my ſelf to my Brother's houſe. But Monſieur MAZARIN, who (as you ſhall perceive by the ſequel) had taken a courſe that I ſhould not go out when I pleaſed, and intended to keep me a priſoner in my own houſe; ſeeing me offer to go, he threw himſelf in my way, and puſhed me very rudely to ſtop my paſſage. But my grief and vexation ſupplying me with more than ordinary ſtrength, I thruſt by him in ſpight of all he could do; and though he called out to the Servants *to ſhut all the doors, and the court-gate eſpecially*; they ſeeing me all in tears, none durſt obey. I was fain to go round by the ſtreet (wherein there was a great throng of people) in this ſad condition, alone, a-foot, and at noon-day, to get to my accuſtomed Sanctuary. This was the effect of that forecaſt, that made him wall up the door, by which there was a communication betwixt my Brother's Palace and mine; and thro' which I made my eſcape the time before. But this precaution gave occaſion to all men who knew of it, to judge that he never intended me any better uſage for the future (if I return'd again to him) than I had before received at his hands; having taken care to ſecure me for the time to come.

As ſoon as I came to my Brother's, I writ to the King to give him an account of my proceeding: and the Counteſs carried me with her to the Palace of Soiſſons. But after five or ſix days, Monſieur DE LOUVOY came to me from the King, to propoſe to me to retire into ſome Nunnery: But the Counteſs would not conſent to that; and ſhe brought it about, that Monſieur MAZARIN ſhould be obliged to come and carry me home with him, upon condition

that

that ſhe would be reconcil'd with him. Preſently after this, my Brother went away for Italy; partly to make it appear, that he did not contribute any thing to a miſunderſtanding between Monſieur MAZARIN and me; and that it ſhould not be his fault, if we did not live peaceably together. But I enjoyed but an out-ſide appearance of that quietneſs which I hoped to have: for, notwithſtanding all my reſolutions of patience, there paſſed not one day for three months, that we continued together, without ſome jarring, and cauſes of diſguſt.

At the end of this, he took a fancy to go into Alſatia; and inſtead of gratifying me, and obliging me with his kindneſs, to go (as I had reſolved to do) along with him, he was ſo ill adviſed, as to force me to keep a woman that I could no way approve of. This his quarrel about a trifle, made me open my eyes, and to think better of what courſe I was to take. My friends had the goodneſs to repreſent to me, the little ſecurity I muſt hope for, from a man of that caprice, in a place ſo remote, and where his power was ſo abſolute. *That after what had paſſed betwixt us, I was a fool to imagine I ſhould ever be ſuffered to return from thence: that he had ſent my Jewels before, for no other reaſon, but to confine himſelf for ever to that his Government, where he ſhould not be obliged to give any account of his conduct, as at Paris; and if ever I ſhould have need of my friends, I ſhould be ſo far from them, that they could do me no other good but, unprofitably, to wiſh my condition was better.*

Theſe Conſiderations, that were but too apparent and too well grounded, made me take ſanctuary once more at the Counteſs's, the night before Monſieur MAZARIN was to begin his journey, fearing leſt he would have uſed violence to force me along with him. I was ſo full of perplexity and diſtraction, to ſee myſelf a-new reduced to this neceſſity, that I forgot

forgot to bring away my ſmall Jewels, which were left me for my daily uſe, and might be worth about fifty thouſand Crowns. As they were the only Treaſure I had left, the Counteſs was ſo provident as to aſk me for them as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me: by that means I had time enough to ſend for them away. He came the next day to know what I meant: anſwer was made him, that I meant two things; the one, not to go into Alſatia; the other, that he ſhould reſtore me my great Jewels, which he ſent before unto Alſatia, and which were the firſt cauſe of our breach. As for Alſatia, he would have been contented to excuſe me, ſince he ſaw no great likelihood of being able to perſuade me to it: but for my Jewels, he would make no peremptory anſwer; and as they were ſtill upon the road to Alſatia, as ſoon as Monſieur MAZARIN left us, the Princeſs of BADEN carried me to Monſieur COLBERT's, to beſeech him to ſeize them into his own hands. He believed I ought not to be refuſed that favour: they were forced to be brought back, and they have remained ever ſince in his hands. Now the queſtion was, what ſhould become of me? Monſieur MAZARIN left me my choice of going to live at the Hotel de Conty, or at the Abby of Chelles, the only two places in the world he knew I hated mortally, and that for very juſt reaſons. The oppreſſion of ſpirit, under which I lay, would not give me leave to determine which I ſhould chuſe of theſe two places, equally odious to me; I was fain to let others chuſe for me: and the reaſons I had againſt the Palace of Conty being more prevalent, the Abby of Chelles was preferred before the Palace of Conty [17]. In this my Solitude, making reflection upon the duty which my friends told me was incumbent upon me, to deſire a ſeparation of Goods, in favour of my poor Children,

[17] *In the Year 1667.*

dren, before Monſieur MAZARIN had ſpent all; I was at laſt reſolved to do it. But though I was convinced in my own ſenſe, I ought to ſolicite it; yet as I had ſome particular reaſons to refer all this to Monſieur COLBERT's Judgment, I cauſed him to be founded upon this matter; and finding him averſe to it, put a ſtop to all.

Some ſix months afterwards, Monſieur MAZARIN coming out of Alſatia, made me a Viſit as he paſſed that way, to oblige me to diſcharge two young women, which the Counteſs had given me ſince his departure for Alſatia. I did not believe myſelf bound to ſatisfy his deſires in this particular, being I knew it was for no other reaſon he deſir'd it, but out of his animoſity againſt her. His reſentment of this denial, put him upon petitioning the King, to have me removed from thence to ſome other Monaſtery, upon I know not what pretexts. But the real truth was, becauſe the Abbeſs of CHELLES, who was his Aunt, treated me civilly; and that I was well enough ſatisfied with my abode there. He prevailed; and though that Abbeſs was, as ſhe had cauſe, much offended, and gave as favourable an account of my behaviour there as could be deſired, yet the Maſter of the Horſe came to tell me, *That I ſhould oblige the King in going to the Nunnery of* ST. MARY's *of the Baſtille*; and Madam DE TOUSSI came with ſix Life-Guards to conduct me.

Some time after Monſieur MAZARIN going into Britany, came thither to ſee me; but was preſently out of all patience, becauſe I wore Patches, (for I had ſome on by chance that day) and told me, *he wou'd not ſpeak to me, until I had taken them off.* No man ever made his demands with ſuch haughtineſs as inclined rather to refuſe than grant them, and chiefly when he believed that Conſcience was therein concerned; and that alſo was the reaſon I would not put off my Patches, to ſhew him it was neither

neither of my belief nor intention to offend God with this kind of dreſs. After conteſting a whole hour about this in vain, he at laſt began to tell me his mind, notwithſtanding my Patches; and preſſed me with as little ſucceſs to go with him into Britany.

I was then more inclinable to go to law with him than to follow him. I obtain'd leave of his Majeſty to commence my Suit, having been conducted to him by the Princeſs of BADEN. But Monſieur COLBERT, who was very unwilling to conſent to it, for reaſons that admitted of no anſwer in any other conjuncture, delay'd it for a long while; until at laſt, Madam DE COURCELLES being put into the ſame Monaſtery with me, I obtain'd, by the favour of ſome friends that ſhe had at Court, leave to commence my Suit.

As ſhe was a beautiful perſon, and of a very pleaſant humour, I had complaiſance enough for her, to join with her in playing ſome tricks to the Nuns. The King was told an hundred ridiculous ſtories about it: that we uſed to put ink into the Holy-Water-Pot, to ſmut the good old Nuns; that we uſed to run thro' their Dormitory, at the time of their firſt ſleep, with a great many little Dogs, yelping and yellowing: and twenty other ſuch fooleries; either altogether invented, or much exaggerated. As for example, having deſired them to let us have ſome water to waſh our feet, the Nuns agreed among themſelves to refuſe us what was neceſſary; and to find fault, as if we had been put in there to obſerve their Rule. It is true, that we filled two great Cheſts that were over the Dormitory with water; and not taking notice that the Floor was ill jointed, the water run through, and wet all the poor Nuns beds. If you were at that time at Court, you will eaſily remember that this accident was repreſented there as a meer Horſe-boy's prank.

It is alſo true, that, under colour of keeping us company, they would never ſuffer us to go out of their ſights. The eldeſt among the Nuns were choſen for this purpoſe, as being the hardeſt to be bribed; but we having nothing elſe to do but run about, we ſoon tired them out one after another; and one or two of them ſprained their legs, ſtriving to run after us. I ſhould not tell you theſe little odd follies, if Monſieur MAZARIN's partiſans had not publiſh'd them before; and ſince they repreſented them as ſo many Crimes, I am glad you know all the enormities of them.

After we had been three months in this Convent, we had leave to go to Chelles; where I knew we ſhould be more civilly treated, though we could not have ſo many Viſits: and Monſieur MAZARIN arrived the ſame day from Britany, that we were removed thither. Some few days after Monſieur MAZARIN comes with a Guard of threeſcore Horſe, with leave from the Archbiſhop of Paris to enter the Monaſtery, and carry me away by force. But the Abbeſs not only refuſed him entrance, but put all the Keys of the houſe into my hands, to free me from the ſuſpicion of the evil ſhe might have done me; with this condition only, that I would ſpeak to Monſieur MAZARIN. I aſked him, *What he would have?* But he ſtill replied, *I was not the Abbeſs.* I anſwer'd him, *I was the Abbeſs for him that day, ſince all the Keys of the houſe were in my power, and there was no getting in for him but by my favour.* He turned his back, and went his way. A Gentleman that the Counteſs ſent to know how I did, carried this news to Paris; and ſaid, that it was reported at Chelles, that Monſieur MAZARIN went off, only with deſign to return again in the night. You have heard, without doubt, how Madam DE BOUILLON, the Count DE SOISSONS, the Duke DE BOUILLON, and the beſt and greateſt perſons

ſons about the Court got on horſeback upon this report, to come to my reſcue.

At the noiſe they made, Madam DE COURCELLES and I took them for my enemies; but our fear was not ſo great, but that we thought upon an expedient to hide ourſelves. There was a hole in the Grate of our Parlour, big enough for a great diſh to paſs, and we never till then thought one could creep through it: yet, we both got in that hole; but it was with ſo much difficulty, that if Monſieur MAZARIN himſelf had been in that Parlour, he would never ſuſpect that place, and would have looked for us any where elſe than there. But when we found our error, the ſhame and confuſion we were in made us reſolve to ſhoot that gulph once more, without calling any body to our aid. Madam DE COURCELLES got eaſily through; but I was above a quarter of an hour betwixt two Bars of Iron, and almoſt ſqueezed to death, without being able to get in or out: but though I was ſo horribly pinched, I would not conſent any ſhould be called to help us; and Madam DE COURCELLES never left tugging, until ſhe had me out. I went to thank them all; and after they had joked a while upon Monſieur MAZARIN's attempt to catch nothing, they all returned back.

In the mean time I had ſuch a Decree as I deſired, in the third Court of Inqueſts. This Court conſiſted moſt of young men of great wit and eloquence, and they all ſtrove who ſhould be moſt forward to ſerve me. The ſcope of the decretal Order was, *That I ſhould proviſionally be allowed twenty thouſand Livres; that I ſhould live at the Palace of Mazarin, and Monſieur* MAZARIN *at the Arſenal:* and what was more important, *that Monſieur* MAZARIN *ſhould be obliged to produce the goods, or their value, which I declared he diſſipated.* The Princeſs of CARIGNAN came to put me in poſſeſſion of my houſe:

there I found all the Servants that I had need of, already choſen by Monſieur MAZARIN; but, I thanked them all for their good will. The Counteſs, who always unſeaſonably put me in mind of my generoſity, would fain perſuade me, *That it was below me to exact the Allowance the Parliament had aſſigned me:* but Monſieur MAZARIN was not a man that would give me any thing without being compell'd, and I muſt have whereby to ſubſiſt. It is true, ſhe aſked me if I had need of money; but ſhe could not be ignorant of that: and were it not for my ſmall Jewels, and the helps that I had from my Brother, my affairs had been in an indifferent poſture. He return'd out of Italy ten days after my Decree; and although he was very angry at my Law-Suit, for thoſe very reaſons that made Monſieur COLBERT to diſapprove of it, and that he always foretold me the Counteſs would forſake me, as ſoon as ſhe had engaged me in this buſineſs, yet I found every morning more money upon my Toilet than I needed, without ever being able truly to diſcover from whence it came.

In the mean time Monſieur MAZARIN remov'd the Suit unto the Great Chamber, for a new tryal: but it was ſo order'd that the King interpos'd in our affair, to make a final accommodation betwixt us. We both ſigned a Writing to the King to this effect, *That Monſieur* MAZARIN *ſhould lodge at the Palace Mazarin; but that I ſhould have the liberty to chooſe all my own Servants, excepting my Gentleman of the Horſe, who was to be recommended to me by Monſieur* COLBERT: *That we ſhould live each in their own Apartments: That I ſhould not be obliged to follow him in any of his Journies: And as for the ſeparation of Goods, I deſired that the Miniſters of State ſhould be Arbitrators thereof; and, that we ſhould inviolably obſerve and obey their Award.* Upon the ſame day that I ſigned this Writing, I met Madam DE BRI-

SAC at the Fair, who told me laughing, *Madam, you are patched up again for the third time.* Nor were we truly friends; for Monſieur MAZARIN made it his buſineſs to thwart me in all things, of which I could inſtance many particularities; but one ſhall ſerve, that made noiſe enough. I had ordered a Stage to be erected in my own Apartment, to have a Comedy acted for ſome perſons of the Court. Monſiuer MAZARIN, without my notice, cauſed it to be pulled down two hours before it was to be made uſe of; *becauſe it was a Holy-day, and a Comedy was a profane Divertiſement.* But all this did not hinder our ſeeing one another very civilly every afternoon; for we neither eat nor lay together. Monſieur MAZARIN would have it otherwiſe underſtood: but beſides that our Award mention'd nothing of it, I could ſee no likelihood that our affairs ſhould remain long in this poſture; and if it had happen'd that our affairs muſt be referred again to the Parliament, I was loth to expoſe myſelf to the drudgery of ſoliciting, being with child.

Nor were my apprehenſions vain: for Monſieur MAZARIN was ſoon weary of what he had done; and thereupon begged of his Majeſty to tear the Writings, and to releaſe us of our Engagements. I conſented to it; but upon condition, that his Majeſty would never more interpoſe in our buſineſs, neither one way nor other. His Majeſty was graciouſly pleas'd to paſs his word that he would not, and has ever ſince kept his promiſe. This brought us again into Parliament, and our Suit was followed with more bitterneſs on both ſides than ever.

Monſieur MAZARIN and his Adherents forgot nothing ſince that time, that might ſully my reputation to the world; and above all, make me hateful to his Majeſty. The extravagancy of Monſieur COURCELLES, among other things, furniſhed them with an admirable pretence. I had forgotten to tell

you, that when I left Chelles, I prevailed ſo far, that I got leave for his Wife to come and live with me. She was no ſooner there, but thoſe that formerly had been inſtrumental to draw her away from her Huſband, being glad to put her again into his poſſeſſion, found means, I know not how, to let him into the Palace Mazarin, whilſt I was abroad; and manag'd her ſo, that her Huſband and ſhe went away home together, as good friends as ever. One day as I came to give her a viſit, ſhe was ſo fooliſh as to deny herſelf, though Mr. CAVOY's Coach ſtood at the door. In the firſt tranſports of my paſſion for this her rudeneſs, her Husband came unluckily in the way, to whom I could not forbear ſaying ſomething of it. This fooliſh man of late hankered after an occaſion to fight CAVOY; and was loth it ſhould be thought that he was jealous of the beſt of his friends, but that it was upon ſome other account. The moſt plauſible he could find, was to pretend himſelf every where in love with me; giving out, *That his Wife had in her keeping ſome Letters of mine that were of conſequence, and which I had written to a Gentleman of the Court: That ſhe put them into* CAVOY's *hands, and that* CAVOY, *like a Raſcal, ſhewed them about; but that he would force him with his Sword to reſtore them, as he had promiſed me ſo to do.* Although this ſtory was ridiculous enough, and as ill-contrived as might be, yet it found belief; and ſome were ſo fooliſh as to report it for a truth.

He did worſe than all this; he had the impudence to tell me to my face of it, in the Court-yard of the Palace Mazarin. I told him, *that knowing better than any other, that all he had ſaid was not true; I could not imagine he could have any other deſign in it, but to make himſelf merry; and that, if I knew that he had the leaſt intention of fighting upon this ridiculous pretence, I would immediately acquaint the Count of* SOISSONS *with it, who was juſt by, and heard*

ſome

ſome part of our diſcourſe. COURCELLES perceiving, by the manner and tone of my voice, that I would not underſtand raillery, made ſign with a nod of his head, that it was only in jeſt; not daring to ſpeak it out, becauſe of the Count, who joined us at the ſame time. It is eaſy to gueſs how great my amazement was, when I underſtood the next day that they had not only fought, but that likewiſe in the accord they made among themſelves in the field, he had the impudence to maintain this fiction to the end; and to except a woman from the ſecret they had mutually promiſed to keep. He was ſo well pleaſed with himſelf, that he could not contain himſelf, but bragg'd of this exception to ſome of his ordinary acquaintance, which made the matter publick, and was the occaſion that they were both ſent to the Conciergery, to do penance for one man's folly. They were not wanting at Court in their cenſures of me, upon this occaſion, treating me with the attributes of Incendiary, Make-bate, and Hair-brain'd; *That I ſhould be the occaſion of cutting many other throats if I could.* And one of my Grooms of the Chamber being dangerouſly wounded about that time by ſome of his drunken Comrades, they had the good-nature to inform the King, *That this fellow was privy to all my ſecrets, and that having found that he betrayed his truſt, I took courſe to have him aſſaſſinated.*

The inſolent liberty people took to charge me with theſe calumnies, obliged me to ſpeak to the King about it. The Counteſs, in whoſe company I went to him, told his Majeſty as ſhe entered the room, *That ſhe brought him that criminal, that wicked woman, of whom ſo many evil things had been told him.* The King was pleaſed to tell me, *That he never gave credit to any of thoſe reports:* but his manner of delivering this was ſo ſuccinct, and ſo far from the accuſtomed civility, with which he uſed to hear me, that all others but my ſelf would have

have doubted of the truth of what he ſaid. You know the Court is a Land of much contradiction. The compaſſion which perhaps people took of me, when they ſaw me ſhut up in a Convent, was changed into envy, to ſee me appear in the Queen's Drawing-Room, and to make a much better appearance there than I had a mind to. Yet I had no other pretenſion, but to endeavour to make ſome tolerable agreement with Monſieur MAZARIN; but thoſe, by whoſe Counſels I regulated my actions and affairs, having other ends, ruined my buſineſs, by endeavouring to make their own ſucceed: and ſo abuſing my ſimplicity, and the blind obedience I gave to all their advices, cauſed me to make ſeveral ſteps, without underſtanding the reaſon or conſequence of it.

Amidſt all theſe troubles and vexations, our Suit went forward, and Monſieur MAZARIN found the ſame favour among the old men, which I had obtained of the young. After three months time, I had intelligence, *That he had gained the hearts of the great Chamber; That his cabal carried all before them there; That he was like to have ſuch a Decree as he deſired; That altho' they did grant me the ſeparation of Goods, they would not leave me that of my Bed, which I then enjoyed, and therefore was no part of my requeſt to them; and laſtly, that the Judges could not diſpenſe with themſelves from ordering me to go and live with my Husband, though they would be as favourable, as they were then againſt me.* If this account had been given me by people of leſs credit than they from whom I had it, I would have taken the liberty of acquainting you with their names; but as they ran a hazard in telling it, ſo they were cautious in exacting my ſecrecy, which I will certainly keep inviolable to them. You may judge what uſage I was like to have of Monſieur MAZARIN, if I ſhould be forced by Act of Parliament to return to him, after the cauſes of reſentments which he

pre-

pretended to have againſt me, and have both Court and Parliament contrary to me.

Theſe were the motives that produced that ſtrange and ſo much blamed reſolution which I took, of retiring into Italy, to my friends and relations, ſeeing now no longer refuge or ſecurity for me in France. My Brother, who was at once the neareſt, the deareſt, and the diſcreeteſt of my relations, was alſo the firſt who approved of my reſolution, and offered me all he could do to favour it. The Chevalier of ROHAN, his intimate friend, and mine, having, I know not how, heard of it, ſpoke ſo knowingly of it, that we could not without impudence conceal it from him, nor without ſome kind of ingratitude refuſe his aſſiſtance. My deſign was not then to go directly to Rome, but only to Milan, to ſee my Siſter the Conſtable, whither I writ to her to come; and I intended to go afterwards to Bruxelles, that from thence, as being nearer, I might with more eaſe negotiate ſome more durable and advantageous agreement with Monſieur MAZARIN, than the former had proved.

Monſieur DE ROHAN begged that he might come along with my Brother, when I ſhould be arrived there; nor could we in civility refuſe it him. I had ſome reaſons to believe, that Monſieur MAZARIN would be more eaſily wrought to a better accommodation, when he ſhould once ſee me out of France. And the terrible apprehenſions I marked in him every time I threatned to be gone, would not ſuffer me to doubt of it. The deſpair to which he did often reduce me, made me many times tell him, *That if I were once out of his reach, I would make him run far enough, before he ſhould overtake me.* But to my misfortune, he never believed I had ſo much courage, until he ſaw it.

After I had taken this reſolution, I ſo much neglected my Suit, that I have a hundred times ſince wondred

wondred that thoſe who were concerned in it, did not perceive it. The Counteſs, of whom I was moſt afraid, was the only perſon that had ſome ſuſpicion of it; but ſhe gave it no credit. She came almoſt every day to my Brother's, where ſhe found us always very merry in appearance, in order to deceive the world; and ſhe cried out upon me, becauſe *I did not ſolicit my buſineſs, that it was a great ſhame for me to let my Suit be loſt for want of looking after it.* Some eight days before I ſet out, ſhe was there when one of my Brother's Gentlemen, called PARMILLAC, came to take his leave of us. *He pretended to go to ſee his Father, who* (as he ſaid) *had ſome command in Lorrain among the Horſe:* but in truth, it was to order Poſt-Horſes to be ready for me upon the road, which I choſe becauſe it was the unlikelieſt to be ſuſpected. The ſight of this man that was to begin my enterprize, put me into ſuch diſorder, that I have ſince wondered how the Counteſs did not take notice of it; ſhe was taken up with gloſſing upon my negligence in the midſt of ſo many important concerns: *That it was not the time to ſtay all the day in my chamber undreſſed, playing upon my Guittar; and that this kind of careleſneſs made her almoſt believe what was reported, that I intended to fly into Italy.* Theſe unprofitable remonſtrances ended in an exhortation to me, to go with her to St. Germains to make my court at leaſt: but as I had other buſineſs that concerned me nearer, I deſired her to excuſe me. It was abſolutely neceſſary, for my deſign, that ſhe ſhould be at St. Germains when I ſet out; for had ſhe been at Paris, in the uneaſineſs ſhe was for my proceedings, it had been almoſt impoſſible, but ſhe would have ſuſpected ſomething of my intention.

In fine, Wedneſday the thirteenth of June, in the year, one thouſand, ſix hundred, and ſixty eight, being the day appointed for my departure, whilſt I

was

was putting my little affairs in order againſt night, ſhe ſent for me to go and dine with her at St. Germains. I was about to ſend her word I could not go, but the meſſenger was ordered to take no denial, but that I muſt go; which made me fear my Plot was diſcovered: but as we muſt always in ſuch kind of matters preſume we are not diſcovered, though we ſee never ſo great appearances to the contrary, I thought it expedient to promiſe, I would meet her there, leſt ſhe ſhould come her ſelf to fetch me. When dinner-time was over, and I did not appear, ſhe ſent to conjure me not to fail to come thither before night. I excuſed my ſelf as well as I could for breaking my word, and bid them aſſure her that I would not fail to be there at night: but ten of the clock being paſſed, and no news of me, ſhe took her Coach and came ſtreight towards Paris. She was come above half way when ſhe met my Brother, who left Paris at the ſame time I did, to impart my deſign to Monſieur DE LOUVOY. She asked him abruptly, *Where I was?* But he asked her, *If ſhe had not met me?* She ſaid, *No.* He replied coldly, *That ſure then I had taken the other road; for, that he ſaw me come away before he took coach.*

Monſieur MAZARIN came to awake the King at three of the clock in the morning, to beſeech him that he would give order that I ſhould be purſued. But his Majeſty had the generoſity to anſwer him, *That he would not break his promiſe he had made when he tore our Award, never to meddle with any of our concerns, one way nor another; and that it was not likely they could over-take me now, being ſo long gone, and having taken my meaſures at leiſure, as I had done.* But this anſwer was otherwiſe reported in the world; and you have ſurely heard of the Verſes which were made of this ſubject, which begin thus:

Sad

Sad MAZARIN, *pale, and full of grief*;

and ended with this joke upon the Revelations he had, during the Queen's great ſickneſs, touching the King and Madam LA VALIERE:

Alaſs! what is become of my poor wife?
Know you not? (quoth the King) *ſure you cannot miſs,*
Th' Angel, that tells you all, has told you this.

Monſieur MAZARIN ſeeing he could obtain nothing to his purpoſe of the King, went to Monſieur COLBERT, who adviſed him to ſend ſome perſon of credit after me, to offer me my own terms, ſo I would come back. It was one Monſieur LA LOUVIERE, one of the Lieutenants of the Ordnance who was ſent; and you may judge from the place where he over-took me, that the King had reaſon to ſay, it was then too late to follow me.

Whilſt things paſſed thus at Court, I ran a ſtrange carreer; and I do aſſure you, that if I had fore-ſeen all the inconveniencies that attend ſuch a journey, I ſhould rather have choſen to end my days betwixt four walls, and to haſten it with ſteel or poiſon, than to expoſe my reputation to thoſe calumnies that are inevitable to all women of my age and quality, that are ſeparated from their husbands. Though I had not experience enough to foreſee the conſequences of it, nor thoſe that were of my counſel, fore-caſt enough; yet I was not without many conflicts with my ſelf before I could abſolutely come to a ſettled determination: and my irreſolutions were ſo troubleſome to me, that if you could but ſee them, you would more eaſily be convinced, that nothing but the neceſſity I ſaw my ſelf reduced to, could hurry me to ſo fatal an enterprize. I can with great

great truth aſſure you, that all my diverſions were but feigned, ſince I had formed this deſign; and that the Counteſs was much in the wrong in reproaching me with my tranquillity of mind. I ſcarce took any reſt, nor eat, nor drank much for above eight days before; and I was much troubled when I ſet out, that I was fain to ſend back from the gate of St. Anthony, to fetch the box in which was my money and my jewels, which I had forgotten. It is a great truth, that I never dreamed that I ſhould ever want money; but experience hath taught me it is commonly the firſt thing that is wanting, eſpecially to thoſe that have always lived in great plenty of it, never knowing the neceſſity and importance of diſcreetly managing it. Nevertheleſs, I left the keys of my Apartment with my Brother, that he might ſeize upon my plate, furniture, and other things of value. But he was ſo careleſs as to let Monſieur MAZARIN prevent him, upon the ſame token that ſome time after he ſold ſome of my things to Madam LA VALIERE for a hundred thouſand Livres.

My train conſiſted of a Maid I had but ſix months before, called NANNON, dreſſed in man's apparel, as I was; a man of my Brother's, called NARCISSUS, with whom I had no acquaintance; and a Gentleman belonging to Monſieur DE ROHAN, called COURBEVILLE, whom I had never ſeen before. My Brother deſired Monſieur DE ROHAN not to leave me until he had ſeen me out of town. I parted with him without the gate of St. Anthony, and drove on in a Coach with ſix Horſes, to a houſe belonging to the Princeſs of GUIMENE', his Mother, ten leagues from Paris. From thence I went ſix or ſeven leagues in a Caleche; but theſe kind of Carriages were too ſlow for my fears; therefore I took horſe, and arrived at Bar the Friday following about noon: from thence (ſeeing my ſelf out of France) I went no further

ther than Nancy that night. The Duke of LORRAIN hearing of my arrival, and desiring to see me, was so civil as not to press it, when he understood I was unwilling. The Resident of France was very earnest to have me stopped there, but in vain; and the Duke, to compleat his generosity, gave me a Lieutenant and twenty of his Guards to conduct me into Switzerland. We were almost every where known to be women; and NANNON still, thro' forgetfulness, called me Madam: whether for this reason, or that my face gave some cause of suspicion; the people watched us through the key-hole, when we had shut our selves in, and saw our long Tresses, which as soon as we were at liberty we untied, because they were very troublesome to us under our perukes.

NANNON was extream low of stature, and so unfit to be cloathed in man's apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing. The night that I lay at Nancy, where we re-assumed our womens apparel, I was so over-joy'd to see my self out of danger, that I gave my self the liberty of diverting me a little at my ordinary sports; and as I ran after her to laugh at her, I fell on my knee and hurt it. I did not feel it then; but some days after having caused a bed to be made in a sorry Village of Franche Comté, in order to rest my self while dinner was a preparing, such a grievous pain took me of a sudden in that knee, that I was not able to rise. But on I must go, therefore having been let blood by a woman, for want of another Chirurgeon, I followed my journey in a litter, till I came to Neufchatel, where the people perswaded themselves that I was Madam DE LONGUEVILLE. You cannot imagine the joy the people expressed to see me, being not used to see women of quality of France pass through their Country; nor could they comprehend that any other but the Dutchess of LONGUE-

VILLE could have buſineſs that way. I know ſome would have laid hold of this occaſion, and made uſe of their kindneſs, to taſte of the ſweetneſs of ſovereignty. After all, the miſtake was advantageous to me; and what I wanted in age, I gained in quality. But power and authority ſeemed to me too great and too good for a fugitive. I was ſo unskilfully handled there, that my pain grew worſe, inſomuch that I had once thoughts of returning to Paris; and were it not that Milan was nearer, and that I hoped to be ſooner and ſafer there, I had purſued my firſt thoughts.

Some few days after, I paſſed through a little town of Swiſſerland, that had a garriſon, where we were all like to be knocked on the head, by our ignorance of their language; and to compleat our happineſs, we underſtood when we came to Altorf, that we muſt make our quarantine there, before we ſhould be ſuffered to enter the territories of Milan. There it was my ſtock of patience was quite ſpent; for I ſaw my ſelf in a barbarous Country, moſt deſperately ſick, full of grievous pain; and for help, you ſhall judge by what hapned to NARCISSUS, whether there was much to be hoped for in that place. For he ailing ſomething, ſent for a Chirurgeon to let him blood; they brought him a Farrier, who going to let him blood with his fleam, miſſed the vein, and NARCISSUS threatning to kill him, the fellow ſtill anſwered coldly, *That he had not angried the artery.*

But what conſummated and throughly carried my condition, even beyond deſpair, was the diviſion in my family, and their continual jarring. NARCISSUS took it ill that COURBEVILLE, who had been in my family but ſeven or eight days, ſhould take upon him to meddle with any thing without his leave; and the ſame reaſon made NANNON quarrel with them both: but while NARCISSUS and ſhe jarred

in this manner, they were uſeleſs to me, and did almoſt nothing but out of ſpite to thwart one another. On the other ſide, COURBEVILLE was very diligent to help me; and I am ſtill perſuaded, had it not been for him, I had been forced to have had my Leg cut off. And as my diſtreſſed condition made me very thankful, and acknowledging for every little ſervice; my commending his particular care of me, put them quite out of humour, and thereupon abandoned me wholly to his care.

It was at the time of this quarantine that LA LOUVIERE over-took me; but I remitted the deliberation of what he propoſed to me, to our arrival at Milan, whither I came ſome few days after, by the favour and means of the Duke of SESTO, Brother-in-law to the Conſtable, and Governor of that Country. He underſtood how I was detained at Altorf, and he remitted eighteen days of my quarantine. My Siſter and the Conſtable came to meet me at a houſe of theirs, four days journey from Milan, where we ſtaid ſome days, and thence went to Milan, where in ſix weeks that we ſtaid there, we received nine Couriers from Paris.

I was inform'd that preſently after my flight, the judges had declared themſelves in my favour againſt Monſieur MAZARIN; that Marſhal TURENNE himſelf had ſpoken to the King in my behalf; and that the reſolution I had taken, gave both admiration and pity to all reaſonable people. But that things had quickly changed by my friends joining with Monſieur MAZARIN, in an action againſt my Brother and Monſieur DE ROHAN, wherein 'twas pretended that they had ſtole me away.

I know that Monſieur MAZARIN ſent one after me with power to take information from place to place, all the road that I paſſed, of all my actions and demeanour. And this perhaps is the greateſt and only obligation I owe him, ſince this man's depo-

depoſitions, which are recorded in Parliament, are undeniable teſtimonies of the innocence of my carriage and conduct throughout this journey, againſt all the allegations and aſperſions of my enemies. But this was not the beſt ſtory in his budget. I had written to my Brother, and to Monſieur DE ROHAN before I left Neufchatel; to my Brother, to let him know where, and how I was; and to Monſieur DE ROHAN, to thank him for the ſervice he did me at my coming away, in facilitating my departure. I had commanded NARCISSUS to ſend away theſe Letters by the Poſt; but whether it was that his hatred to COURBEVILLE reached as far as his maſter that gave him to me, or that it was meer negligence; he confeſſed at Milan, that he forgot Monſieur DE ROHAN's Letter upon the mantle-tree in the Poſt-Maſter's houſe at Neufchatel, to whom he had given it in charge. LA LOUVIERE finding it as he came that way, carried it with him, and gave it to Monſieur MAZARIN, who made uſe of it, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that it ſet all the world againſt me. And it was upon this Letter that he preſum'd to petition the Parliament ſome time after, that I ought to forfeit all my rights; which is never practiſed but againſt women convicted of the higheſt infamy and lewdneſs.

I told you that Monſieur DE ROHAN had obtained my Brother's conſent to come to us to Bruſſels, when we ſhould be arrived there. The need we had of him, having made us conclude the matter ſo; it was natural enough to mention this to him, in a Letter that was deſigned principally to ſhew him my acknowledgments and gratitude. This was evidence enough for Monſieur MAZARIN to prove a confederacy betwixt us, and that the Chevalier was in love with me. But beſides, that his affections were known to the whole Court to be engaged elſewhere then, and to a perſon of that eminent quality,

that he was baniſhed for it; his manner of proceeding did no way ſhew any ſuch thing. It was truly the part of a good friend to furniſh me with means to convey my ſelf far off, and to put me into the hands of truſty ſervants; but it was no way that of a true Lover: and there are very few, who being favoured with a confidence of this nature, would be perſuaded to loſe ſight of their miſtreſs in ſo extraordinary an occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all this, the world gave credit to what Monſieur MAZARIN would have paſs for a truth. As for my Brother, he had, as you have ſeen by the ſtory, pretended to take up a jealouſy of him, in order to render him ſuſpected in all my concerns; that by this means he might deprive me of ſo conſiderable a ſupport. There was nothing ſo innocent, but was miſrepreſented, in order to maintain and carry on ſo deteſtable a calumny; they produced Letters in Verſe, for want of other evidences. Poſterity (if any thing of our buſineſs doth reach it) will hardly believe that a man of my Brother's gravity ſhould be examined upon Interrogatories about ſuch trifles; and that they ſhould be ſeriouſly diſcuſſed before ſo grave a Bench; that they ſhould make ſuch a deteſtable uſe of ſo innocent a commerce of wit and ſentiments betwixt perſons ſo nearly related; to conclude, that the eſteem and friendſhip I had for a Brother, of a deſert and merit ſo well known, and ſo juſtly due to him, and who loved me entirely well, ſhould be made uſe of as an unjuſt pretence and colour for ſo black and ſo cruel a defamation.

It will be hard to find ſtranger examples of the misfortunes of a perſon of my quality, ſex, and age. The moſt ſacred ties of nature and reaſon, become the moſt horrible crimes, when jealouſy and envy come to deſcant upon them; but there is nothing impoſſible to a man that makes profeſſion of being devout

devout and godly, and rather than to own himſelf in the wrong, he will cauſe the moſt innocent and uprighteſt perſons in the world, to be thought the moſt infamous, and the moſt abominable. I may perhaps be thought to be in a paſſion; but the remembrance of ſo barbarous an injuſtice, and ſo cruel uſage, has run me into a ſuperfluous digreſſion; and it is very difficult to keep an even temper in relating ſuch ſad and lamentable things. Nor is it eaſy to leave wondering that people ſhould be ſo malicious as to tax me with a buſineſs ſo known to the world, as the friendſhip and union that was betwixt my Brother, my Siſter, the Conſtable, and my ſelf. The whole Court of France have ſeen a Letter, which he writ from Rome ſome time after our marriages, wherein he repreſents to one of his friends the happineſs in having two Siſters whom he loved ſo well, living in two of the greateſt and moſt famous Cities of the world, Rome and Paris. He ended his Letter with theſe two Verſes:

And thus I paſs my days in great delight,
With wife MARY, *or* HORTENSIA *bright.*

It is not unlikely, but that Monſieur MAZARIN would have made uſe of theſe Verſes, in his Suit, if my Siſter (whom he endeavoured to gain, and ſet againſt me) had not been concerned in them as well as I: for they are, at leaſt, as criminal and faulty as the other Letter, of which he made uſe. My Brother had writ to me that other Letter to St. Germains, where I was ſome days, after Monſieur MAZARIN had cauſed the ſtage to be thrown down, which I told you I had ordered to be ſet up in my Apartment. It began thus:

Thou who art in thy kind without compare,
More chaſte than LUCRECE, *or than* VENUS *fair, &c.*

He continues it with returning me thanks for writing to him, and giving me an account of his health; and after he goes on thus:

Know then your kind Duke makes a damnable rout,
He frets, and he fumes, and he wanders about,
And all to enquire his dear MAZARIN *out.*
He came th'other night in a lunatick rage,
And told me the tragical fate of your ſtage.
The Duke of NAVAILLE, *that withered ſad Drivil,*
Whoſe ghaſtly wild Looks would half fright the devil,
To aſſiſt your good man comes thund'ring pell-mell,
And with noiſe, and with nonſenſe upon me he fell.
They both join'd i' th' Chorus, and opening their throats
As loud as they could, with their damn'd ſcreech-owl notes,
They try'd me, and teiz'd for a whole hour long,
And his dear MAZARIN *was the burden o'th' ſong.*
Your hectoring ſpouſe, like a Sarazen, ſtares,
Looks big, and all that——and by's Maker he ſwears,
He'll ſeize you by force, where-ever he meets,
And when you in his clutches but once more he gets,
For all your brisk Champions he'll care not a rope;
He'll keep you in ſpite of King, Emperor, or Pope.

His

His ſervant, POLASTRON, *has offer'd his aid,*
To join in the plot, to have you betray'd.
Has ſworn his allegiance the better to warrant
Himſelf a true 'Squire to your new-made Knight-errant.
In this extream danger, till the tempeſt is o'er,
The protection of LEWIS, *I adviſe you implore.*
In all this diſtreſs, of his friendſhip make tryal,
And ſhielded by his great Authority Royal,
You need fear no ill; you'll be ſafely ſecur'd
Againſt an ungrateful and barbarous Lord.

The reſt is nothing. As I was ſhewing this Letter to ſome of my friends at Court, the Count of GRAMMONT came and ſnatched it out of my hands, and carried it to the King: it was read publickly before him, and there was none of all the Court that was any way ſcandalized at it; but one of the King's Chirurgeons, named ELIAM. This man, who in appearance was zealous for his patients, hearing theſe words,

The Duke of NAVAILLE, *that wither'd ſad Drivil,*

could not contain himſelf from interrupting them; and ſaying, *That was nothing, for he was ſhortly to be purged.* And yet it was upon ſuch convincing proofs as theſe, that Monſieur MAZARIN obtained an order of Parliament, to arreſt me in any place where he ſhould find me. All my friends, at the ſame time, ſigned a Paper to him, jointly praying the Conſtable not to receive me into his houſe; but he laughed at their folly: however, they had ſent with the Paper theſe other ſcandalous Letters. There came to me an Expreſs from the Counteſs, to excuſe herſelf to me about this; but, by word of mouth only.

I confeſs, my conſtancy was not of ſtrength enough to receive ſo great a ſhock of ſo many afflictions together. I fell into a deep melancholy; and theſe kind of proceedings leaving me no hopes of an accommodation, I left off the thoughts of going to Bruxelles. Hereupon my Brother arrives; and inſtead of comforting me, he began another perſecution againſt me: ſo much the more cruel, becauſe it had a very ſpecious foundation. It was agreed, that COURBEVILLE ſhould be ſent back, as ſoon as I came to Milan. But he having underſtood the criminal Proceſs that was begun at Paris, in which he was made a party, he threw himſelf at my feet, and repreſented to me, *That he could not return to his Maſter, without carrying his head to a ſcaffold; and that having not whereby to ſubſiſt any where elſe, he ſhould be utterly ruined, if I diſcharged him my ſervice.* This Gentleman had been ſo ſerviceable to me in my greateſt neceſſities, that I believed I could not abandon him without extream ingratitude; therefore I paſſed my word to him, that I would not put him away, as long as he was pleaſed to ſtay with me. And the cruel diſpleaſures which I ſince received for having kept him, have not yet perſuaded me that I ought not to have given him my word to continue him in my ſervice.

NANNON and NARCISSUS, enraged becauſe I kept him, told my Brother that he talked inſolently of him. What they alledged he had ſaid, was like enough; my Brother believed it, and would have me turn him away: But as I knew who it was that had done him this ill office, I could neither believe it, nor diſcharge him. But my reſolution to keep him, drove NANNON and NARCISSUS into deſpair; and at laſt the beſt expedient they could find to force me to ſatisfy their deſire, was to give out that COURBEVILLE was in love with me. My Brother, who would ſeem ignorant of theſe ſervices, and of the

the promiſe I gave him, and the obligations I owed to this man, becauſe he believed himſelf affronted by him, and being accuſtomed to receive no denial from me, was afraid there was ſomething extraordinary in my obſtinacy not to diſmiſs him; and was confirmed in this opinion, when after highly repreſenting to me the report that was ſpread abroad, he ſaw I would not yield to part with him. This ridiculous Calumny, inſtead of convincing, did exaſperate me: and I was ſo nearly touched to find he gave credit to it, that I could no longer endure him. The Conſtable and my Siſter were firſt on my ſide, againſt him; but they two turned to his ſide at laſt, then there was nothing but ſending and proving betwixt us four: the fault was always laid upon me, and they juſtified themſelves at my coſt. This kind of life, full of vexations and reſentments, againſt a Brother and a Siſter whom I loved ſo dearly, and whoſe Society alone I thought ſufficient to make me happy, made me at laſt, though late, to apprehend that we muſt ſet our hearts upon nothing in this world.

In the midſt of theſe diſquiets we came to Venice, where the Conſtable was not well at his eaſe, becauſe perhaps he ſaw my Siſter was too well pleaſed to be there. He promiſed me great matters, to induce me to go to Rome; *That he would engage his Holineſs ſhould protect me, and that he would omit nothing to divert me from the deep melancholy he ſaw me inclined to.* Seeing myſelf ſo cruelly perſecuted by my Brother, I thought it convenient, by my complaiſance, to manage the Conſtable's kindneſs. We went all to Sienna, to Cardinal CHIGI's; from whence, after three weeks ſtay there, my Brother having fallen out with us, returned to Venice, without taking leave of us, and we ſteered our courſe towards Rome: where the Heats were ſo exceſſive, that we were forced to retire for ſix weeks to Marino; a Country-Seat, belonging to my Brother-in-law, the Conſtable.

About

About the time we returned to Rome, my Brother came thither with a Gentleman belonging to Monſieur DE ROHAN, to cauſe (as I have been told) COURBEVILLE to be aſſaſſinated. I was informed that COURBEVILLE finding himſelf extream ill at Venice, believed himſelf poiſoned; and in his anger he had written terrible Letters to Paris, againſt my Brother and Monſieur DE ROHAN, whom he believed of intelligence with my Brother, to have him turned out of my ſervice: that theſe Letters falling into Monſieur DE ROHAN'S hands, he ſent them back to my Brother; deſiring him to chaſtiſe COURBEVILLE, according to his deſerts. The indiſcretion of this COURBEVILLE, and the unpleaſing noiſe this buſineſs made in the world, together with the deſire I had to be at quiet, made me reſolve at laſt to diſcharge COURBEVILLE, not doubting but he would willingly acquit me of my promiſe which I had given him.

My requeſt to Preſident CHAMPLASTREUX, his Son, who did negotiate betwixt my Brother and me, was, *That he ſhould not preſs me with ſo much imperiouſneſs to this Deference; and, that I might be allowed to go and ſojourn with my Aunt* MARTINOZZI. An hour before COURBEVILLE was to leave my houſe, my Aunt being already come to carry me with her, my Siſter was in ſuch a rage, becauſe I would no longer ſtay at her houſe, that ſhe began to jeer before me, and to aſk him, *If he would not once more move me, and perſuade me to let him ſtay yet this time?* The man being in deſpair for his going away, anſwered her fiercely, *That if I did not command him to go, he would not; and that he cared for none there but me.* She bad him *to get him gone, and that he ſhould meet with what he deſerv'd in the yard.* He went out in a great fury; and as I had reaſon to believe that there was ſome miſchief intended againſt him, I thought myſelf bound to ſave his life,

life, and carried him along with me to my Uncle's houſe: from thence I went to my Aunt's houſe, where I ſtaid ſome time ſhut cloſe up as in a Priſon.

As melancholy as I was, I could not hold laughing at the offer ſhe made me, to dance the Mattaſſin Dance, to the ſound of my Guittar, to divert me from ſadneſs. I know not whether it was this my refuſe that did exaſperate her againſt me; but one day as I was at the window, ſhe commanded me very roughly to get me from thence, *That it was not the cuſtom at Rome to ſtand looking out at windows.* Another time as I ſtood at it, ſhe ſent me her ghoſtly Father to tell me, *That ſhe wou'd cauſe me to be haled from it by force.* This Monk was ſo inſolent in the delivery of his meſſage, that the tears guſhed out of my eyes. Cardinal CHIGI's Gentleman of the Horſe, who was managing of horſes before the houſe, hearing me complain, came up to offer me his ſervice; but when I ſaw him, I had no power of ſaying more. For all that, he went and told his Lord, *That I had neither eat nor drank in two days.* Cardinal CHIGI was troubled at it, and pitied my condition; and Cardinal MANCINI telling him, *That Monſieur* MAZARIN *deſired I wou'd retire for fifteen days into a Monaſtery, wherein there was a Siſter of Cardinal* MAZARIN's; I took him at his word.

My Brother and Siſter ſeeing the deplorable ſtate in which I was, began to reflect upon their paſt uſage to me, and could not be quiet until I had pardoned them. But I would not conſent that my Brother ſhould ſee me. Yet at laſt they overcame me in this too; and though I ſaid that their repentance could not redreſs the injuries they had done my reputation, the eaſineſs of my nature carried me to yield even this time, notwithſtanding the juſt cauſe of indignation which I had againſt them. I confeſs my heart akes at the relation. I know nothing ſo cruel in one's life, as to ſee thoſe people come boldly

boldly to us that have done us unpardonable injuries. It is enough to be mortally affronted by them, without being perſecuted with their repentance too. This reflection with many others, which I had occaſion to make in my receſs, made me reſolve to return into France, and to throw myſelf at Monſieur MAZARIN's feet, and rather truſt to his mercy without capitulating, than remain ſtill expoſed to as many more irkſome and heart-breaking adventures, as I had already run through. I deſired my Aunt MARTINOZZI to write to the Princeſs of Conty, her daughter, about it, and I prepared to be gone as ſoon as the anſwer was come. Some few days after COURBEVILLE found means to let me underſtand, *That after he had been ſome days kept cloſe at Cardinal* MANCINI's, *he was convey'd to Civita Vechia, where he had been a priſoner for ſix weeks, and where he was like to remain (as he ſent me word) much longer, unleſs I would pleaſe to have the goodneſs to ſolicite for him.* Though I had reaſon never more to concern myſelf with him; yet becauſe I would not leave my work imperfect, I begged his liberty of FRA-VINCENZO ROSPIGLIOSI, the Pope's Nephew; who thereupon commanded his inlargement.

In the mean while, the time which I was to ſtay in the Convent being elapſed, Cardinal MANCINI made anſwer to the inſtances, my Siſter, unknown to me, had uſed, in order to get me out of the Monaſtery, *That he adviſed me to ſtay there a little longer, becauſe it would be advantageous for me, that the Anſwer which was expected out of France ſhould find me there*; and this Anſwer was, *That after I had remained two years in that Monaſtery, Monſieur* MAZARIN *would conſider what he ſhould do with me.*

Cardinal MANCINI by all means would have me ſubmit to this condition; and truly in the great affliction of mind into which Monſieur MAZARIN's harſhneſs had caſt me, I might have been perſuaded

ded to any thing: but my Siſter would not let me ſtay there by no means; ſhe cauſed the Queen of Sweden to be ſollicited to receive me into her houſe; all the difficulty was, how I ſhould make my eſcape. My Siſter came to ſee me that afternoon I intended it; and as we were packing up to be gone, and that NANNON was grown as broad as ſhe was long, with the Fardles that ſhe had put round about her, every where under her cloaths; we had intelligence that the Queen of Sweden, by the advice of her Council, had retracted the promiſe ſhe had given me. How unwelcome ſoever this news was, it was reſolved I ſhould make my eſcape. My Siſter began to take her leave to be gone; and I making as if I would wait upon her down ſtairs, my Aunt MAZARIN uſed all the arguments ſhe had to oblige me to ſtay in my chamber, becauſe I had been ill a long time; but I was not to commit ſuch an error. My Siſter's children, not having the liberty of coming within the Cloiſter, as ſhe had, and were brought that day on purpoſe to amuſe my Aunt in the parlour, that we might not be peſtred with her; ſtayed for her at the door; which, as ſoon as the Abbeſs came to open, NANNON threw herſelf out of it, as it were with joy, to make much of them, and I after her. As they had no ſuſpicion of our deſign, the Lady Abbeſs durſt not ſtay me by force, nor had ſhe much time to conſider of it; for I was immediately got into my Siſter's coach, and ſo drove away. My Siſter had the privilege of carrying a certain number of women with her into the Cloyſter, as often as ſhe came thither; my Aunt, through vexation and anger, ſtopped two of them, that came in with her that day, though they were no way privy to our plot. My poor old Aunt took the matter ſo much to heart, that ſhe died within few days after, of the diſpleaſure ſhe had taken for my eſcape. We cauſed the coach to drive ſtreight to Cardinal CHIGI's, to implore

implore his protection, but we found him not. He came a little after to my Sister's, and seemed very cold in the matter, fearing the Pope's displeasure; but his Holiness made this answer to Cardinal MANCINI's complaint, *That if he had known that I was kept against my will in the Convent, he would have come himself to fetch me out.*

Not being able yet to live in my Sister's house, I went to lodge in the street del Corso, in our paternal house, where the Roman Academy was ever kept. Cardinal MANCINI was so angry at it, that he turned one of his Sisters out of the house, who would have incommoded me if she had staid: but he soon after took the opportunity of my absence, being gone to Marino, (to my Brother-in-law's) to seize, and take possession of the house; so that I was forced at my return to take another.

I was soon reduced to pawn my Jewels for my subsistance. I had borrowed but three thousand Crowns upon them, when I was informed the man that lent it me was in danger of breaking. But when I went to redeem them, I found that Madam MARTINOZZI had prevented me, and paid the money, but would not return the Jewels. Whereupon the Constable of Colonna, taking notice of her having them, prevailed so by his authority and threats to this man, that he was not to let any body have them, but those who put them into his hands. Monsieur MAZARIN was writ to, to redeem them; but he made answer, *That they must be left where they were, that I might be deprived of all ways to subsist, the better to reduce me to my duty.* I was necessitated to let one GRILLON, a great friend to my Brother, and the Constable, lay down the money they lay in for, which I repay'd in some small time after. And the trouble of seeing myself reduced to the necessity of receiving obligations from people that might perhaps make an ill use of it, made me a little after

resolve

resolve to take a journey into France, to try to get a pension of Monsieur MAZARIN.

I went with my Brother, who was going to be married to Mademoiselle DE TIANGE: and it is to this alliance that I owe the good success of my voyage. We were near six months upon the road. When we were come to the Frontiers, we concluded that he should go before, and that I should stay behind, until he had taken the care that was necessary for my security in France. But our friends having given us an account of the disaster of the poor statues that were in the palace Mazarin, and that the conjuncture seemed favourable, we went together as far as Nevers, where he left me, and went on towards the Court, in company with GRILLON, who had overtaken us at Milan.

As soon as Monsieur MAZARIN understood that we were upon the road coming into France, he sent POLASTRON, Captain of his Guards, to inform himself exactly of the course of life we led, who raised all the Sheriffs and Provosts about Nevers, to be aiding and assisting to the Commissary, who came to put the order of Parliament in execution; whereby they were authorized to seize and arrest me. My Brother having complained to the King of this proceeding, his Majesty was in the mind to have sent for me by his authority: but Monsieur COLBERT judging it more for my advantage to humour Monsieur MAZARIN as much as possible, the King sent him command to sign a decree of agreement, which he did with tears in his eyes; perceiving that if he did not do it, the King would proceed further in my behalf. This order came luckily to Nevers, the same day that Monsieur PALLUAU, Counsellor of the great Chamber, came thither to arrest me. I received likewise at the same time command to come to the Abbey of the Lys [18]: and my Brother was married the same day that I arrived. Whilst

[18] *In December* 1670.

Whilſt I was there, Monſieur MAZARIN ſent to ake ſeveral overtures of an agreement with me; t it was by the mediation of ſome wretched Monks, d ſuch ſort of people, in whom I could place no nfidence; or without giving me any aſſurance, at he ſhould ſtand to any thing that ſhould be reed upon. He told the King, *That my Brother ot me off from coming to any accord, and that he verned me with a tyrannical authority; and that if did not ſtand ſo much in awe of him, I ſhould be much re tractable.* The King, to clear this doubt, ſent r me three months after, by Madam BELLIN-ANI, with an Officer, and ſome of his Guards, in adam COLBERT's coach; at whoſe houſe my other had begg'd of the King that I ſhould lodge, a place where none ſhould be permitted to force e to diſſemble my thoughts. Two or three days ter, he commanded I ſhould wait upon him at adam DE MONTESPAN's houſe. I ſhall never rget his goodneſs towards me. He deſired me to nſider, *That if he had not done better for me hi-erto, it was my own conduct that hinder'd him, and k the means from him; that I ſhould tell freely him hat I would have done: that if I was abſolutely re-ved to return again into Italy, he would cauſe a Pen-n of four and twenty thouſand Livres to be ſettled n me; but that he adviſed me to ſtay: that he uld make my agreement as advantageous for me as I ld deſire: that I ſhould not be obliged to follow nſieur* MAZARIN, *in any of his journies; that he uld have nothing to do with my domeſticks: and that is careſſes were odious to me, I ſhould not be com-ed to ſuffer them preſently; that he gave me until next day to conſider of it, and give him my anſwer.* ould eaſily have given him then, the ſame anſwer nade to him the next day; which was, *That I d not conſent to return to Monſieur* MAZARIN, *af-having endeavoured to ruin my reputation, as he had*

had done; and after refuſing to receive me, when I ſent him offers from Rome to throw myſelf into his arms, without any capitulation or bartering for conditions, at a time when he knew me reduced to the laſt extremities of want and neceſſity: that in ſpight of all the precautions that ſhould be taken againſt the capriciouſneſs of his humour, I ſhould be put to ſuffer a hundred little injuries, with which it wou'd be very unfit to importune his Majeſty upon all occaſions: that I accepted of the Penſion, with an humble and hearty acknowledgement of his Majeſty's great favour therein.

After ſuch juſt and lawful reaſons, you will be ſurprized to hear that the world condemned my reſolution extreamly; but the ſentiments of Courtiers, are very different from other mens judgments. Amongſt others, Madam DE MONTESPAN, and Madam COLBERT, uſed all their beſt arguments to perſuade me to ſtay; and Monſieur DE LAUZUN aſked me, *What I intended to do with my four and twenty thouſand Livres? that I ſhou'd ſpend them at the firſt Inn I came to; and that I ſhou'd be compelled to come afterward with ſhame and confuſion to ask for more, which wou'd not be granted me.* But he did not know that my wants had taught me how to husband my money. Not but that I perceived it was a thing almoſt impoſſible, long to ſubſiſt handſomely upon this inconſiderable allowance. But beſides that I could get no more; and that Monſieur MAZARIN would not let me live at Paris, without his being with me: I thought I might, with this help, gain time to take other meaſures.

Monſieur MAZARIN wanting other matter to beſpatter my carriage, told the King, *That I was making me a Caſſock, to go away dreſſed in man's apparel.* But his Majeſty was pleaſed to tell him, *That he durſt paſs his word, that I intended no ſuch thing.*

Madam BELLINZANI had order with an Exempt of the Guards to conduct me to Rome, and to have

two Life-Guards to attend us to the Frontier. I received ſo many civilities from the Duke of SAVOY, in my paſſage through Turin, that even then I took a reſolution, if ever I came to leave Rome, to come and take up my receſs in his Territories. I arrived at Rome three months after, and ſome time afterwards GRILLON came thither, to plunge me, in ſpight of all I could do, into new troubles.

I had made a reſolution to receive no viſits from any, during my abode in France: GRILLON pretending he ought to be excepted, becauſe of the ſervice he had done me at Rome, in the redeeming my Jewels; preſently after my arrival there, came once to the Lys, in the Counteſs's company, to viſit me: but I never would ſee him after. His reſentment for this refuſal exaſperated him beyond belief. While I ſtayed for the Commiſſary at Nevers, my Brother's Steward, for my better ſecurity, got me lodgings in one of the towers of a Convent that was joining to the Caſtle; and having but few ſervants left me, he preferred to me one of my Brother's Guards, who had been turned out for ſome ſlight fault. This man was very diligent in his place, to induce me to beg his pardon; in hope of which, I let him follow me to the Lys. A Raſcal of a Cook of mine, to pleaſe GRILLON, who had bribed him, goes and tells him, *That this wretch was very officious, and endeavoured to render himſelf neceſſary about me; and that he did ſometimes come into the Convent.* GRILLON, without further examination, reports this ſtory all about, to that height, that when I came to Paris, Madam COLBERT would not let this man ſtay in my ſervice within her doors.

Judge you what amazement I was in, when I underſtood this ſtory, and with what promptneſs I diſcharged my new officer, and what my reſentment, and juſt indignation againſt this wicked GRILLON's villany was; and whether I was not ſurprized,

as

as I paſſed through Lyons, to ſee him have the impudence to offer to come again into my ſight, under pretence of bringing a Letter from my Brother, to beg I would forget all. The indifference and neglect I ſhewed him then, enraged him more than ever. When he came to Rome, he underſtood that Monſieur DE MARSAN came ſometimes to ſee me; and after a thouſand ridiculous extravagancies that paſſed betwixt them, they had at laſt that idle quarrel which you have heard of, wherein without much hurt to one another, they had the pleaſure once more to make me the ſubject of peoples talk.

Some time after this, my Siſter determined to retire into France, pretending ſeveral cauſes of complaint againſt the Conſtable. It would be too tedious to relate the arguments with which I uſed to diſſuade her from this journey: the diſpleaſures the like reſolution had drawn me into, made me more eloquent, but to no purpoſe; for the ſame ſtars, or their influences, that drove me into Italy, drew her into France. As ſhe had an entire confidence in me, ſhe made no difficulty to draw me in to ſet out with her; and becauſe I had no tie at Rome when ſhe was not there, and that I believed I ſhould leſſen the dangers ſhe was to run through, by partaking and ſharing them with her, I did not ſtick to follow her. I only repreſented to her, *that I ſhould be forced to leave her, as ſoon we were arrived in France.* Nothing was ſo grievous to her, as this unavoidable neceſſity; and nothing perſuaded me more to yield to the force of her reaſons, than to ſee that they brought her to conſent to our ſeparation.

The Chevalier of LORRAIN owed her greater obligations than to fail to ſerve her in this occaſion; for ſhe quarrell'd with all Rome, upon his and his Brother's account; they were welcome in no houſe in Rome but at hers; and ſhe had declared her ſelf

for them in very nice points againſt Cardinal CHIGI and the Conſtable himſelf. Yet for all this ſhe received no other ſervice from them, but great and mighty promiſes of what they would do for her by their credit in France; nor have they performed that neither: as for her deſign, the Chevalier thought it ſufficient to tell her, *That if ſhe had no body's advice to guide her but her own, he ſhould be much concerned for her; but that ſince Madam* MAZARIN *was of her counſel, ſhe might reſt upon her conduct, ſince ſhe had more wit and more courage than was needful for a much more hazardous enterprize.* He little thought then that he ſhould be called back into France ſo ſoon as he was. If he had done what he ought, we ſhould have been there long before him; and people would not have had occaſion to ſay, that we followed him: but my Siſter who relied wholly upon him, was forced to put off her journey when ſhe ſaw her ſelf left in the lurch by him.

After his departure for France, ſhe broke her mind to another perſon of eminent quality, whom ſhe believed her friend, becauſe ſhe had by her kindneſs and favours obliged him to be ſo. But he only told her, *That the Chevalier of* LORRAIN *ought to have helped her upon this occaſion.* He asked me what I intended to do with my ſelf, and whether I had perſuaded my Siſter to this voyage? He can yet juſtify, that I made him this anſwer, *That I did not; that I knew I could not ſtay in France, neither was my intention at all to come there, but under the protection of a paſſport which the King of France had ſent my Siſter for her ſelf and her Retinue; and that my deſign was to retire into Savoy, as ſoon as I left her in a place of ſafety.*

In fine, having taken all the precaution that humane prudence could think of, againſt any hazard that might befall us in France, we order'd a Barque to attend us at Civita-Vecchia: and upon a very fine

fine day in May [19], the Conſtable having told us at dinner, that *he was to go twelve miles from Rome, to ſee one of his ſtuds, and that if he did not come before it was late we ſhould not look for him that night:* my Siſter would needs lay hold upon this occaſion, though we had nothing in readineſs to be gone. We left word that we were going to Freſcati; and ſo took in my Coach only one of her maids, and NANNON dreſſed in man's apparel, as we were, under our own cloaths. We got to Civita-Vecchia about two of the clock in the morning, when all the gates were ſhut; ſo that, we were forced to drive into the middle of a thick wood, there to wait until our Barque was found.

My Groom of the Chamber, who took upon him to guide us, having run up and down a great while without finding it, was fain to hire another, which he found there, for a thouſand crowns. While he was thus imployed, my Poſtilion impatient of having no tidings one way or other, took one of the Coach-Horſes, and had the luck to meet with our own Barque; but it was late when he came back. We were fain to walk five mile a foot to come to it; and ſo go on board about three a clock, without having eaten or drank ſince we left Rome.

Our chiefeſt happineſs was, that we fell into the hands of a very honeſt and underſtanding maſter: any other but him, would have thrown us overboard, after taking what we had, from us; for, he perceived as ſoon as he ſaw us, that we were no beggars; and told us as much. His Crew asked us, *If we had not killed the Pope?* To ſhew you how skilful he was, he managed his way ſo well, that we came in eight days to Cioutat in Provence, where we landed at eleven a clock at night. From thence

[19] *In the year 1632.*

we arrived at Marſeilles about five in the morning, a horſe-back; where we found the King's orders, and the paſſports at the Intendant's houſe.

The Conſtable moſt luckily ſtay'd three days away from Rome; and therefore it was late before he ſuſpected the truth. There was not a fable ſo horrible to be invented by the wickedneſs of man, but was reported of us; to that degree that they gave it out, that we were fled into Turkey, inſomuch that the Conſtable was fain to beg of the Pope to excommunicate all thoſe that ſhould intermeddle with, or talk of us. He diſpatched fourteen Couriers ſo many ſeveral ways after us; and one of them made ſuch haſte, that he got to Marſeilles before us. There came likewiſe thither a little after, one belonging to him, of thoſe kind of men, whom they call Bravos in Italy. My Groom of the Chamber was gone, I knew not whither, to get neceſſaries for his journey to Paris, whither my Siſter was to ſend him; and we four women were by our ſelves without other company, in that very Inn to which this man came to lodge. NANNON ſaw him firſt, and knew him preſently; ſhe quickly gave us the alarm; we ſent immediately to the Intendant, to pray him to ſend us ſome guards, which he did preſently. My Groom of the Chamber coming back from the town, was deſired by this man, to let him ſpeak to us, which he did, very civilly, exhorting us to return back to Rome; whither he return'd immediately with a fine Letter from my Siſter to his Maſter.

This adventure made us go to lodge at the Intendant's houſe, and from thence, ſome few days after, to Aix, where we ſtay'd a month, and whither Madam DE GRIGNAN was ſo charitable, as to ſend us ſome ſhifts, adding, *That we travelled like true Romance Heroines, with abundance of jewels, but no clean linnen.* From thence, we went to Mirabeau;

rabeau; thence to Montpellier; whither my Sister went to visit Monsieur DE VARDES; and from Montpellier to Monfrein, where I heard that POLASTRON was hard by, coming from Paris under pretence of being sent by Monsieur MAZARIN to complement my Sister: but in truth, to cause me to be arrested by virtue of his damnable Decree. When I heard of his coming, I walked alone, away in the garden, among the Fish-ponds, to let him pass by; and when he found I was not with my Sister, he would not stay, but went on, thinking I was gone back, and so to overtake me: but he was mistaken; for instead of following me, he went further from me.

I soon after set out for Arles, by water upon the Rhone; from thence I went by land to Martigues; and afterwards by sea to Nice, and from Nice to Turin; and so to Montmeillan. My Sister having taken the necessary orders for my security, from the Duke DE L' ESDIGUIERES, sent for me from Montmeillan to Grenoble; to which place my Brother came to us, and staid there with us seven or eight days. Some eight days after we directed our journey to Lyons: and my Sister taking the road to Paris, I took that of Chambery; where at last I found that quiet, which I so long in vain had sought for, and where I have remained ever since, with much more calmness and tranquillity of mind, than a woman as unhappy as my self, should hope to enjoy [20].

[20] *Madam Mazarin staid three years at Chambery, and afterwards, in 1675, retired to England.*

A

LETTER

Containing the PICTURE *and* CHARACTER *of the Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN.

I Return you again by a meſſenger the *Memoirs* you were pleaſed to ſend me, fearing, leſt if I ſhould ſend them by the Poſt, they might run the ſame hazard, and fall into the like inconveniencies, which at firſt brought them to your hands. If things ſo curious and well worth the intercepting, were to be found every time the Miniſters of State think fit to open the Pacquets, I ſhould not much pity the Clerks trouble, in executing their orders. You had reaſon to believe, that after the manner I had ſpoken to you of Madam MAZARIN, I ſhould be extreamly glad to ſee her Hiſtory. It ſpeaks of her own Genius, and is like her ſelf all over. I have particularly obſerved twenty things in this relation, that none but her ſelf could think, or expreſs in the manner they are penn'd.

Since, you ſay, you never ſaw her, I will ſatisfy your curioſity by endeavouring to give you a rough draught of her Face, and Shape of Body.

She

She is one of thoſe lofty Roman Beauties, no way like our baby-viſaged, and puppet-like Faces of France; in whoſe compoſition nature alone triumphs over all the artifices of the Coquettes.

The colour of her Eyes has no name; it is neither blue, nor gray, nor altogether black; but a mixture of all three, which participates of all the excellence that is found in them. They have the ſweetneſs of the blue, the briskneſs of the gray, and above all, the fire of the black. But what is more wonderful, you never ſaw any one more lovely, and generally more pleaſant, and more apt to enflame; and yet more ſerious, more ſevere and ſteddy, when her Thoughts are taken up with any grave ſubject. They are ſo lively, and ſo quick, that when ſhe looks ſtedfaſtly upon any one, which ſhe rarely does; they think ſhe pierces their very ſouls, and ſees into the very bottom of their hearts. They are large, and well ſlit, and even with the face; full of ſprightly life and fire: and yet with all theſe beauties, they have nothing of languiſhing nor paſſionate; as if nature maliciouſly had contrived them only to give love and veneration, and be ſuſceptible of none.

Her Mouth is neither wide, nor very little; but the motion of her lips are very graceful, and charming; and the ſtrangeſt mouths and grimaces wonderfully become her when ſhe imitates thoſe that make them. Her Smiles would ſoften the hardeſt hearts, and eaſe the heavieſt ſadneſs of mind: they do almoſt quite change the air of her Face, which naturally is ſublime and grave; and ſpread over it a certain tincture of ſweetneſs, and mildneſs, that chears up thoſe hearts, which her charms had alarmed, and inſpires them with that kind of unquiet gladneſs, which is next of kin to a tender inclination.

So much for her Mouth and Eyes, which are the two chief parts of her Face, moſt expreſſive, and prin-

principally important, to kindle a flame and create Love; but the reſt are nothing leſs to be admired and adored.

Her Noſe, which without doubt is incomparably well turned, and of a juſt bigneſs, gives the reſt of her Countenance a curious, noble, and lofty air, which is infinitely taking. The tone of her voice is ſo harmonious and agreeable, that none can hear her ſpeak, without being ſenſibly moved. Her complexion is naturally moſt lively, and ſo delicately clear, that I cannot believe, any man that views it, can find fault with its not being ſomewhat whiter.

The colour of her Hair is ſhining black, but has nothing of harſh. To ſee how naturally they curl, and into what fine buckles they twine themſelves, as ſoon as they are let looſe, would make us think, without much help of poetry, that they ſwell with pride; and, as it were, take a glory in the honour they have to ſhade ſo lovely a head. She has the fineſt-turn'd Face that ever Limner fancied, or drew with pencil.

Her careleſs Carriage is the cauſe that the proportion of her body, though ſtreight and well framed, is nothing in compariſon to what it has been in delicacy of ſhape. I ſay, in compariſon; for many would fancy themſelves ſlender enough that were no bigger than ſhe is. This makes her appear lower than ſhe is, though in truth ſhe is of as becoming a height, as any woman can well be without being ridiculous.

You ſhall ſee her for fifteen days together, in as many ſeveral Head-dreſſes, without being able to diſtinguiſh which of them ſuits her Face the beſt; and thoſe dreſſes, which would make other women look like witches, wonderfully become her; ſo that no kind of head-gear, is unbecoming when ſhe wears it. The ſame thing is remarkable in her cloaths, and attire. You muſt ſee her lapped in a night-gown

to

to judge with more exactneſs of it. And it is in this perſon alone that one truly may ſay, that Art, though never ſo cunningly uſed, and skilfully laid, can never equal Nature.

Though ſhe loves perfumes, eſſences, and aromatick ſcents, ſhe never carries any about her; which ſhews undeniably, that that ſweetneſs is natural to her, which coſts other Ladies ſo much pains and charges.

I had almoſt forgot to ſpeak of her Neck, her Arms and Hands; but let it ſuffice, that they appear to have been made and fitted for the Face. And if we may judge by what we ſee, of what we do not ſee, we may certainly conclude that her husband after having been the happieſt man, is now the unhappieſt in the world. Thus ſhe is made as to her Body; and of her Mind, you may judge, by what I am going to ſay.

Being ſome time ſince at Rome, it was my chance to be ſpeaking of her after the manner I heard her talked of at Paris, that ſhe was a fine young Lady, extream handſome; but extravagantly giddy and inconſiderate, and good-natur'd even to folly. An Italian that knew her, hearing me give her ſuch a character, laughed at me after ſuch a manner that I was much ſurprized at it; but would never let me know why, though I had very earneſtly urged him to tell me his reaſon. As theſe people dive further into mens natures to find their true and proper character, than we do in France, ſo this adventure gave me a great curioſity to ſee her as I paſſed in my return from Rome by Chambery; though I had never much ſpoken to her in Paris, but by accident, yet ſhe knew me by ſight, and by name.

I was at firſt ſurpriz'd, not to perceive in her at my coming, that eagerneſs and exceſſive deſire to hear news, which is ordinary to thoſe that live at a diſtance from Court, when they ſee any that comes from

from thence. She received me as unconcerned, as the moſt indifferent woman of the country could do; and inſtead of breaking my head with queſtions about the people and affairs, which concerned her ſelf, ſhe entertained me only upon the account of my journey, and other like things, wherein none but my ſelf was concerned. I thought my ſelf bound in civility, to put her upon the diſcourſe of her friends and relations, in Rome and Paris, ſince ſhe her ſelf would not ſtart the queſtion. I found that ſubject was not unpleaſing, by the attention ſhe gave to what I ſaid upon it; ſhe ſpoke civilly of all people, and with a great deal of reſpect of her Husband; but this diſcourſe held no longer than I continued it. She rarely aſked any queſtions, and thoſe only which civility ſeemed to obliged her to.

Neither could I mark in her either Curioſity or Inquiſitiveneſs. Wondering at her cold indifference, I had a mind to put her upon the diſcourſe of things I thought moſt ſenſible to her, but with the reſpect that was convenient, touching her fame, and her fortune: but I could never hear from her the leaſt complaint. Methought I read ſomething of ſadneſs in her countenance, when her reputation was in debate: but for all other matters, ſhe ſeemed to think that blind Goddeſs Fortune, a fitter object of her contempt, than anger. Several perſons of quality, of both ſexes came in while I was there; and others, two or three Gentlemen who ſhew'd a great deal of wit.

The Ladies began to talk of the news of the town; though the Dutcheſs took neither ſide's part, ſhe diſcourſed with the ſame heat as others did; the ſubject of their converſation was a diſpute that was betwixt two eminent men, which had divided the country in two parties. She entred upon the particularities, which were told her of the cauſes of their diviſion, and weighed every little circumſtance with ſuch nicety and inſight, as if ſhe had not had

twenty

twenty millions for her portion. The Gentlemen, whom I before mentioned, turned the diſcourſe upon another ſubject, whether ſhe would or no, and talk'd of State-affairs, as moſt worthy of her attention and contemplation. After every body had paſſed their verdict, ſhe was obliged in complaiſance to ſpeak hers. Thoſe that differed in opinion from her, vigorouſly urged their reaſons; the diſpute grew hot. She never defended her opinion, but with reaſons, of which ſhe made thoſe that had not declared themſelves againſt her, her judges. And I aſſure you, I never heard any ſpeak ſo well, and with ſo much ſubmiſſion. This is what I remarked in this my firſt viſit; and what I have obſerved ſince, is as followeth.

It is not to be diſcerned of what humour ſhe is; and to ſpeak properly, ſhe has none at all: for every individual perſon that converſes with her, has cauſe to believe ſhe is of his. She is not obſtinately bent upon any thing; and it is aſtoniſhing to ſee her quit even thoſe diverſions, ſhe ſeems the moſt pleaſed with, as freely as if ſhe were weary of them: whence it clearly appears, that ſhe is eagerly carry'd to no one thing, and ſhews that this eaſineſs of her temper, and manners, does not proceed from levity or ficklenes; but rather from a profound indifference for all thoſe various fancies, which trouble and diſquiet the minds of moſt people.

That ſweetneſs and humanity, which above all, adorn and grace her ſex, appear even in her tumultuous paſtimes. She is as much miſtreſs of temper upon the road, or a hunting, as in her cloſet. The calmneſs and equality of her Soul, is proof againſt all thoſe occaſions which do unſettle and tranſport all others. She laughs at all thoſe fooling amuſements to which others abandon themſelves. Some other women have done the ſame things that ſhe does; but ſhe does them another way.

All

All people converſe in her houſe with a familiarity, full of zeal and reſpect; the which nevertheleſs would be to her very incommode, and troubleſome, if ſhe were leſs good, or leſs obliging. Though ſhe be naturally very reſerved, and loves to be retired, yet moſt of all hours of the day, are publick hours with her. The moſt private receſſes of her houſe, are as open to thoſe that frequent it, as the moſt common; and therefore it often happens, that people come even to her very cloſet-door, when ſhe leaſt expects any. Her Domeſticks, who ſee none come, that are not as much devoted to her as themſelves, have inſenſibly uſed themſelves to let all come in, and go out, with this kind of frankneſs and liberty.

It is to be ſuppoſed ſhe would have it ſo, ſince they permit it; for ſhe is the life and ſoul of her family; and her Underſtanding, her Civility, and her obliging Ways are infuſed into thoſe that compoſe it, proportionably as each one's capacity is fitted to imitate them. There is no Convent where they lead a more regular life, than in her womens apartment, whither a page dare not approach, upon pain of my Lady's diſpleaſure; which is ſomething more terrible than the rod: and for the men, they live together with that peace and union, ſo much the more commendable, as it is moſt rare, and ſeldom to be found in great mens houſes.

She alone of all women, can play with her ſervants, without leſſening her ſelf: her preſence doth baniſh their preſumption, without taking away their freedom; and it is not to be comprehended, how ſhe can give them ſo much awe, uſing them with ſo much familiarity; unleſs it be, becauſe ſhe has ſo much grandeur in her carriage, and all her ways. Some wonder ſhe ſhould delight in ſuch ſort of paſtimes; but whoever will take the pains to look a little nearer, will find, that they are not the delight

of

of her heart, and that thoſe ſhe uſes, are but ſo many ſeveral ways of diſpelling thoſe afflicting thoughts, which the preſent ſtate of her fortune crouds upon her.

There is no private Gentleman's houſe more orderly, and regular, than hers; and as her penſion is very inconſiderable to make her ſubſiſt with that honour ſhe does, ſhe muſt needs be admirably skill'd in Œconomy; and her acts of liberality, and magnificence, ſhew that her good management proceeds from extraordinary ſtrength of reaſon. She neither much admires, nor deſpiſes any thing. She never ſhewed the leaſt diſguſt againſt the Country, nor any thing that is in it; ſhe loves the recreations, and ceremonies that are in uſe, as much as if ſhe had been born and bred there. Others would aſſiſt at them, with marks of complaiſance, conſtraint, and diſtraction, which would eaſily diſtinguiſh them from the reſt of the company; but ſhe comes to them with that familiarity, with that preſence and freedom of mind, ſo unconſtrained, ſo conſtant, and ſo agreeable, that a ſtranger who ſhould chance to ſee her there, without knowing who ſhe was, would eſteem Savoy moſt happy in the product of ſo charming a perſon.

She avoids ſpeaking of her own greatneſs and riches, with the ſame care and induſtry, as others ſeek out occaſions to make people ſenſible of theirs. It depends not of her way of living amongſt them, but that the people of that country, that ſee her, may think themſelves as great as ſhe; and may think Chambery as noble and as pleaſant to live in as Rome or Paris; and her converſation there, as agreeable, as ever ſhe enjoyed elſe-where. Never did great Lady take leſs care to make her Inferiours ſee the difference that is betwixt her and them; and if they do not forget it, ſhe is the more beholden to their diſcretion, and reſpect: for ſhe takes little

pains

pains to put them in mind of it. One goeth always beyond the idea, or opinion, ſhe has of her ſelf, even in the moſt ſerious applications that are made to her; and ſhe as often takes juſt and due Commendations, for groſs Flatteries, as other women take apparent and hypocritical Adulations, for true and deſerved Praiſes.

It is a great ſign, that her moderation is ſincere, becauſe it is never over-ſtrained: and being urged, will acknowledge truly whatſoever is good, or fair in her. She is in nothing more unjuſt, than in not allowing what ſhe has of admirable and excellent, to be more than paſſable and ordinary. Though by ſad experience ſhe found, that there is very little truth, or honeſty, in the world, and that ſhe has juſt cauſe to think ill of all mankind; yet ſuch is her natural goodneſs, that ſhe never applies this her bad opinion to any one in particular; ſhe firſt excepts from the general rule, all thoſe in whom ſhe perceives any appearance of Virtue; and is ſtill much ſurprized when ſhe has reaſon to believe, they did not deſerve that exception.

When ſhe is obliged to ſay ſomething ſhe thinks may diſpleaſe, in order to ſweeten and take away the ſharpneſs of the ſenſe, ſhe ſpeaks it ſo, as if ſhe had let it fall by chance; but no one will think he wrongs her, to believe that ſhe ſays nothing, but what ſhe would ſay. It is more natural to her to be ſecret than to other women not to be ſo: ſhe is equally skill'd both in well ſpeaking, and holding her tongue; though it be a great truth, that thoſe that know how to ſpeak well, know not how to hold their tongues; and thoſe that can be ſilent, can ſeldom ſpeak very well.

A Gentleman of very good parts and underſtanding, that hath ſeen her, and known her a great while, aſſured me that ſhe is very much altered from what ſhe has been formerly, inſomuch that

you

you would hardly know her again; but it is very hard to conceive, that ſhe ſhould be ſo changed, without allowing that ſhe muſt always have had a prodigious ſtock of the choiceſt, richeſt, and moſt laſting natural Beauty that ever woman had: and if her misfortunes have contributed any thing to her merit, never bad Cauſe produced ſo good an Effect. I am, &c.

REFLECTIONS UPON ELOQUENCE, OR A FRAGMENT OF PETRONIUS.

TO MR. ***.

SIR,

IT was no little ſatisfaction to me, t'other day, to obſerve with what impatience our zealous admirer of Mr. ***'s fine Diſcourſes, heard our friends rally at the tinſel Eloquence of this age. I cannot tell whether he was ſenſible, that ſome parts of their cenſure were directly levell'd againſt his Hero, (for you know, *Sir*, *there are Heroes of all ſorts and ſizes*) but I found he was moſt of all enraged, when he ſaw they wou'd not prefer him to CICERO and DEMOSTHENES. Whatever they cou'd ſay to un-

deceive him, he was not in the humour to be convinced. For my part, I know I am out of his favour, and that he'll never forgive me ſo long as he lives, for the little complaiſance I ſhew'd him upon that occaſion. I am already informed, that he exclaims againſt us wherever he goes, for a parcel of moroſe ſatirical Gentlemen, that are driving on a deſign, to introduce a ſort of an Inquiſition into polite Learning. You know well enough that our friends lie under no neceſſity to ruin the reputation of other men, in order to raiſe their own; and that the reputation of Mr. *** is built upon ſuch weak foundations, that 'tis reaſonable to believe, that the unjuſt applauſes which have been given him for ſome years, will not always prepoſſeſs the world in his favour. But, a God's name, let us leave him to enjoy this falſe glory, with which his adorers have puffed him up, and content our ſelves to juſtify our friends. 'Tis with this intention that I have now ſet pen to paper; but as I don't in the leaſt pretend to confine my ſelf to the narrow bounds of a Letter, much leſs to ſet up for a judge; ſo I ſhall ſet down all that comes into my head, whether it be of my own growth or another's, to ſee if I can remove thoſe wrong impreſſions, which ſome people wou'd give you of our Criticiſms.

I need not inform you, Sir, that this is not the firſt time that perſons have been found in the world, who have taken the freedom to complain of the depraved taſte of their Age, and of the degeneracy of Eloquence. I believe ſuch complaints have been made ever ſince the death of CICERO. The Author of the Dialogue commonly aſcribed to QUINTILIAN, condemns the ſame corruption; and to go higher, PETRONIUS has compoſed an ingenious Satire againſt the Declaimers of his own time, whom he accuſes with having debauched the ſtile of young people. The judgment he paſſes of them is very

juſt,

juſt, and he ridicules the very ſame faults againſt which we now appear; but in a manner ſo pleaſant and entertaining, that I cou'd not forbear to ſend you in our Language, what he has ſo agreeably written in his own, againſt that tumour and affectation of ſtile, which we call Fuſtian and Bombaſt. But to deal plainly with you, I am in my own temper naturally ſo fond of liberty, that it is not in my power to confine my ſelf to the rules of a literal Tranſlation. For this reaſon I have made bold to fill up PETRONIUS's ſenſe, wherever it is unhappily broken, with ſomething of my own. If you think this employment unworthy of a Magiſtrate, conſider, Sir, I beſeech you, that this is the ſeaſon wherein Juſtice it ſelf gives us leave to divert ourſelves. After this, I don't pretend that you have any obligation to me for this performance: only I beg of you, that what I now write for your entertainment, you will be pleaſed to read with your uſual candour and indulgence.

"I was walking, ſays EUMOLPUS, with young "ASCILTUS, near the publick Schools, when we "beheld running from all parts a great number of "perſons of all quality, but eſpecially a croud of "young Scholars, preſſing who ſhould firſt get into "the School. Curioſity, which naturally leads "men, that have no buſineſs upon their hands, into "publick places, made me follow the reſt: ſo I "thruſt my ſelf among thoſe that were going in, "and enquir'd of one that ſtood next me, what it "was that had brought ſo much company together. "He informed me, that a Declaimer, whoſe name "was AGAMEMNON, was to deliver a Speech. "Upon this I enquired what ſubject he had choſen; "and the other anſwer'd me, that he promiſed in "his bill, a declamation of two hours long, under "the magnificent title of Cruel Piety; the buſineſs "of which was to exhort King AGAMEMNON to

" deliver up his Daughter IPHIGENIA, who, ac-
" cording to the Oracle, was to be ſacrificed to
" DIANA, in order to facilitate the expedition againſt
" Troy. I was of opinion that it was the vanity of
" ſo pompous a title, or rather an itch to ſhow his
" reſpect to his name-ſake AGAMEMNON of Greece,
" which had engaged our Declaimer to pitch upon
" this ſubject; and I did not queſtion but that in his
" oration he would ſhow himſelf worthy of ſo pro-
" miſing a title. Neither was I miſtaken; for after
" we had waited near an hour, we ſaw appear upon
" a ſort of a Theatre ſomewhat rais'd above the
" auditors, a man pretty well advanced in years,
" who had taken care to put on his beſt looks that day.
" At firſt he caſt his eyes upon the company, to for-
" tify himſelf with neceſſary aſſurance; and after he
" had methodically cough'd, hem'd, and bow'd to
" them, he kept himſelf ſilent for ſome time, with a
" ſolemn demure countenance; turning his eyes ſome-
" times on one ſide of him, and ſometimes on the
" other; then all on the ſudden, the flood-gates
" open'd, and he began his Diſcourſe in a ſhrill
" ſcreaming Treble. His Exordium was pompous
" and full of Antitheſes; his Periods ſo long-
" winded, that his breath would ſcarce carry him
" to the end of them; yet among all the rumbling
" words, of which his Declamation was compoſed,
" there was not one that was proper to draw the
" favour and attention of the auditors, or to give
" a general idea of his deſign. However, it was
" obſerved, that he had heaped together all that
" we find in our books relating to the holineſs
" and infallibility of Oracles. This was com-
" mendable in him, that he cited not ſo much
" as one ſingle verſe out of HESIOD or HOMER. In
" the remainder of his ſpeech, he enlarged plen-
" tifully upon the duties that bind us to our na-
" tive country: he ſet forth in its full extent,

" the

" the indiſpenſible obligation, which engages Prin-
" ces to devote themſelves entirely to the glory
" and welfare of their Kingdoms. He made a
" long deſcription of all the conflicts between Na-
" ture and Religion in the heart of a Father,
" who was obliged to deſtroy his Daughter. He
" brought abundance of reaſons to prove that Na-
" ture ought to ſtoop to Religion; and that the
" reverence we owe to the Commands of Heaven,
" *ought to ſtop the very current of our blood, and to*
" *ſuppreſs the emotion of paternal bowels.* This was
" one of our Declaimer's fine expreſſions, and in-
" deed all his diſcourſe was fill'd with great ſwelling
" words, which ſignified juſt nothing, and ſeem'd ei-
" ther made or pick'd on purpoſe to fill up his enor-
" mous extravagant Periods. His Figures came on
" as thick as hail, but particularly thoſe that con-
" ſiſt in the ranging of the words: the order in
" which he placed them was ſo thread-bare and com-
" mon, that the youngeſt Scholar in the room
" knew when each of theſe Figures came to its turn,
" and cou'd call them by their name. I remember
" a man ſtood near me, whom I cou'd hear ever
" now and then, pleaſed it ſeems, with ſome paſſa-
" ges of the declamation, which had almoſt rocked
" me aſleep, to cry out, *O that divine Proſopopœia!*
" *what fine Antitheſes were there!* I ſuffer'd him to
" admire the other patiently, becauſe he was, it may
" be, hired by him to do what he did, as it has been
" frequently practiſed. So ſoon as AGAMEMNON
" had concluded, the company went out of the
" ſchool; and for my part, I was not one of the laſt
" to buſtle my way out of a place, where I had
" met enough to content my curioſity for a long
" while. Nevertheleſs, I had an itching upon me to
" know what the people ſaid of his Harangue: ſo I
" drew near to certain perſons who ſtopt under a
" Portico, whom I could hear as I walked along,

" diſcourſing about this matter. Every one paſs'd " his judgment upon what he had heard; by the " ſame token that the greateſt part ſeem'd to be " very well ſatisfied with the performance. Some " were pleaſed with the choice of his Subject; others " admired the great variety of the Figures, and the " boldneſs of the Expreſſion: nay, there were ſome " in the company, who above all things extolled " the length of the Diſcourſe, wondring how he was " able to ſpin out his matter, ſo as to be able to " talk two hours, upon ſo barren a ſubject. Some " of my acquaintance who happened to be mingled " among them, asked me my opinion of the Speech; " and being pleaſed to complement me, that I was " a judge of theſe matters, would needs engage me " to tell them what my ſentiments were of AGA- " MEMNON's diſcourſe. I thought that my age, and " the crowd of perſons that were by to hear me, " obliged me to be ſomewhat reſerved; for which " reaſon, inſtead of explaining my ſelf with free- " dom, as my manner is, I replied coldly, that it " wou'd very ill become me to cenſure that which all " the world ſeem'd to approve. *For my part*, cries " a pert young fellow who was got among us, *I'll* " *never diſſemble my thoughts of the matter; I declare* " *before all this company, that I never did ſuch pe-* " *nance in my life before.* This freedom ſomewhat " pleaſed me, conſidering I had reſolved to hold my " tongue, and I was glad to find that another had " the boldneſs to paſs ſentence firſt: however, to " engage this Critick into farther converſation, I de- " ſired him to tell us more particularly what it was " that moſt diſpleaſed him in the performance. *E-* " *very thing*, replied the other, very bluntly: *I e-* " *qually blame the choice of the ſubject, the manage-* " *ment of the ſpeech, and the turn of the expreſſion.* " *Beſides, I can't endure that an Orator ſhould rather* " *indulge his itch of talking at random, than conſider*

" *what*

" *what things he ought to treat of, and what to let*
" *alone. And yet the greateſt part of our Declaimers*
" *are ſuch unthinking Coxcombs, as to imagine that*
" *'tis the life and ſoul of a fine diſcourſe to laſt above*
" *an hour, and that people are obliged to liſten to them*
" *all the while, without being tired. As for me,* con-
" tinues the gentleman, *I rather admire the patience*
" *of the Auditors upon theſe occaſions, than the fruit-*
" *ful invention of the Orator. But pray tell me what*
" *neceſſity did our Declaimer lie under to repeat to us a*
" *thouſand frivolous things, with which our ears are*
" *daily deafened in the ſchools? As for the Order of*
" *his diſcourſe, the contrivance of it was ſo lamentably*
" *groſs, that if you had put the queſtion to the meaneſt*
" *boy in his ſchool, he wou'd have immediately told*
" *you how it was to be divided: he would have ſplit it*
" *into four common heads, the firſt of which wou'd*
" *have been,* the Sanctity of Oracles; *the ſecond,*
" the Love of one's Country; *the third,* the Obli-
" gation that Princes have to their Subjects; *and*
" *the fourth and laſt,* the Reverence which is owing
" to the Gods. *As for what concerns the Diction,*
" *'tis ſo abominably affected, that his bare hunting af-*
" *ter words, I dare engage, coſt him more trouble than*
" *the whole compoſition; and after he had racked his*
" *brain to chuſe them, he muſt needs make his poor*
" *tongue undergo the perſecution of pronouncing them.*
" *But this is not all; for the ſubject appears more ri-*
" *diculous to me, than all the reſt. The firſt deſign of*
" *declamations was to exerciſe the invention of young*
" *people in ſuch matters as might happen to them in*
" *the common courſe of the world, and to propoſe them*
" *ſome examples which might ſerve to inſtruct them in*
" *thoſe things, that they might have occaſion ſometimes*
" *to talk of. Now I would fain know what concern,*
" *what intereſt any of us here can have in an adven-*
" *ture ſo directly oppoſite to our manners? What pro-*
" *bability is there, that one man in this company will*

" *have any occaſion, ſo long as he lives, to tell, for* " *how many important reaſons* DIANA *ought to be* " *appeaſed, and* IPHIGENIA *to be ſacrificed. What* " *ſignifies it a farthing to us, to be perſuaded that the* " *Greeks did very wiſely in humouring this revengeful* " *Goddeſs, who if ſhe had not been brib'd by this ſa-* " *crifice, wou'd moſt infallibly have ruin'd all the de-* " *ſigns of their army, and had taken honeſt* PRIAM " *into protection. But ſuppoſe a man might ſeriouſly* " *entertain himſelf with theſe Fables, wou'd it become* " *him to uſe theſe bombaſt expreſſions, and extrava-* " *gant figures, contrary to the true dictates of nature,* " *to good ſenſe; in ſhort, to that ſimple and eaſy air,* " *in which polite men are uſed to deliver themſelves?* " *For, let 'em ſay what they will, every thing which* " *is not conformable to Nature, is oppoſite to true Elo-* " *quence.*

" Altho' this cenſurer carried matters too far, be- " cauſe that in effect the four parts which compos'd " AGAMEMNON's ſpeech, treated ſome points of " morality, which may daily fall into our conver- " ſation; yet his criticiſms in the main did not diſ- " pleaſe me, and the vehemence he ſhew'd upon this " occaſion, ſo powerfully excited me to ſpeak out " my thoughts, that in ſpight of my late reſolution, " not to talk before ſo many people, I cou'd not " forbear to ſay as follows:

" I will not, ſaid I, condemn any one in particu- " lar; neither will I take upon me to cenſure the " diſcourſe of AGAMEMNON; but only explain " myſelf in general upon the common ſubjects of " Declamations. For my part, I fancy I ſee a mad- " man rave, when one of theſe Declaimers, as I " have frequently heard them to my ſorrow, roars " out as loud as his lungs will give him leave: *'Tis* " *for you, dear Countrymen, that I have loſt my eyes:* " *give me a guide, to lead me back; between the arms* " *of my children, whom I abandon'd to preſerve you*

" *from*

" *from the fury of your enemies. Who will reſtore me* " *to my ſight, which you enjoy? Who will reſtore my* " *blood to me, which I have ſhed in your ſervice?* " *Support this body, weaken'd by the fatigues of war:* " *theſe honourable wounds which you behold, have* " *ſaved your liberty; they are, as it were, ſo many* " *mouths which demand relief of you, and teſtify what* " *I have deſerv'd of the publick.* However, we might " perhaps bear with theſe impertinent harangues, if " they were of any advantage to arrive at the perfec- " tion of Eloquence: but ſo far is our Youth from " deriving the leaſt benefit from theſe pompous ſub- " jects and forc'd expreſſions, that when they leave " the Schools, they ſeem to come into another world. " They are not fit to come into the converſation of " Gentlemen; and when they have loſt the ſight of " the Theatre, where they were uſed to deliver theſe " glittering trifles, they have not the courage to " ſpeak in publick. The reaſon of it is plain; be- " cauſe theſe places that are deſign'd for the inſtruc- " tion of Youth, and where they ſhould be taught " nothing but what is proper for them, only ſerve to " amuſe them, and wholly take up their time in " theſe ridiculous tales. In effect, you hear them " perpetually making a buſtle with *Pirates prepa-* " *ring of chains for thoſe unfortunate perſons, who are* " *by tempeſts driven upon deſart coaſts.* They talk " nothing but *prodigies of the cruelty of Tyrants, who* " *offering violence to Nature itſelf, command Children* " *to butcher their own Parents*; or, laſtly, entertain " their Auditors with a ſpeech about thoſe *barbarous* " *Oracles, which demand a certain number of Virgins* " *to be ſacrificed; in order to ſtop ſome peſtilence, and* " *appeaſe the indignation of the Gods.* In the mean " time, theſe chimerical Figures inſenſibly betray " our young fry into a habit of never ſaying any " thing with juſt and natural expreſſions; nay, it " frequently happens that they leave a fatal impreſſion

" upon

" upon the imagination, by blackening it with ter-
" rible ideas, which tincture it in ſome manner with
" leſſons of cruelty. Neither is it only upon eleva-
" ted ſubjects, that they accuſtom themſelves to
" theſe irregularities; for when their Maſters change
" the matter in the leſſons they give them, and they
" ſtoop ſometimes to ſpeak of thoſe Paſſions, whoſe
" character is directly oppoſite to the ſwelling Meta-
" phors of a high ſtile, they fall into the contrary
" exceſs. Nothing then but Diminutives will go
" down with them; every word, forſooth, muſt be
" ſweet and luſcious, as if it had been ſteep'd in
" honey, and their thoughts are trifling and puerile
" to the laſt degree. They affect quibbles and little
" turns of wit, when they ſpeak of their Amours;
" and their expreſſion is accompany'd with a lan-
" guiſhing Air; but inſtead of being tender, it is
" nauſeouſly inſipid. In ſhort, they ſhow themſelves
" no leſs ridiculous in this ſort of Eloquence than in
" the former. So that 'tis in a manner as impoſſible
" for a young fellow to have the taſte of a good ſtile,
" among theſe wretched examples, as to attain to
" the noble and eaſy Air of the Court, among the
" Pedantry of the Schools.

" Not to diſpleaſe theſe worthy Declaimers,
" we may with juſtice affirm, that they have had
" the honour of being the firſt corrupters of Elo-
" quence. They have ruin'd the dignity of this
" admirable art, which gave PERICLES and DE-
" MOSTHENES ſo great an aſcendant over their au-
" ditors, and have made it a ſport and amuſement
" for children. They have robb'd it of all the force
" of thoughts, while they wholly buſy themſelves in
" the placing of their words, and in the pompous
" cadence of their periods. For before that theſe
" noble inſtructors, educated in obſcurity, and who
" never ſaw any thing but their Books, had vitiated
" the taſte of young Gentlemen, by their wicked
" maxims,

" maxims, Eloquence carefully applied itſelf to form " the judgment; truth, reaſon, and perſpicuity, " were its end and rule in all diſcourſes: it ſupported " itſelf by the greatneſs of things, and not by the " oſtentation of words: it never was led out of its " way by vain enthuſiaſms, which tranſport an Au- " ditor, as it were, by magick, into unknown Coun- " tries, and don't bring him back again to the ſub- " ject, till his patience is quite exhauſted. Poeſy it- " ſelf, which is allowed to take greater liberties, was " free, without being impudent; and adorn'd, with- " out being affected. She ſpoke the language of the " Gods, yet did not talk extravagancies. SOPHO- " CLES and EURIPIDES ſometimes wore buſkins; " but they did not walk upon ſtilts, like the ſcriblers " of our age. HOMER, who knew how far an he- " roick Poem ought to go, did not ſuffer himſelf to " fall into Fuſtian, when he deſign'd to be ſublime; " for there is a ſimplicity of expreſſion, which is not " in the leaſt prejudicial to the grandeur of Thoughts; " and it does by no means follow, that becauſe a " thing is great, it muſt therefore be expreſs'd in big " rumbling words. In truth, this incomparable " Poet ſucceeded ſo happily in this ſort of poetry, " that PINDAR and the nine Lyrick Poets, not da- " ring to think they could equal him, were obliged " to try how they could perform in another kind. If " it ſhould be objected that an Orator is not to go- " vern himſelf by the example of Poets, let us ſee " whether PLATO, ÆSCHINES, or DEMOSTHE- " NES, would have taken leſſons from theſe people, " whom they call Sophiſts, and we call Pedants. On " the contrary, they always declared againſt them, " as corrupters of Manners and Language. PLATO, " among the reſt, has baniſhed them from his Re- " publick; and ſaid of them, as well as of the Poets, " *Let us give them Crowns, only to turn them the* " *more honourably out of our dominions.* True, and

" if

" if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, chaſte Eloquence has " nothing but what is real; and, if I may be al- " lowed ſo to ſpeak, uſes no Fucus, or Paint, to " appear more agreeable: it derives none of its " charms from borrowed colours; all its ornaments " are proper to it, and 'tis by the graces of its natu- " ral beauty that it conquers and affects us. Its ma- " jeſtick Air ſets the ſame difference between it and " falſe Eloquence, as we eaſily obſerve between a " Lady of Virtue and a Coquette. This pettifog- " ging, great talker of mighty Nothings; in a word, " this monſtrous Eloquence of our Declaimers, came " not long ago out of Aſia into Greece, where its " contagious air ſoon infected the minds of young " people; even thoſe who ſeemed to promiſe mighty " matters, and had preſerv'd till then the taſte of " good ſtile, and purity of language, were not able " to defend themſelves from the univerſal corruption. " Since this alteration, we have not ſeen any thing that " has come up to the perfection of THUCYDIDES, " or that has equal'd HYPERIDES. Nay, nothing in " the poetick way has appeared, that has not been " tainted with this Aſiatick diſeaſe; and all the com- " poſitions of our times, like men that have labour'd " long under an ill habit of body, have been ſhort- " liv'd, and die before they arrive to a good old age. " The generality too of our polite Arts have met with " the ſame fate; and we have ſeen Painting decline " by degrees, ever ſince the Ægyptians have pre- " tended to teach it by a ſhorter and more eaſy me- " thod than ZEUXES and APPELLES uſed.

" While I expreſſed myſelf in this manner, and " the heat of my diſcourſe carried me farther than " I intended at firſt, AGAMEMNON came out of " his ſchool; after he had received of his auditors " thoſe compliments and applauſes which are uſually " paid to thoſe of his profeſſion, when they have con- " cluded their harangue: and, as 'tis natural for a " man

" man to give the reins to his vanity, when he hears
" himſelf commended, I don't queſtion but that he
" came towards us on purpoſe to be flatter'd; but
" finding that I ſpoke with a great deal of vehe-
" mence, and ſeem'd not to take any notice of him,
" he placed himſelf behind me, to hear what we
" were talking about: after he had liſten'd a while
" to my diſcourſe, the ſpirit of impatience ſeiz'd him.
" I don't certainly know whether he imagin'd with
" himſelf that my cenſure, which only reſpected
" Eloquence in general, was level'd againſt his in
" particular; or whether our Declaimer, ſo long
" accuſtomed to harangue others, could not ſuffer
" me to take his own trade out of his hands, and ſet
" up for a judge in his own territories: however it
" was, he buſtled through the croud, and clapping
" me gently upon the ſhoulder, he was pleaſed to
" interrupt me with a pedantick air; and ſmiling,
" he thus deliver'd himſelf: *Young man*, ſays he,
" *ſince you maintain a doctrine here, which is not of*
" *the guſt of this age, and have ſtill preſerv'd a right*
" *judgment of things; 'tis ſo rare and uncommon a qua-*
" *lity, that I cannot any longer conceal from you the*
" *myſtery of our profeſſion. Know therefore, that I*
" *make no ſcruple to accommodate my ſelf to the cry-*
" *ing errors of the times, and that although they have*
" *not totally debauch'd my judgment, no more than*
" *yours, I am nevertheleſs, conſtrain'd to ſuffer my*
" *ſelf to be carried with the ſtream, and rather to fol-*
" *low that which is likely to pleaſe the generality of au-*
" *ditors, than a ſmall number of true judges. For their*
" *approbation is not ſufficient to eſtabliſh the reputation*
" *of an Orator: 'Tis the publick voice which governs*
" *the world in all matters, and the greateſt numbers,*
" *I dare engage, will always carry the day. 'Tis a*
" *plain caſe then, the profeſſors are not to be charged*
" *with the abuſe of declamations. If they ſhou'd ſo far*
" *forget their own intereſt, as not to humour the folly*

" *of*

" *of the age, but ſhould religiouſly apply themſelves to*
" *the purity of the ancient Eloquence, their ſchools would*
" *be ſoon forſaken; and the multitude of ſcholars, which*
" *makes the glory, as well as the fortune of the maſter,*
" *would immediately leave him, and run after another,*
" *whoſe method ſuited better with their inclinations. A*
" *man that deſigns to talk in publick, ought to have*
" *glittering thoughts, bold expreſſions, a great ſtock of*
" *invention, flame and vigour, and to deliver all this*
" *with an air of aſſurance. What ſignifies it to be ſo*
" *ſcrupulous about reaſon, order, and good ſenſe, ſo*
" *long as we can impoſe upon our auditors, and there*
" *are only two or three criticks in an aſſembly, that*
" *are able to find out our faults? In this reſpect we*
" *may compare Declaimers to Paraſites, who to find*
" *room at a nobleman's table, never care whether their*
" *tongue and their heart go together. If they ſhou'd*
" *not lay theſe ſnares for the vanity of your great per-*
" *ſons, they wou'd infallibly run the risk of loſing*
" *many a good dinner. Now, pray Sir, tell me, wou'd*
" *you adviſe one of this fraternity, rather to ſtarve,*
" *than not to ſpeak as he thinks, and comply with the*
" *vanity of his Patron? Wou'd you have a Fiſherman*
" *cool his heels on the bank of a river, to no purpoſe,*
" *rather than bait his hooks? This is the very caſe of*
" *the Declaimers, whom you condemn: whereas, 'tis*
" *not they that muſt anſwer for this reigning ſin of the*
" *times, but your fathers and guardians, who won't let*
" *the young Gentleman run through the forms of a ſe-*
" *vere diſcipline, but are impatient to have him ad-*
" *vanced in his ſtudies, and expect he ſhould be able*
" *to make fine ſpeeches in the cradle.*

" *Hence it comes to paſs, that the learning they bring*
" *with them from the Schools, like ſalads raiſed upon a*
" *hot bed, has neither the taſte nor colour of that which*
" *comes in its proper ſeaſon. The over-great ambition*
" *they have to bring their ſons immediately to the Bar,*
" *or to ſome Poſt in the Government, is the reaſon that*

" *when*

" *when they come there, they ſeem to have fallen in-*
" *to another world, and are generally unfit to ſuſtain*
" *the weight of their dignity. However, if parents*
" *wou'd ſuffer their children to paſs leiſurely through*
" *all the degrees of a regular education; if the pro-*
" *feſſors were allowed to ſuit their leſſons, to the na-*
" *tural talent of their ſcholars, and patiently waited*
" *to ſee what progreſs they made; if while they po-*
" *liſhed the wit of their Diſciples, they likewiſe culti-*
" *vated their manners, and their judgments; then we*
" *might hope to ſee the Eloquence of* DEMOSTHENES
" *revive in our age: then our young Gentlemen wou'd*
" *learn at ſchool, things that would be of eternal ſer-*
" *vice to them in the commerce of the world, and paſs*
" *with ſucceſs from their ſtudies to the converſation of*
" *the politeſt perſons. But, as things are managed at*
" *preſent, they only trifle away their time at ſchool, or*
" *laugh at their maſters, and come from thence ſo*
" *empty and ſhallow, that they make themſelves ridi-*
" *culous at the Bar. What is the greateſt jeſt of all,*
" *your old men cannot be brought to own that they*
" *have been ill educated in their younger days, and*
" *therefore will needs have their children bred up*
" *after the ſame manner.*

" This diſcourſe of AGAMEMNON appear'd ſo
" very reaſonable, and ſo ſincere, that I had not a
" word to ſay againſt it; and as I was never fool
" enough to ſet up for a Reformer of the age, I did
" not ſet my ſelf to oppoſe ſo ſenſible a diſcourſe.
" Thus I abruptly took my leave of AGAMEMNON
" and the company, to go and find out ASCILTUS."

Is it not certain, my dear friend, that in this paſſage of PETRONIUS we find the turns of a juſt and delicate Satire, which ſeem deſign'd on purpoſe to laſh that falſe Eloquence, againſt which our friends declaimed with ſo much juſtice, at your houſe? Had not they reaſon on their ſide, to ſay, that it was ſcarce to be endured in the ſchools; but that it was utterly

utterly insupportable in any other place? Don't you remember, that they justly blamed it for having no regard to the dignity of him that speaks, nor the quality of those that hear, neither to the condition of the times, nor to the majesty of the place? That they deservedly accused it of not observing any order in the design, any connexion in the discourse, any regularity in the expression, or any bounds in the continuance? Did it not sensibly please you to hear one of the company, him I mean, who always gives his advice with more warmth and freedom than the rest, how pleasantly he rail'd upon the word Continuance, and ridicul'd the tedious length of these long-winded discourses, out of which the Hearer at last breaks loose as from a troublesome dream, and carries nothing home with him, but loss of time and the spleen. This gentleman, you know, "was "zealous to have POMPEY's Law, about the mea- "sure of hour-glasses, pass in France; by which all "publick Pleadings should be regulated for the fu- "ture, and no one be exempted from it. But that "part of his discourse, where I thought he criticis'd "most agreeably, was the lively picture he gave us "of those dull, tiresome Haranguers, who, in a "feign'd and languishing voice begin their execrable "speeches with such stuff as follows: *'Tis a common "Problem among the antient Philosophers*; or else, "*If the Light of the Sun is impenetrable to our eyes*; "*if the Circumgyration of the Stars, and the Rapi- "dity of the Firmament*, &c. And yet, continued "he, if this magnificent nonsense ended with the "Exordium, I am Christian enough to forgive it; "but the mischief is, the rest of the piece is made "of the same cursed materials, filled with mighty "reasonings, that signify nothing to the purpose, "with glittering Pieces purloin'd out of a hundred "authors, and Common-places cited without neces- "sity and discretion. These gentlemen would think

"they

"they committed a ſin beyond that of ſacrilege or "murder, ſhould they omit one ſingle paſſage of "the celeſtial PLATO, or the illuſtrious TRISME-"GISTUS. In ſhort, theſe Architects build the houſe "with the very ſame judgment, that they ſhow'd "in building the porch, and their whole compoſi-"tion, from beginning to end, reſembles the VE-"NUS of an ignorant Statuary, who made his God-"deſs rich, becauſe he could not make her pretty. "However, this Eloquence, ſuch as it is, has found "admirers in the world, who have taken pains to "imitate it. It has had its courſe among us, like "RONSARD's Verſes. MALHERBE was the firſt "that gave us a true reliſh of good Poetry, and "the Satires of BOILEAU, will put an end to the "generation of wretched Poets. Wou'd to God, "he could do the ſame by our wretched Orators! "but the number of them is too great; this diſtem-"per has ſpread itſelf at the Bar, like that of the "Abderites, of whom LUCIAN makes mention, in "his ingenious banter upon the Hiſtorians of his "time. Theſe poor people had ſo often heard the "Tragedies of EURIPIDES, that they were conti-"nually repeating them, as if they had been all poſ-"ſeſſed of a delirious fever. And thoſe Hiſtorians, "to whom he compares them, intending to imitate "HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES, began their "Hiſtory of the Wars of the PARTHIANS, with "Exordiums, as foreign to the buſineſs in hand, as "the Exordiums of our Declaimers."

Our friend, if you remember, had not ſtopt here, but had drawn too near the life, the pictures of ſome perſons he had a mind to cenſure, if a certain Gentleman, more modeſt than himſelf, had not interrupted him, and ſpoke ſome things which appeared ſo reaſonable to you, that even then you deſired to have them in writing. I have endavoured to content you in this particular, and you will find, perhaps,

haps, that I have written them very near as they were ſpoken by him.

"Since you have mentioned this paſſage in Lucian, give me leave, ſaid our learned friend, to "break in upon you for a moment, and to tell "you, that this diſcourſe of Lucian, wherein he "lays down the way of writing Hiſtory, is the ma- "ſter-piece of that perſon, whoſe excellent wit "made him juſtly eſteemed in his own age, and ad- "mired in ours. I am perſuaded, that next to "Cicero and Quintilian, he's the beſt maſter "of Eloquence; and that moſt of the precepts "which he gives to hiſtorians, may not unfitly be "recommended to thoſe, whoſe buſineſs leads them "to ſpeak in publick. Now to apply to our pre- "ſent purpoſe, what Lucian has ſaid upon this ſub- "ject, as likewiſe, what others who excell'd in this "Science, have written of it, both before and after "him, be pleaſed to take a ſhort abridgement of "it, as follows.

"To attain to the perfection of Eloquence, a "man ought to have a fund of good ſenſe and wit, "a lively imagination, a faithful memory, a come- "ly preſence, an agreeable tone of voice, a correct "pronunciation, a noble geſture, a becoming aſ- "ſurance, and a great facility of ſpeaking. The "four laſt qualities may be acquired by the precepts "of Art, and long Exerciſe; the other are the Gifts "of Nature, which Art may poliſh, but cannot be- "ſtow. Theſe talents comprehend abundance of "things; yet for all that they don't compleat an "Orator; ſtudy and a thorough acquaintance with "the world muſt do the reſt. Before a man un- "dertakes to ſpeak in publick, 'tis requiſite he "ſhould cultivate his judgment, by reading the moſt "celebrated authors, and particularly thoſe that "have written beſt in all ſciences; 'tis requiſite that "the converſation of learned men, and the advice

"of

" of ſome honeſt judicious friend, ſhould fit and ac-
" commodate it to the guſt of his own age. It is
" convenient likewiſe, that he ſhould converſe with
" wiſe Courtiers, pay ſerious viſits to Ladies of wit:
" in ſhort, that he ſhould read the beſt books of
" his own time; nay, and make ſome ſmall at-
" tempts in Poetry it ſelf, in order to poliſh his
" Manners and Language.

" If 'tis true, that a man may be ſo happy as
" to poſſeſs theſe advantages, he ought in this man-
" ner to apply the precepts, which LUCIAN and
" others have delivered. When the choice of the
" ſubject depends purely upon the Orator, he ought
" to pitch upon one that is capable of force and
" ornament; he ought to preſerve Order in his De-
" ſign, and Connexion in his Thoughts; and if 'tis
" poſſible, his Diſcourſe ſhould never laſt longer than
" an hour. His Diction ought to be pure and pro-
" per to the ſubject, rich and adorned without flou-
" riſhes, ſtrong and cloſe without dryneſs, ſuitable
" to the perſon that ſpeaks, to the place, to the
" time, and to the auditors. He cannot take too
" much care to avoid old antiquated words, as like-
" wiſe thoſe that people uſe to affect in the company
" of Ladies, for the ſake of their novelty. Let him
" endeavour rather to render himſelf intelligible,
" than to appear learned; let him ſo expreſs his
" thoughts, that the meaneſt capacities may un-
" derſtand him, and the moſt knowing admire him.
" However, let him avoid thoſe expreſſions which
" MALHERBE calls Plebeian; as likewiſe thoſe that
" ſmell too rank of affectation, or are only allowable
" in the greateſt licences of Poetry. Let him ſtudi-
" ouſly ſhun the Aſiatick Tumour, which is an
" enemy to good ſenſe and truth. Let an Orator
" remember, that 'tis to Truth alone that he ought
" to ſacrifice the firſt productions of the warmth of
" his wit: let him courageouſly diſengage himſelf

" from all intereſts, that may oblige him to a ſer-
" vile flattery: let him put a reſtraint upon his
" tongue, whenever it begins to lead him into ſatire
" and invective: in fine, let him ſurmount that
" fooliſh Pride which hinders us from following
" good Advice, and guard himſelf againſt the in-
" ſinuations of Self-love, which 'tis natural for us
" to ſhew to our own compoſitions. His narration
" ought to be exact, clear, and conciſe; it ought
" to run majeſtically, like a great river, and not
" with a rapidity, like a torrent: its elevation ought
" to conſiſt in the greatneſs of the things he treats
" of, and not in the words he uſes. He can never
" be too ſcrupulous to reject whatſoever may ſhock
" probability. He may now and then allow himſelf
" the liberty to digreſs from his ſubject, provided
" he does not loſe it out of his ſight, but returns
" immediately to it with more force and agreeable-
" neſs. His Compariſons ought to be juſt and ſhort;
" his Metaphors all of a piece, and natural; his Ci-
" tations few and well-choſen, more rarely taken
" from a foreign than his natural language, unleſs
" they cannot be tranſlated with the ſame beauty,
" or carry more weight and authority in the tongue
" wherein they were firſt written. He ought to
" avoid cold, frivolous obſervations, proverbial or
" equivocal expreſſions, points and quibbles, as ſo
" many ill habitudes contracted from a ſordid Edu-
" cation, and ornaments unworthy of ſolid manly
" Eloquence. We can ſcarce forgive them in gen-
" tlemen, when they are jeſting with one another
" in a free converſation. In ſhort, 'tis requiſite that
" the Paſſions be moved; but then they are to be
" managed with great diſcretion, and mingled with
" great variety. The Figures ought to be diſpoſed
" with ſo much niceneſs, and the artifice of them ſo
" well diſguiſed, that the Orator may be never re-
" proached for making his diſcourſe reſemble the
" receipts

" receipts of thoſe Quacks, who have but one re-
" medy for all ſorts of diſtempers, and who perpe-
" tually uſe the ſame drugs, and the ſame quantity
" of them, in all their compoſitions."

This, my dear friend, unleſs I am miſtaken, is much the ſame with what our judicious friend ſaid the other day, upon this argument. I flatter my ſelf that I have done you an acceptable ſervice in ſending it you; at leaſt, I can aſſure you, that I propoſed to my ſelf no other end but this, and to defend our opinion againſt the admirer of ***.

After what I have ſaid to you about PETRONIUS, you will think me a very bold man indeed to pretend to tranſlate any remainders of his Satire into our language: however, you ought not to be diſpleaſed with me for endeavouring to give you ſome ſatisfaction even in this point. At the ſame time I muſt beg of you never to let this Eſſay go out of your hands, becauſe 'tis a difficult matter to imitate perfectly the Politeneſs of this Author. Behold then, with a little variation, in what manner he relates the Adventure of the *Epheſian Matron*, which you have expreſs'd ſo great a deſire to know.

THE

EPHESIAN MATRON.

AFTER EUMOLPUS *had ſecur'd his friends from the danger to which they found themſelves expoſed in* LICHAS's *Veſſel, and by the dexterity of his Addreſs, had appeaſed thoſe who eſpouſed the quarrel of one of the two parties; he omitted nothing that lay in his power to make them give up their mutual reſentments; and in order to perfect this reconci-*

liation, he told them, that they ought to talk of nothing but what was diverting. Upon this hint, the converſation immediately turn'd upon agreeable matters. At firſt it fell upon that fondneſs the generality of women ſhow to give themſelves up to love, and upon the deſire they have to be beloved. At laſt 'twas diſcourſed how eaſily they were brought to engage themſelves in Amours, and with what alacrity they forget them again. EUMOLPUS *never had any great tenderneſs for the Sex: far from that; he did not manage himſelf with that diſcretion, which obliges men of good breeding, ſometimes to conceal what they think. But he was maſter of a great deal of wit; and as the matter afforded ſcope enough for a man of pleaſantry, he ſaid a thouſand merry things, to make it appear, that women are never tender, but either out of weakneſs or caprice; that 'tis only intereſt or fear that makes them faithful; that all of them are Coquettes in their hearts, and that their Virtue is nothing elſe but a dexterity to hide their jilting. As his Manner of Expreſſion was ſomewhat poetical, he told them that the ſouls of women were no leſs painted than their faces; and that there was downright artifice in all their words, and moſt of their actions, but eſpecially in their tears. He maintain'd, that their greateſt Cunning conſiſted in employing the latter to deceive the men; that after what he had ſeen in the world, he ſhould perpetually diſtruſt thoſe women who bewailed the loſs of their Lovers, or the death of their Husbands.*

TRIPHÆNA *and her companions heard him diſcourſe thus with a great deal of impatience, and deſigned to interrupt* EUMOLPUS; *but he was in poſſeſſion of the converſation to ſay what he pleaſed; and deliver'd himſelf ſo agreeably in his poetick manner, that he had the laughter always on his ſide. Finding therefore that the company was deſirous to hear what he had ſeen, and that every*

one,

one, except TRIPHÆNA, *had their eyes faſten'd upon him to liſten to his ſtory, he began after this manner.*

There lived a Lady in the City of Epheſus, whoſe virtue and beauty were admired by all Greece. Heaven had given her a Husband, who was truly worthy of her: they loved one another moſt tenderly, and this mutual love render'd them the happieſt Pair in the univerſe: but the happineſs they enjoy'd was not of long duration; for the death of the Husband ſoon ſtopt the courſe of that felicity, which all the world beheld with envy.

This Lady ſeem'd ſo ſenſible of her loſs, that we are not to wonder, if ſhe ſhow'd all the imaginable marks of an exceſſive grief. Thus ſhe was not content to aſſiſt, according to the cuſtom, at the funeral rites of her Husband. You might have beheld her, all diſorder'd by ſorrow as ſhe was, pouring floods of tears, tearing her garments and her hair before the people that attended the funeral. She ordered the body of her deareſt Spouſe, whom ſhe was reſolv'd to follow, even into his grave, to be embalm'd with the moſt precious ſpices; and, as if death had not had power enough to ſeparate them, ſhe ſhut up her ſelf in this doleful place with him, being fully determin'd to weep day and night, and to die of famine or grief.

Her relations and friends were not able to overcome ſo cruel a reſolution; the magiſtrates themſelves were conſtrained to leave her in her tomb, finding that neither their advice nor authority cou'd make the leaſt impreſſion upon a mind ſo abandon'd to deſpair. And thus our Lady became more celebrated for the exceſs of her affliction, than ſhe had formerly been for her virtue or beauty.

She had now paſs'd two days without taking the leaſt nouriſhment, having no other companion but

an affectionate Servant, who mingled her tears with thoſe of her Miſtreſs, and took care to renew the lamp, which afforded them a light in the obſcurity of this Sepulchre. Nothing but this was talk'd of in the City of Epheſus, and every one mentioned her as an unparallel'd example of love and fidelity.

At this time it ſo happen'd, that the Governor of the Province had order'd certain Robbers to be faſten'd on Croſſes, near the place where this virtuous Lady waſted away her ſelf in grief. The Soldier, who was appointed to watch theſe Croſſes, leſt the bodies of the malefactors ſhould be ſtolen away, perceived a light in the Sepulchre, and fancied he heard the complaints of a perſon in diſtreſs. Moved therefore by a curioſity, ſo natural to all men, he advanced a few ſteps that way; and perceiving the ſame complaints to increaſe, he at laſt went down into the Sepulchre, to inform himſelf of the truth.

At the noiſe which he made at his coming in, our diſconſolate Lady, who held her eyes continually fix'd on the coffin of her husband, cou'd not forbear to turn them towards this unknown Stranger. If, in ſpite of her grief, ſhe was ſurprized at his viſit, the Soldier was no leſs ſo, at ſo mournful a ſpectacle; but his greateſt difficulty was to aſſure himſelf, whether this was not an illuſion, and whether this coffin, and theſe women that watch'd it, were not ſo many phantoms.

But ſo ſoon as he was recovered from his firſt aſtoniſhment, he well enough perceived, that theſe objects ought rather to inſpire him with compaſſion, than fear. The complaints which he had heard, made him at laſt to comprehend the cauſe of ſo extraordinary an affliction. He likewiſe obſerved in the countenance of this unfortunate Matron, ſeveral charms, which grief and abſtinence had but little diminiſhed; and as Love eaſily inſinuates itſelf into

our hearts by the way of pity, he lamented and loved this Lady almoſt in the ſame moment: ſo that to preſerve the perſon whom he loved, he went to fetch ſome nouriſhment, which he immediately carried to the tomb.

And now he omitted no arguments to diſſuade her from ſo fatal a reſolution; he repreſented to her, that all men lay under the ſame neceſſity of leaving this world; and ſince the end of life was inevitable, all regrets for the loſs of it were inſignificant. In ſhort, he made uſe of all thoſe Reaſons, which are uſually employ'd to ſweeten afflictions of this nature: but our Lady, inſtead of liſtening to his conſolations, redoubled the efforts of her grief, beating her breaſt with more violence than before, and tearing her hair, which ſhe threw upon the coffin of her dear Husband, as new ſacrifices both of her love, and her deſpair.

The Soldier was not diſcouraged from his deſigns by this obſtinacy; but imagining that he might more eaſily prevail upon the Miſtreſs by ſetting before her the example of her Servant, he endeavoured to bring over the latter to his party. As her grief had not taken ſuch deep root, and ſhe had not fully reſolved to ſtarve herſelf, ſhe cou'd no longer reſiſt the preſſing Neceſſities of eating; and at the ſight of victuals, which tempted her more powerfully than all his conſolatory Diſcourſes, ſhe ſuffer'd herſelf at laſt to be overcome; and ſurmounting the remainders of her ſhame, for ſhewing leſs courage than her Miſtreſs, ſhe ſtretch'd out her hand to receive the relief, which was ſo generouſly offer'd her.

No ſooner had ſhe received ſome vigour from this little nouriſhment, but ſhe began to combat the grief of her Miſtreſs with all the arguments, that her friendſhip, or her deſire to quit ſo doleful a place, cou'd inſpire her with. And what will you be

be the better, ſaid ſhe, to ſacrifice a life to deſtiny, which it does not as yet demand of you?

Why, Madam, ſhou'd you fondly ſhed
Tears for the unrelenting dead?
And vainly deaf to all relief,
Court that imperious Tyrant, Grief?
Theſe precious ſtreams are pour'd in vain,
They cannot raiſe the dead again.
No more to grief this tribute give;
The Voice of Nature bids you live.

If your Husband were in your place, don't doubt but he wou'd be more reaſonable than you are. Who ever ſaw a man bury himſelf alive for the loſs of his wife? Take my advice, and free your ſelf from a weakneſs, which the world has but too much juſtice to reproach our Sex with, and enjoy the advantages of life, as long as you are permitted to uſe them. This Body, which you water with your Tears, is only good to teach you what is the value and ſhortneſs of Life, and after what manner you ought to manage it.

Hunger, and the natural deſire of preſerving one's ſelf, are powerful ſeducers on theſe occaſions. Even the moſt deſperate perſons find it difficult, not to liſten to thoſe that adviſe them to live: we ought not therefore to wonder that our Matron, who appear'd reſolv'd to die of her grief, ſuffer'd herſelf to yield to theſe perſuaſions, and follow the example of her Servant.

The officious Soldier, finding that he had gain'd ſome ground upon her, which at firſt he look'd upon to be impoſſible, carried his wiſhes much farther; and as Love makes us imagine it eaſy to ſucceed in all our deſires, he flatter'd himſelf that he ſhould find much leſs reſiſtance from the Virtue of

the

the Fair afflicted, than he had done from her Deſpair.

To accompliſh this, he ſaid the moſt touching things to her, which the firſt flames of a paſſion, aſſiſted by promiſing hopes, and a favourable opportunity, cou'd ſuggeſt to him. This young Gallant appear'd to our diſcreet Matron, neither diſagreeable as to his perſon, nor deſtitute of wit. She began to obſerve that he did every thing with an admirable grace, and that he was not uncapable of perſuading. A ſecret ſympathy, which for the moſt part does ſooner link hearts together than eſteem, had already ſo ſucceſsfully prevail'd upon our Matron, that the advices of her Maid (who was not wanting on her ſide to recommend her benefactor) ſoon finiſhed the conqueſt.

For, Madam, ſays ſhe to her, can you do leſs for the man that has ſaved your life, than to anſwer his Love, ſince as Heaven has happily ordered it for you, he is able to make you amends for the loſs you have ſuſtained? Forget, I ſay, the remainders of your grief, in the pleaſure that you are beloved:

No longer grieve, no longer ſigh,
But riſe, and meet the proffer'd joy:
Life of it ſelf is phlegmatick and dull;
Love's pleaſures only make the Bleſſing full.

The Maid ſupported this advice with that concern and force, that we may believe ſhe wou'd have put it in execution, had it been her own caſe. The Miſtreſs was no longer able to hold out; ſo true it is, that a Confident once gain'd, is no inconſiderable aſſiſtant to a Lover. Nor is it a wonder that our Matron, who was debilitated by a long abſtinence, and by the exceſs of her ſorrow, was no longer able

to maintain the field againſt a bold and paſſionate Soldier.

They continued together, not only the firſt night of this ſurprizing adventure, but the next morning, and the day after that; the entrance to the tomb being ſo carefully ſhut up, that whoever had come thither, wou'd have unqueſtionably concluded, that our Matron had expired with grief, over the body of her dead Husband.

The Soldier, charm'd with the beauty of his Miſtreſs, and the ſecret of his good fortune, in the day time bought proviſions to make good cheer with, and carried them to the Monument, ſo ſoon as the night approached. In the mean time the Relations of one of the Thieves that were hanged, perceiving that no one now watched the bodies, carried it off, and paid the laſt offices to it: but our Soldier finding next morning, that one of the bodies was ſtolen from the gibbet, came back to his Miſtreſs, ſtrangely diſorder'd with the apprehenſions of the puniſhment he had deſerved, and related to her the misfortune that had happen'd to him.

Nothing leſs than his Life cou'd expiate for this negligence: the Governor of the Province was ſevere, the Soldier deſpair'd of his pardon, and was reſolved not to ſtay till his condemnation. With theſe intentions he deſign'd to kill himſelf, to eſcape an infamous death, and nothing cou'd diſſuade him from executing this cruel purpoſe; ſo that in all probability, our beautiful Matron was going to loſe the ſecond Object of her Love, by a violent fate. The unfortunate Soldier had already intreated her to take care of his burial, and to put him in the ſame ſepulchre with her husband. And now he was upon the point of putting ſo tragical a deſign in execution; when our Matron, who during his diſcourſe, had wholly employ'd her thoughts how to

prevent

prevent his dying, hinder'd the ſad reſolution of his deſpair.

Heaven forbid, ſhe cry'd out, that I ſhould be forced to lament at the ſame time, the loſs of two perſons ſo dearly beloved by me, while there are any expedients left to hinder it. 'Tis but juſt that what remains of my Husband ſhou'd be employ'd to preſerve my Lover; I will rather chuſe to ſee the deceaſed hang, than to ſee the living periſh.

At theſe words, the Soldier, wholly tranſported with joy, flung himſelf at his Miſtreſs's feet, and ſurpriz'd at ſo ingenious a device, confeſs'd that his Love and his Services were too liberally rewarded. After this, all three lent their hands to take the body out of the coffin. The Soldier threw him upon his ſhoulders; and by the aſſiſtance of the other two, managed the matter ſo well, that he faſten'd him to the gibbet, from whence the other body had been ſtolen.

The next morning, two friends of the deceaſed, being curious to know what was become of our virtuous Matron, took a walk very early towards the Tomb. All the way, they entertain'd one another in commending ſo extraordinary a fidelity, and when they came near the Croſſes, they caſt their eyes by accident upon that which was next the Cave, where they ſoon diſcover'd and knew the countenance of their friend. He had been ſo well embalm'd, it ſeems, that his features were eaſy enough ſtill to be known. A ſudden conſternation ſeiz'd theſe two men to ſuch a degree, that inſtead of going to the Sepulchre to inform themſelves better, they ran away affrighted to the City of Epheſus, where, in ſome diſorder, they acquainted the people with what they had ſo lately ſeen. This news ſpread all over the Town in a moment, and multitudes of all ages ran out to ſee ſo uncommon a ſpectacle, every one crying out with aſto-

aſtoniſhment, *How is it poſſible that a dead man ſhould be able to find out his way from the grave to the gallows!*

At this place was EUMOLPUS *conſtrain'd to conclude his ſtory: becauſe the whole company fell into ſo violent a fit of laughter, that they cou'd no longer liſten to him. The Gamen, who had throng'd cloſe together to hear him, returned to their ſeveral ſtations, clapping their hands at ſo pleaſant an adventure: even* TRIPHÆNA *her ſelf, who, during the recital of* EUMOLPUS, *had bluſhed for vexation more than once, cou'd not forbear laughing. Only* LICHAS, *who was at the bottom of an ill humour, capable of ſpoiling the moſt agreeable mirth in the world, ſhaking and toſſing his head with aſcornful air, Had I,* ſays he, *been in the Governor of the Province's place, I wou'd have taken down the dead body from the gibbet, and ſent it back to the monument with the ſame honours and ſolemnity as before: after this, I wou'd have hang'd in his place, that wicked abominable woman, with all the marks of infamy. This Judgment came in ſo unſeaſonably, and was ſo ill reliſhed by the Company, that they not only ſeemd as if they did not mind him, but every one fell a laughing, more vehemently than before.*

OF THE TRUE USE OF LIFE.*

CHAP. I.

That a man ought diligently to apply himself to the Search of Happineſs, ce it is in his power to augment his Pſures, and leſſen his Miſeries.

AFTER having long reflected the condition of men, I found there are t two things that can reaſonably deſerve the care a wiſe man: the firſt is, The *Study of Virtue*, whi makes a man honeſt; and the ſecond, The *Uſe Life*, which makes him content, if 'tis poſſible fo m to be ſo; or at leaſt, leſs unhappy, if he canno olly deliver himſelf from his troubles.

I confeſs that 'tis but folly to think a ſovereign Good here below. All the idea's th the ancient Philoſophers have given us of it, we nothing but confuſed images of what may fill th ſt capacity of our deſires; and the uncertainty of ir opinions, that varied ſo often on this matter, m s us eaſily ſee

* *This Piece was written in the year* 1658.

ſee how doubtful this Happineſs was, which they however prom'd with ſo much pride and oſtentation.

In effect, the perpetual Viciſſitude of the things of this world, the continual Revolutions of our minds, and the Inconſtancy of our paſſions, will not permit us to eſtabliſh fixt Repoſe, and tranquillity of Life. And when I conſider the inability of Objects to ſatisfy us, and the weakneſs of our Senſes to receive their impreſſions, then I renounce all vain purſuits of this falſe Happineſs; and am almoſt inclined to take a generandifference for every thing. For what pleaſures are there in the world, which are not mixt with inquietudes? Are not our Senſes often interrupted in the functions, by the diſorder of our Organs? And does not our Mind derive its unſteadineſs from the ſame cauſe? A Fit of Sickneſs, a cold Seaſon, a bad Day, and ſomething leſs than any of theſe, change us, and every thing about us: and tho' there be no alteration in us, or any thing relating to us; tho' our Souls and Bodies were in the happieſt circumſtances we can imagine them to be, yet 'tis certain, that we are incapable of taſting a pure and ſolid Content.

Neither the Converſation of polite men, which affords me the moſt agreeable ſatisfaction; nor the Delicacies of Entertainments; nor the Charms of Muſick, which create in me the moſt ſenſible pleaſures; were ever able to give me as great a reliſh of delight, as my Imagination promis'd me: and I may truly ſay, that amongſt the greateſt liberties of my Senſes, I have enjoyed the pleaſures they gave me with ſo little concern, that at the ſame time I have meditated upon my moſt ſerious affairs.

The divertiſement of the Theatre, whither we ſee ſuch crowds of people daily reſort, does it give its moſt profeſt Admirers any ſuch delight? For my part, I could never ſee the greateſt part of them without

without being tired; and the beſt Plays which ſeem'd to raviſh the reſt of the Audience have had no other effect upon me, than to make me grieve for the misfortunes of a Heroine, who knew nothing of the pains I ſuffered for her ſake; or for thoſe of ſome imaginary Hero, whoſe falſe grief put me to the expence of true tears, and made me heartily angry at my own weakneſs.

Neither the beauty of the Tuilleries[2], which enchant all eyes; nor the magnificence of the Cours[3], adorn'd with the glorious confuſion of the richeſt Equipages; nor the moſt ſhining aſſemblies of the faireſt Ladies; nor ſhews, nor balls, nor art, nor luxury, nor riches, can give full ſatisfaction to any man in this world.

Thoſe that appear but ſeldom at publick Repreſentations, and Diverſions, are frighted from them, and cannot bear the great hurry and tumult that attends them. Thoſe that viſit 'em often, are inſenſible of 'em; and both together, either through extaſy or ſtupidity, have no true reliſh of them. Thoſe who have wealth enough at command to regale their Senſes with all that is exquiſite, don't they give us ſufficient ſigns of their uneaſineſs in the midſt of their pleaſures, ſince they complain that the multitude of them renders them ungrateful?

If ever any man deſerved to be happy, it was that celebrated Monarch who had wiſdom beſtowed upon him from above[4]. Without ſtraying after fantaſtical Chimæra's, he carried himſelf directly to the ſearch of ſolid Good. His power gain'd him immediate poſſeſſion. Every thing ſucceeded according to his wiſhes; and enjoyment always followed his deſires. Notwithſtanding all this, he declared,

[2] *A royal garden at Paris.*

[3] *A publick place, where people of Quality take the air in their coaches.*

[4] *Solomon.*

That he found ſo much vanity in Pleaſures, that he could ſcarce forbear to hate Life, and abhor its continuance. Therefore we muſt conclude, there is no perfect Happineſs for a man here below; and ſhould rather think how to defend our ſelves againſt thoſe Ills that oppreſs us, than to ſigh after a Happineſs that is out of our reach.

But although it be true, that we cannot find in this Life the imaginary Happineſs we look after, yet we ought not to wiſh for death, nor like perſons in deſpair, abandon our ſelves to our miſeries; for herein conſiſts our folly for the moſt part, that we ſeek after a Happineſs which we can never attain, and in the mean time, neglect that which we have in our power. 'Tis true, our Pleaſures are ſhort, and are tinctured with gall; but as they are Pleaſures, they ſtill over-weigh our Sorrows; and 'tis one of the greateſt uſes of Life, to manage 'em with addreſs.

As we ought to have conſtancy enough to ſupport the Ill, ſo we ought likewiſe to know how to enjoy the Good; we ought to have it as much in our power to lull aſleep our Senſes for grief, as to awaken 'em for pleaſure; for Temperance is equally a ſtranger to all Exceſs: ſhe is no leſs an enemy of exceſſive Faſting, than of exceſſive Debauchery; and he that ſhould ſuffer himſelf to die with hunger, would as much violate her Laws, as the man that ſhould deſtroy himſelf with too much eating.

Mad-men that we are! always to complain of the Hardſhips of our Birth, the Inquietudes of our Life, and the Pains of our Death: in the mean time we daily add a new weight to theſe miſeries; and ſeem chiefly to exerciſe our ingenuity, in contriving to make our ſelves more unhappy.

This ſort of conduct is very different from that of the wiſe man we mentioned juſt before. He made tryal of all things in this world, for which we have

the moſt ardent deſires, and ſoon divered the vanity of them: however, he did ntertain a general diſguſt for every thing he formerly courted; but remaining always in the e ſtation, enjoyed his Pleaſures peaceably.

But let us return to our ſubject, and how we ought to manage Good and Evil, for true Uſe of Life.

CHAP. II.

Of the Exiſtence of God.

WHEN I make an exact reflecti upon my whole Life, I acknowledge I ha had Sorrows and Satisfactions according to t different Opinions, I was minded to aſſume. M thoughts have as well created my grief as joy; d I have always found within my ſelf the ſource my Miſeries or Happineſs.

Not to diſſemble my Thoughts, the paſion of a Deity, and the uncertainty of our con on after death, have often diſturbed my repo and in theſe uneaſy wavering moments, I conſ ed that all our Watchings, our Knowledge, ou mployments, our Riches, and our Honours, m end in death; and ſince none of theſe things end to be eternal, we ought to ſeek a ſanctuary ewhere elſe. But I often ſuffer'd my Soul to t k licentiouſly of theſe things; and not reſpectin enough the firſt truth, I met with nothing but d ts and difficulties, about the Immortality of the S l.

As I always relied in this affair, upon th eaſons of other men, I could never have any c in notions of them; and the different opinion of our Authors gave me an uneaſineſs, which ca hardly be deſcribed. Never were my Mind and C cience

of one opinion. I was conſtrain'd to bear the conflict of theſe two parties which combated inceſſantly within me; and nothing equall'd my diſquiet ſo much, as the difficulty to reſolve the queſtion, which was the occaſion of it.

At length finding my ſelf foil'd with all my foreign helps, I was reſolv'd to retire within my ſelf, and conſult my own Thoughts; as thoſe ſick men do, who finding themſelves abus'd by the ignorance of their Phyſicians, attempt to cure themſelves. Here then I cut off all commerce with Books, wherein I never found any thing but difficulties and uncertainties. 'Twas here I reſolved to conſider with my ſelf, and conſult my own Thoughts, upon the ſtructure of the Univerſe, and that admirable Order and Symmetry which reigns in every part of it.

When I looked up to Heaven, the greatneſs of this prodigious Arch filled me with aſtoniſhment, and with I know not how awful a reſpect! The beauty of the Stars, the ſilence and ſolitude of the Night, poſſeſſed me with ſuch a ſecret horror, as diſpos'd me inſenſibly to Religion.

Is it poſſible, *ſaid I to my ſelf*, that the motions of the Spheres, ſo juſt and regular, ſhould not have an intelligent Being for their Author? If theſe wonderful Globes know and govern themſelves, are not they the Gods who command the world as they pleaſe? And if they are controul'd by ſome ſuperiour Power, who is it that can ſway theſe prodigious Machines, but an Almighty Hand? Who can move theſe huge Bodies, but an invincible Strength? Who can reconcile their various Motions, but an infinite Wiſdom? This glorious Sun, *continu'd I*, which ſhines equally upon all men, could it ever give us its light by chance? And that Regularity we obſerve in it, could it proceed from any thing elſe but an eternal Intelligence?

After theſe Meditations, I conſider'd the perpetual diſagreement of the Elements; and could never enough admire

admire that happy War which entertaine world by ſo many wonderful motions. But ve all, I made my Reaſon give place, and all faculties ſtoop to that prodigy of the flux and r of the Sea. The vaſt extent of Waters amaz'e. But when I came to conſider, that the moſt ous Billows broke againſt the ſmalleſt Rocks, a hat they no ſooner met 'em, but in ſpight of all ir impetuoſity, were oblig'd to return with vnce into themſelves; 'twas here that I cry'd out, ſported with wonder, and ſeiz'd with aſtoniſhm

The Sea eternally does roar;
Its angry Billows beat the paſſive Shoar.
But Mounds of ſand their might reſtrain,
And force them to their watry realms ag
NEPTUNE with indignation ſees
His Waves inglorioufly retreat:
Then from the conquering Cliffs he flies,
And murmurs at his ſhame, and ſighs at hi eat.

At laſt, when I had ſufficiently con r'd on theſe Objects, I took great pleaſure to d nd into my ſelf, and there to obſerve the ſtruct of human Body, and to contemplate the Sp s that move this admirable Machine. I reflected on the diſpoſition of ſo many different Parts, yet neceſſary to the compoſition and conſervation our Bodies; as Bones, Nerves, Muſcles, Blood Spirits. I conſider'd the marvellous Œconom of all theſe Parts, and cry'd out with admirati Poor man! who only knoweſt theſe things, means of thy Senſes; canſt thou boaſt thy ſelf be the Author of ſo excellent a Work? Thou wh derſtood'ſt it not, till after it was made, and e now muſt ſee all theſe parts expos'd to thy eyes, give thee the leaſt inſight into them; thou wan t the

experiei of many Ages to make thee comprehend how the operations of Life, Digeſtion, and Motion are perm'd; yet in ſpite of thy moſt exact Obſervatic thou knoweſt them but after a very imperfect manner.

On toth r ſide, caſting my eyes on the reſt of the Cr on, I examin'd with admiration, the different ures of Animals, the ſcales of Fiſh, the feathenf Birds, the furrs of Beaſts; and all thoſe things, hich when look'd upon without attention, repreſe nothing diſtinctly to the mind, but did ſenſibl liſcover to me the greateſt wonders of Nature: r, call that, *Nature*, *Fate*, *Intelligence*, or *Deity*, hich creates and governs all below, yet is it not a ſovereign Power? Is it not ſtill an infinite Wlom?

Thel remain'd confounded, to think how ignorant I id been; and I could never enough wonder at the ance of the Libertines, or the blindneſs of the Uelieving: for, a man muſt altogether forget himſeland loſe the knowledge of all things, before he caroſe that of his Creator.

On vhatever ſide of the Creation we caſt our eyes, e preſently perceive the character of the Deity impre d upon it; and he that ſtudies Nature thoro hly, will find ſenſible proofs of the Power, on wh ſhe depends.

But we have ſome lazy ſecond-hand Thinkers in the wld, ſervile Imitators of others, who without examiing themſelves, or conſidering the matter as they ght, eſpouſe the cauſe of Impiety, only to be taen for favourers of ſome famous Libertine. Thera are others, who in an extravagant preſumption of thir own abilities, ſcorn to depend on their Make; vainly imagining, that the obedience that is paid to this infinite Majeſty, takes away the freedom of their opinions.

Not

Not but that we ſee ſometimes the bend moſt knowing men in the univerſe, fall undome ſort of Incredulity or Doubt. Thoſe of tClaſs are not content to diſcover an eternal Intelhce from the Order of the Univerſe. Their curity leads them to conſider what this Being is; after they have confounded their Underſtanding wthoſe infinite qualities which the Soul of man not comprehend, they oftentimes become incredus againſt their own will, and cannot reconcile t Reaſon to their Conſcience. Now as we oughtlaugh at fools, and abhor the wicked, I think thae ought to pity the latter, if it were only on ſcore of their being miſerable.

Some people are upon the rack to perſe themſelves to believe that, which they cannot cprehend. Others attack Heaven it ſelf, by a hd malice, and blalſpheme a God, whoſe power is nnknown to them. Thus they are always in tble and deſpair; and after they have been hurl by the fury of their Impiety, they find themſel torn by the remorſe of their own Conſcience ſpecially when the light forſakes 'em, and the comy which kept them in heart, leaves them to mſelves. There is no paſſion ſo tormenting, buten they feel the perſecution of it. Fear, TroubVexation and Madneſs torture 'em by turns. Itou'd be better for their quiet, that they cou'd nr think, than to have the leaſt commerce witheir conſcience; for nothing certainly can equthe torments of the Libertine.

Tho' daring Blaſphemies he pours,
In reſtleſs pains he ſpends the conſciohours.
Hagg'd by the ghaſtly Image of his Si
No ſafe retreat without, no peace withi

He flies the day, he fears the night,
He runs from Truth's all-ſearching Light;
His Conſcience too would leave behind,
But in himſelf both Judge and Torturer does find.

The Unbelieving, tho' they are not altogether ſo criminal, are not leſs miſerable. They take a world of pains to chace a thing they can never find, and perpetually accuſe Nature for being more cruel to man, than any other creature. Thence proceeded the complaints of that great man, who envy'd the beaſts their advantage of living in a delightful and uniform ignorance, without diſquieting themſelves with the ſearch after Truth. To this likewiſe is owing the uneaſineſs of thoſe perſons, who are always envying thoſe of other nations, and who cannot behold the vileſt brutes enjoying themſelves at eaſe, without regretting the tranquillity that Nature has beſtowed upon them.

It is then certain, that the Belief of a God is the beſt foundation of all pleaſures; and that an intire dependance upon him, never ſuffers a man to be without ſatisfaction in proſperity, nor comfort in adverſity. A well-regulated Mind does not only taſte delights in the enjoyment of any good it receives, but it alſo diſcovers dainties in it to thank its benefactor for; and every reflection it makes upon 'em, affords new matter for ſatisfaction. 'Tis to God we muſt have recourſe in afflictions; no anguiſh being ſo great, but what may be ſweeten'd by a total reſignation to his Providence.

Then let every man judge the great importance of Religion, and how much it concerns us to acknowledge a God, and ſubmit our ſelves to his will, not only in conſideration of our duty, but likewiſe for the intereſt of our repoſe.

CHAP. III.

That we ought to reſtrain the violence of our Appetites, by conſidering the true worth of thoſe things we deſi

NOthing can be of greater impo[r]ce to any one that has a mind to taſte tr[u]Content in this Life, than to oppoſe his moſt v[i]nt Deſires, and reduce them to thoſe ſimple moti[o]which we call Wiſhes.

Neverthleſs, as there is no man · has ſome particular inclination and favourite Pa[ſ]n, ſo it is not an eaſy thing to arrive at an indiffe[r]ce. However, 'tis in our power to make our [d]ns leſs uneaſy to us: for there are no bonds ſo [ſ]ng, which reaſon and experience cannot break in [p]e.

In effect, as the moſt pleaſing ob[j]s are not without their diſagreements and pains[,] 'tis certain that the violence of our deſires [w] much abates, when once we come to be diſgu[i]d. When this happens, a man raiſes himſelf inſe[n]ly above the world; and the pleaſures he was w[o] to purſue with ſo much eagerneſs, ſeem inſipid [t]him. He then ſees how much it imports him t[o]nderſtand the true worth of Glory: what pain, [a]what ſatiſfaction is to be found in knowledge: [a]l this effectually ſecures him from labouring aft[e]any thing he may afterwards repent of; or expecti[n]any thing he cannot hope to enjoy.

This conſidered, is there any Chan[e] that we may not expect? Won't he, that neve[r]knew any thing but ſubmiſſion and obedience, b[e]mbitious of command? Won't the needy thin[k] Riches a bleſſing,

bleſſing, under the preſſure of all their wants? Won't the ſcandalous wretch that lies under the laſh of Conſcience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him happy who has the eſteem of all honeſt men? Thoſe that are always in a hurry of buſineſs, will they not wiſh to enjoy the quiet of the Retired?

The Court and its Pomp tires us; the Woods and the Fields become uneaſy to us; but a man that has not had a full taſte of vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ſtrange effects it produces.

In ſhort, we may be diſguſted with our own condition; but we cannot be ſo with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſhew the vanity of every thing.

Although a man has not all the wealth, the merit, and ſhining qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may caſt his eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortune or Virtue, and ſee the anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer view he will find them oppreſt with the ſame maladies, and ſubject to the ſame misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of mankind. He will ſee learned men not able to defend themſelves from capriciouſneſs and folly: Heroes feeble, full of defects; and as much men, as thoſe that are below them: and the greateſt Originals of Europe, as ſubject to private weakneſſes as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long-run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves above that condition, wherein God has placed us. For in truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the ſame are in themſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't ſatisfy all thoſe whom they ſurround. The exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the

advan-

advantages of Nature and Fortune, d together, are not able to create a full and entiappineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve toderate the violence of our Deſires, and perhawill deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the mſenſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſe after Content without diſquiet, enjoy it wit eagerneſs, and loſe it without regret.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has de ſo many unhappy perſons, as that whthe generality of mankind entertain for an unſal Eſteem. For if we except ſome few perſons ruly heroical minds, who act only for the ſatisfon of their conſcience, and perhaps too for the robation of good men; all the reſt do that foiſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of virt and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the ſlow and appearance of a thing, whoſe real ſubſte doth not at all affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their Aons eſteemed virtuous, but not to be really ſo; y wiſh nothing more than the applauſe of the ple, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a crowd and hurr 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the truth: and wout ſeeking the approbation of the wiſe, they flat themſelves that every thing is to be decided by nbers; and that the opinion of learned men, wh n they are pleaſed to call fantaſtical perſons, caot obſcure their reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occaon a great deal of artifice in their conduct: for, bng ſe

bleſſing, under the preſſure of all their wants? Won't the ſcandalous wretch that lies under the laſh of Conſcience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him happy who has the eſteem of all honeſt men? Thoſe that are always in a hurry of buſineſs, will they not wiſh to enjoy the quiet of the Retired?

The Court and its Pomp tires us; the Woods and the Fields become uneaſy to us; but a man that has not had a full taſte of vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ſtrange effects it produces.

In ſhort, we may be diſguſted with our own condition; but we cannot be ſo with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſhew the vanity of every thing.

Although a man has not all the wealth, the merit, and ſhining qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may caſt his eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortune or Virtue, and ſee the anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer view he will find them oppreſt with the ſame maladies, and ſubject to the ſame misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of mankind. He will ſee learned men not able to defend themſelves from capriciouſneſs and folly: Heroes feeble, full of defects; and as much men, as thoſe that are below them: and the greateſt Originals of Europe, as ſubject to private weakneſſes as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long-run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves above that condition, wherein God has placed us. For in truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the ſame are in themſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't ſatisfy all thoſe whom they ſurround. The exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the

advan-

advantages of Nature and Fortune, d together, are not able to create a full and entippineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve toderate the violence of our Deſires, and perhavill deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the menſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſa after Content without diſquiet, enjoy it wit eagerneſs, and loſe it without regret.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has de ſo many unhappy perſons, as that whthe generality of mankind entertain for an unſal Eſteem. For if we except ſome few perſons truly heroical minds, who act only for the ſatisfon of their conſcience, and perhaps too for the robation of good men; all the reſt do that foiſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of virt and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the ſhow and appearance of a thing, whoſe real ſubſte doth not at all affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their Aons eſteemed virtuous, but not to be really ſo; y wiſh nothing more than the applauſe of the ple, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a crowd and hurr 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the truth: and wout ſeeking the approbation of the wiſe, they flatt themſelves that every thing is to be decided by nbers; and that the opinion of learned men, wh they are pleaſed to call fantaſtical perſons, cot obſcure their reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occaon a great deal of artifice in their conduct: for, bing ſenſible of

bleſſing, under the preſſure of all their wants? Won't the ſcandalous wretch that lies under the laſh of Conſcience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him happy who has the eſteem of all honeſt men? Thoſe that are always in a hurry of buſineſs, will they not wiſh to enjoy the quiet of the Retired?

The Court and its Pomp tires us; the Woods and the Fields become uneaſy to us; but a man that has not had a full taſte of vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ſtrange effects it produces.

In ſhort, we may be diſguſted with our own condition; but we cannot be ſo with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſhew the vanity of every thing.

Although a man has not all the wealth, the merit, and ſhining qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may caſt his eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortune or Virtue, and ſee the anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer view he will find them oppreſt with the ſame maladies, and ſubject to the ſame misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of mankind. He will ſee learned men not able to defend themſelves from capriciouſneſs and folly: Heroes feeble, full of defects; and as much men, as thoſe that are below them: and the greateſt Originals of Europe, as ſubject to private weakneſſes as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long-run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves above that condition, wherein God has placed us. For in truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the ſame are in themſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't ſatisfy all thoſe whom they ſurround. The exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the

advan-

advantages of Nature and Fortune, d together, are not able to create a full and entappineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve toderate the violence of our Deſires, and perhavill deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the mſenſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſ after Content without diſquiet, enjoy it wit eagerneſs, and loſe it without regret.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has de ſo many unhappy perſons, as that whthe generality of mankind entertain for an unſal Eſteem. For if we except ſome few perſons truly heroical minds, who act only for the ſatisfon of their conſcience, and perhaps too for the robation of good men; all the reſt do that foiſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of virt and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the ſhow and appearance of a thing, whoſe real ſubſte doth not at all affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their Aons eſteemed virtuous, but not to be really ſo; y wiſh nothing more than the applauſe of the ple, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a crowd and hurr 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the truth: and wout ſeeking the approbation of the wiſe, they flat themſelves that every thing is to be decided by nbers; and that the opinion of learned men, wh they are pleaſed to call fantaſtical perſons, cot obſcure their reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occan a great deal of artifice in their conduct: for, bing ſenſible

of

bleſſing, under the preſſure of all their wants? Won't the ſcandalous wretch that lies under the laſh of Conſcience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him happy who has the eſteem of all honeſt men? Thoſe that are always in a hurry of buſineſs, will they not wiſh to enjoy the quiet of the Retired?

The Court and its Pomp tires us; the Woods and the Fields become uneaſy to us; but a man that has not had a full taſte of vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ſtrange effects it produces.

In ſhort, we may be diſguſted with our own condition; but we cannot be ſo with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſhew the vanity of every thing.

Although a man has not all the wealth, the merit, and ſhining qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may caſt his eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortune or Virtue, and ſee the anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer view he will find them oppreſt with the ſame maladies, and ſubject to the ſame misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of mankind. He will ſee learned men not able to defend themſelves from capriciouſneſs and folly: Heroes feeble, full of defects; and as much men, as thoſe that are below them: and the greateſt Originals of Europe, as ſubject to private weakneſſes as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long-run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves above that condition, wherein God has placed us. For in truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the ſame are in themſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't ſatisfy all thoſe whom they ſurround. The exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the

advan-

advantages of Nature and Fortune, d together, are not able to create a full and entippineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve toderate the violence of our Deſires, and perhavill deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the nſenſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſ after Content without diſquiet, enjoy it wit eagerneſs, and loſe it without regret.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has de ſo many unhappy perſons, as that wh the generality of mankind entertain for an unſal Eſteem. For if we except ſome few perſons truly heroical minds, who act only for the ſatisfion of their conſcience, and perhaps too for the robation of good men; all the reſt do that fo iſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of virt and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the ſhow and appearance of a thing, whoſe real ſubſte doth not at all affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their A ons eſteemed virtuous, but not to be really ſo; y wiſh nothing more than the applauſe of the ple, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a crowd and hurr 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the truth: and w out ſeeking the approbation of the wiſe, they flat themſelves that every thing is to be decided by n bers; and that the opinion of learned men, wh n they are pleaſed to call fantaſtical perſons, ca ot obſcure their reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occa n a great deal of artifice in their conduct: for, b ng ſenſible of

bleſſing, uder the preſſure of all their wants? Won't the candalous wretch that lies under the laſh of Conience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him happy who has the eſteem of all honeſt men? Thoſe thatre always in a hurry of buſineſs, will they not w. to enjoy the quiet of the Retired?

The Cot and its Pomp tires us; the Woods and the Fields come uneaſy to us; but a man that has not had a ll taſte of vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ange effects it produces.

In ſhort we may be diſguſted with our own condition ut we cannot be ſo with what we never experic'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſw the vanity of every thing.

Althou a man has not all the wealth, the merit, and ſting qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may ca his eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortun or Virtue, and ſee the anxieties they labour unde Upon a nearer view he will find them oppreſt wi the ſame maladies, and ſubject to the ſame misfcunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of mankit. He will ſee learned men not able to defend thnſelves from capriciouſneſs and folly: Heroes fole, full of defects; and as much men, as thoſe th are below them: and the greateſt Originals of urope, as ſubject to private weakneſſes as the infeor Copies.

Thus along-run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves abce that condition, wherein God has placed us. br in truth, there are no Great Men, if we compre 'em one with another, but the ſame are in thmſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome partor other.

Pomp nd Splendour don't ſatisfy all thoſe whom they ſurrund. The exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the advan-

advantages of Nature and Fortune, ad together, are not able to create a full and entippineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve toderate the violence of our Deſires, and perhavill deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the mſenſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſe after Content without diſquiet, enjoy it witt eagerneſs, and loſe it without regret.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has de ſo many unhappy perſons, as that whthe generality of mankind entertain for an unſal Eſteem. For if we except ſome few perſons truly heroical minds, who act only for the ſatisfon of their conſcience, and perhaps too for the robation of good men; all the reſt do that fopiſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of virt and ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted with the ſhow and appearance of a thing, whoſe real ſubſte doth not at all affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their Aons eſteemed virtuous, but not to be really ſo; y wiſh nothing more than the applauſe of the ple, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a crowd and hurr 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the truth: and wout ſeeking the approbation of the wiſe, they flat themſelves that every thing is to be decided by nbers; and that the opinion of learned men, wn they are pleaſed to call fantaſtical perſons, cot obſcure their reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occn a great deal of artifice in their conduct: for, ng ſenſible of

of their own merit, and having already got the good opinion of men of virtue, by ſome conſpicuous quality, the accommodate themſelves in a groſs manner to the humour of the people, and ſtrive to gain the Vulgar by outward ſhew and appearance.

They commit voluntary follies to pleaſe real fools. They appear dull and unlearned to the ſtupid; ſubtle to ingenious perſons; generous to men of honour: in a word, they adapt themſelves to all ſorts of characters with ſo dextrous a compliance, that one would ſay, their humour is that of all the world.

But beſide that by this way of management we lay a violent conſtraint upon our humour, and oppoſe the intention of Nature, which made us more for our ſelves than for other men; I don't obſerve that theſe perſons with all their good humour and complaiſance, with all their feints and diſſimulations, ever arrive at the point which they propoſe to themſelves. On the other ſide, I have known it a thouſand times by experience, that thoſe who are greedy of Reputation, generally loſe it by that very indiſcretion and greedineſs with which they ſeek it; and that nothing ſo much interrupts their deſign, as their exceſſive paſſion to obtain it.

In ſhort, ſhew me the man in any country or age of the world, that had merit and good fortune enough to acquire an univerſal Eſteem? Who was ever powerful enough to ſuppreſs the calumnies of all his enemies, or ſtop the mouth of Envy?

I can affirm, that I have known ſome perſons ſo very agreeable, and ſo virtuous, that one could not converſe with them without admiring, and loving them. They won the hearts of their very enemies; and a man muſt have been a brute to the laſt degree, to be able to withſtand the charms of their converſation, or not to be won by the goodneſs of their nature. Yet for all this, I have ſeen ſome envious Detractors maliciouſly oppoſe ſo eminent a

virtue;

virtue; and according as they had either addreſs or power, ſtopt the courſe of an eſteem ſo juſt, and ſo well eſtabliſhed.

Now, ſince it is impoſſible to catch this flying Meteor, which I ſee the whole world runs after; what folly is it to labour to obtain it with ſo much application, and pains ſo ill rewarded?

Beſides, a Fop, tho' he never ſo paſſionately deſires this eſteem, if he does not deſerve it, cannot long enjoy it. On the other hand, a good man ſoon makes reflections upon the weakneſs and frailty of this gaudy trifle; and feeling his miſeries even through the applauſes which are given to his felicity, he labours under diſquiets and uneaſineſſes, when the world cries up his advantages and his happineſs. *Veræ gloriæ cupidi nullâ ratione quieſcere poſſunt, cum non inveniunt unde poſſint aliquatenus gloriari.*

Don't our hiſtories tell us of a VESPASIAN, who amidſt all his magnificence and ſplendour, tired with the tediouſneſs of the Triumph, and ſenſible of the vanity of that Glory for which the people flattered him, appear'd melancholly and ſad, even in thoſe very Feſtivals, that were celebrated to thank the Gods for his fortune and proſperity? Did not the great and formidable King of Sweden [1] deſpiſe the Acclamations of the People, and reject the Panegyricks of Orators? The Duke of CANDALE, whom we lately loſt [2], regretted by all good men, had not he as great an averſion for this kind of Eſteem, as our ordinary Courtiers ſhew a fondneſs to obtain it?

'Tis therefore beyond diſpute, that 'tis impoſſible to acquire it, and that tho' we ſhould acquire it, yet the poſſeſſion of it would be abſolutely unſerviceable;

[1] *Guſtavus Adolphus.*

[2] *He died in* 1658. *See the* Life of M. de St. Evremond *in that year.*

viceable; that as it depends leſs upon our ſelves, than upon our fortune, it is liable to all her inconſtancies; that it is a noiſe which ſtrikes nothing but the ear, and is incapable of making any deep impreſſion upon a noble Soul.

If we wou'd cultivate our Happineſs in good earneſt, we ſhould endeavour to content the wiſe, who are, 'tis true, but few in number, but from whom we may receive real approbations.

HATILLIUS would have a wiſe man hazard his life for the repoſe of fools. But ſince we owe our ſervices, and our ſelves to the intereſt of our country, and to the good of our friends, we ought always to perform actions worthy of publick applauſe, and to deſpiſe that fame applauſe, after we have once performed them.

I would not, at the ſame time, adviſe any man to be ſo diſintereſted, as to take no manner of ſatisfaction in the Eſteem he deſerves: but ſince approbation is always attended by cenſure, let us effectually diſarm Malice, by oppoſing thoſe falſe praiſes which give it an opportunity to wound us; let us draw all lawful advantage from a good reputation, and not to be ſo ſottiſhly ſtiff, as to take no delight in reflecting on our merit: and if the Publick has unjuſt thoughts of us, let us appeal from their opinion to the judgment of the Wiſe, and retire within our ſelves to receive conſolation from the teſtimony of our own Conſcience.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of Vexations and Diſpleaſures.

'TIS one of the greateſt ſecrets of life, to know how to make our Vexations eaſy to us; and if we cannot get rid of our pains, at leaſt to weaken their influence. Unleſs we can do this, we muſt reſolve to be often miſerable; for being expoſed to an infinite number of misfortunes, there hardly paſſes a day but preſents us with ſome new ſcene of unhappineſs. As for me, I know no remedy ſo effectual for this purpoſe as Foreſight; and whoever makes an exact reflection upon the diſappointments and croſſes of human life, will find himſelf, conſolable at leaſt in the ſevereſt circumſtances. For as we always make a more vigorous defence againſt a premeditated attack; the Soul, which prepares itſelf for reſiſtance, by duly conſidering the danger it runs, is much leſs apt to be daunted by it.

I would have all men therefore ſo to foreſee and expect all kinds of misfortunes, that they may not be ſurprized at whatever happens.

Let a happy Courtier enjoy the favour of his Prince, and poſſeſs the advantages of his good fortune, as long as he can: but let the example of ſo many who have fallen before him, diſpoſe him to miſtruſt the firmneſs of the ground he ſtands upon. Let him not always raiſe his eyes, becauſe he is at the top of the wheel, but humble them ſometimes; let him look down to the place from whence he began to riſe, and conſider the firſt ſtep of his for-

tune, as a precipice, down which he may every moment fall again.

Let not a General of an Army be always ſecure of victory; nor be puffed up with the glory he has won, no leſs by the aſſiſtance of his Troops, than by his own Valour. One ſingle day may determine his fortune: but then after the loſs of a battle, let not him, who was before encompaſſed with ſo many thouſands, conclude himſelf to be deſtroy'd with them. He muſt command himſelf, he muſt return to himſelf, to be himſelf again.

Let not a Prince depend upon his Grandeur without good reaſon, neither let the obedience of ſo many people raſhly flatter his vanity: in four and twenty hours we have ſeen the ſame Monarchs ſitting in the Throne, and following a Chariot. In the compaſs of a few days, we have beheld a Prince triumphant, and led in triumph. The Revolt of the people, or the Loſs of a battle, may diſpoſſeſs him of his Crown, and put his Scepter into a foreign hand.

Here I cannot forbear openly to confeſs that I adore the Romans, and believe they were ſomething more than men. I cannot without a ſenſible emotion think upon BRUTUS and CASSIUS, who knowing the inconſtancy of human Greatneſs, agreed before the battle began, how to diſpoſe of their Lives; and conſidering the uncertainty of the event, embrac'd one another, as if they were never to meet again. Methinks I ſee them taking their laſt Farewel with theſe noble demonſtrations of affection and courage.

The Vulgar imagine there is ſomething timorous in Foreſight; and as they cannot conceive any ſort of danger without fear, they perſuade themſelves that a man cannot throw himſelf into it without blindneſs. But as 'tis the fault of ſuch weak reaſoners, to venture upon many things they don't underſtand,

derſtand, and to fling them up ſo ſoon as they come to know them; ſo 'tis only for men of ſenſe to foreſee the dangers that threaten them, and to ſuſtain with the ſame equality of mind, the favours and diſgraces of fortune.

But 'tis not ſufficient for us to prepare our ſelves only againſt the viciſſitudes of life; for there are many other occaſions for us to ſhew our conſtancy. The death of our friends, and even our own, much more ſenſibly affects us: and therefore we ought to expect it with more preparation, than the loſs of riches, honour, and other extrinſick things, which ought to be indifferent to wiſe men.

I am thinking with my ſelf every day, how many things are dear to me; and after I have conſidered them as temporary and periſhable, I prepare my ſelf that very minute to bear the loſs of them without weakneſs.

When the Sun begins to ſhine, I don't depend upon ſeeing the Evening. Will not the day and moment wherein I am to die, reſemble this, which now paſſes over my head? A man ſhall equally hear the hurry of the world, ſhall behold the light, and live after the ſame manner. Now, ſince we muſt all die, but are ſo uncertain as to the time of death, let us prepare from this day, to leave one another.

Not an hour paſſes, but ſome one or other loſes a Friend: may I not then reaſonably expect every moment to loſe one of mine? But whenever that happens, the circumſtances of his death ſhall not increaſe my ſorrow, nor my affliction. Perhaps he will ſhed his blood upon a Scaffold; perhaps Fire will reduce him to aſhes, or he will be ſwallow'd up in the Sea: but you muſt not think that the circumſtances of his death will redouble my grief, and that I ſhall complain of nothing ſo much at his funeral, as the manner of his loſs; 'tis he alone, whom I

find wanting, and it ſignifies nothing, whether he was taken from me by Water, Sword, or Fire.

Not that I would be here ſo wretchedly miſunderſtood, as if I would have a man become a Barbarian, in order to exerciſe his talent of conſtancy; or that Nature or Friendſhip have not a right to demand tears from us. I am ſo far from advancing ſo brutal an Inſenſibility, that I maintain on the other ſide, it would be inhuman to refuſe them on certain occaſions.

We ſigh and weep juſtly enough in the firſt beginnings of our grief; but a vigorous Soul ought ſoon after to retire within itſelf, and return to that happy ſerenity, which the diſorders, its paſſions, occaſioned it to loſe. For can a reaſonable man conſider the unprofitableneſs of his tears, and the vanity of his regret, but he muſt of neceſſity bluſh at a long and violent Affliction?

Indeed in thoſe caſes where 'tis poſſible to repair our ill ſucceſſes, I am wholly of opinion, that we ought to employ all ſorts of remedies: but in a fatal accident which is never to be retrieved, I would deſire to know where lies the ſervice of a ridiculous Affliction, and paying Tears, which are at beſt troubleſome to thoſe who ſhed them, and wholly unſerviceable to thoſe for whoſe ſake they are ſhed?

Why do we ſigh, or why complain?
All theſe Tears are ſhed in vain;
Deaf to our ſorrows, and our grief,
The Dead receive not this relief.

Beſides this, we are to conſider; that the moſt ſenſible perſons in the world, at length forget their tenderneſs; and the Soul which at firſt afflicted itſelf to exceſs, ſoon feels an abatement of this violence, and in a ſhort time exhauſts the whole ſtock of its ſorrow.

Our Complaints wear with our years; and as the Object begins to loſe ground in the imagination, our concern for its loſs inſenſibly decays in our mind.

If we were wiſe then, ſhould we not without reluctance, ſurrender that grief to our reaſon, which the weakeſt are at laſt conſtrain'd to yield up to the power of Time?

A Father whom we loſt but two or three hours ago, is as effectually dead as any of our anceſtors; and that which is no more, ought no longer to affect us.

Your Father, ſummon'd by his Fate,
Now mixes with his Brother-ſhades below;
Not the leaſt tittle of your ſtate,
Your grief, or ſorrow does he know.
Tho' but laſt night he loſt his breath,
Yet ſince he's in the hands of death,
He's full as dead as CÆSAR, *who we know*
Expir'd ſo many years ago [1].

This Reaſon alone is capable of ſweetning our bitterneſs, and checking the impetuoſity of our grief. He whom I loſt but an hour ago, feels nothing, has no further ſhare in the things of this world, and enjoys life no more than thoſe that were ſwallow'd up in the Deluge; why then ſhould I torment my ſelf in vain about a Shadow, that has neither voice nor thought?

Wiſely your vain Complaints give o'er,
This fooliſh tribute pay no more.
For empty Shadows why ſhould Tears be ſhed?
Let's bury even the Memory of the Dead [2].

[1] *Theophile.*
[2] *Malherbe.*

We ought further to conſider, that in this rigorous ſeparation of the Soul and Body, Nature uſes us no worſe than ſhe does the reſt of the world. Of all theſe prodigious ſwarms of men which fill the earth, ſhew me one ſingle perſon, that is exempted from the cruelty of her Laws.

I very well know that every one is ſenſible of his affliction, and that thoſe whoſe example I alledge here, endure it and complain as well as we: For as we don't forbear to taſte our own happineſs, for knowing the felicity of others; ſo the knowledge we have of the miſeries of our equals, deprives us not of the ſenſe of our own misfortunes: and ſince private perſons partake in the publick Rejoycings, how can they avoid their ſhare in the general Sorrow?

There are ſome common pains, which belong to all men; but every man bears them entirely to himſelf, and ſo endures the whole weight of his affliction ſingly.

To confeſs the truth, that which affects us moſt in our diſgraces, is to ſee that no body is under the ſame circumſtances. We cannot with any patience behold our ſelves forced to ſuffer a misfortune alone, which may happen to all the world, as well as us. And to ſpeak ſoberly, nothing ſo much augments the ſharpneſs of our Afflictions, as the haughtineſs and pride of thoſe who ſeem to brave and deſpiſe them.

Now it is not Mankind alone that attends us to death; all Animals, of what ſpecies ſoever, arrive at the ſame end, and are ſubject to the ſame law. That ſtrength, dexterity and foreſight which Nature has beſtowed upon them for the conſervation of their life, is of no uſe and ſervice to them when they come to die.

The moſt inſenſible things have their end, which is a ſort of death to them. Thoſe very Ramparts

that were proof againſt all the batteries of the cannon, and the violence of men, will ſooner or later have their ſhare in this univerſal ruin. The Elements themſelves which compoſe all things, will be at laſt deſtroy'd. The Heavens will be overwhelmed; the Sun and Stars will loſe their Light; and all the Maſs of the World will be confounded in the general deſtruction. Can we then with juſtice demand that our friends, or our ſelves may eſcape it? Since 'tis neceſſary we ſhould die, is it not a comfort for us to know, that all the things we have ſeen will periſh, and ſuffer the ſame deſtiny with us?

The Stars will loſe their glorious Light,
The Elements contend and fight,
And all be buried in vaſt Night.
The great Creator of this Ball,
Maſter and ſov'reign Lord of all,
Who out of Nothing did diſplay
Air, and Earth, and Fire and Sea,
Will with the ſame Almighty Hand,
To primitive Nothing all command.
And this great Change, to our ſurprize,
May happen e'er to-morrow's Sun does riſe.

I proceed now to a more particular Affliction, of which I am ſo ſenſible, that no arguments, no relief drawn from Philoſophy, can make it eaſy to me: 'tis that Concern which publick Calamities give me, in which my ſenſes intereſt me in ſpite of my ſelf. I am not able to hear the Groans of the people; I cannot liſten to their Cries, nor behold their Tears, without finding my ſelf affected with a real compaſſion. I cannot be a ſpectator of the calamities of my Country, nor behold the ambition of its Oppreſſors, without taking up an invincible averſion for them.

We are likewiſe perſecuted by another ſort of Vexation, which invades us in the midſt of pleaſure itſelf: it is often nothing elſe but a diſguſt of Abundance; for our Soul having not ſtrength enough to digeſt it, grows dull and languiſhing, and yields at length to the violence of its exceſſes.

Now I know no better, and indeed no other remedy againſt this, but to moderate our paſſions, and to manage our pleaſures with a prudent and wiſe Œconomy. Thus EPICURUS revived his appetite by Abſtinence, and avoided all intemperance, to ſhun the ill effects that attend it: and as a daily Converſation, even with the beſt of men, becomes at length tireſom or dull, thoſe perſons that have a delicate taſte of pleaſure, will voluntarily quit one another's company, to avoid the diſquiet that threatens them, and to reliſh better the charms of Converſation, by beſtowing a new life upon their Thoughts.

I have nothing more to ſpeak of, but a Vexation, the cauſe whereof I am not able to divine; and as 'tis extremely difficult to know the real ſubject of it, ſo I find that it is hard to allay or withſtand it: it is a ſecret diſpleaſure which hides itſelf in the bottom of the Soul, and which we feel much better than we can diſcover. 'Tis that which goes to bed with us, which awakes and riſes with us, which attends us at our repaſts, which follows us in our walks, which we carry along with us, as well in a crowd, as in retirement, and which will not forſake thoſe whom it has once ſeized, till it has exerciſed its whole power upon them.

I have had woful experience of this Malady, and been often uneaſy under the weight of it. I have gone with it to the Play-houſe, and have brought it out with me again. I have carried it into the beſt Converſations without any relief; I have, while the Paroxyſm laſted, uſed the moſt agreeable Diverſions,

ſions, but was inſenſible to them all the while; and in the midſt of the publick joy, have been conſtrained to ſhew my ill humour, and to appear diſguſted with the ſweeteſt Contentments of Life; and at laſt have found no other Antidote or Charm againſt it, but the pleaſure of good eating and drinking.

Good Cheer with our Friends is the ſovereign Remedy againſt this ſort of Vexation; for beſides that Converſation, which then becomes more free and pleaſant, inſenſibly ſoftens it, 'tis certain that Wine revives our animal Spirits, and gives our Soul vigour enough to expel Melancholy.

I know ſome moroſe perſons, will, at leaſt in outward ſhew and appearance, pretend an averſion for this Remedy, whoſe Delights notwithſtanding, they are far from deſpiſing. But let us not play the hypocrites here: for my part I am not at all diſturbed at their fooliſh Auſterity, ſince the moſt rigid Philoſopher in the world has preſcribed us this very remedy; ſince the ſevereſt of illuſtrious men have made (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf) their moſt auſtere virtues ſtoop to the charms of this agreeable pleaſure; and ſince the beſt ſort of perſons diſown not the Uſe, but only condemn the Exceſs of it.

CHAP. VI.

Of Pleaſures.

HAving diſcourſed of our Vexations, and the means of qualifying the bitterneſs of them, it will not be amiſs to ſay ſomething ſures of Life.

Although, to ſpeak the truth, extrinſick things contribute much to our Pleaſures, and 'tis not enough that we have Senſes, unleſs we have Objects to content them; yet ſince we find the multitude of them is almoſt infinite, our Happineſs depends in ſome meaſure upon our ſelves, and our greateſt diverſions cannot fail of becoming unpleaſant to us, if our ſenſes are not in a diſpoſition to receive them.

As for my ſelf, I am of opinion, that we ſhould never debar our minds of thoſe innocent Pleaſures which offer themſelves; and live no leſs exempt from thoſe Regrets that ariſe from our reflecting upon the paſt, than from thoſe Inquietudes the future may give us. The preſent time only is ours, and if we were wiſe, we ſhould manage every moment as it were the laſt; but nothing is more common than to make an ill uſe of that time, which Nature has allowed us. There are few men but would live long enough, if they knew how to live well: but it happens for the moſt part, that when we are dying, we complain, that as yet we have not lived. If we arrive to a long life, we diſturb it by our fear of not arriving to it; and when we are come to our limited term of years, we have nothing elſe left us, but a concern for having managed them ill.

This Pleaſure which now preſents itſelf, is perhaps the laſt I ſhall enjoy; an infinite number of Pains may overwhelm me the very next moment. What ſhall hinder me therefore from enjoying my ſelf innocently, whilſt I may? Muſt the difference of Places, or the inequality of Objects, keep me always uneaſy, when 'tis in my power to live contentedly in all parts of the earth?

I grant indeed that ſome perſons are dearer to us, and more agreeable than others; that as there are different Subjects to divert us, ſo there are Delights

lights more or leſs affecting; but for the ſake of a Pleaſure which I earneſtly longed for, am I to deſpiſe all the reſt?

That Life which ſlides away in the Country, is no leſs mine than that I paſs at Paris. The days wherein I am wholly buried in grief, will be reckoned to me as well as my moſt joyful Feſtivals; and will contribute as much as they, to make up the number which muſt confine my years. Wherefore then ſhould my Repoſe be here diſturbed by the remembrance of thoſe pleaſures I have taſted, or by thinking on thoſe which I deſire to enjoy?

Thus 'tis downright folly to wiſh our ſelves back again at thoſe places we lately left, or be impatient to be at others, ſooner than 'tis poſſible to get thither.

If the Pleaſures we find in the Country differ from thoſe of the Court, let us endeavour to reconcile our ſelves to them: for who can hinder us from exalting and humbling our ſelves in this manner? 'Tis true, we have neither Muſick-meetings nor Balls, nor Play-houſe; but then we have no Diſgraces, no Servitude to fear, or undergo.

Converſation is not ſo agreeable here. Suppoſe it is not, however, a man may keep an uſeful commerce with himſelf, and with perſons, that at leaſt will not be troubleſome.

CATO entertain'd himſelf with children, after he had applied himſelf all day long to the ſervice of the Common-wealth; and our wittieſt men in France diſdain not to hear a Tale from one of their ſervants, after the moſt ſolemn diſcourſes.

A man ſhould endeavour to live eaſily in what part of the world ſoever he is, and taſte thoſe Pleaſures which the reſpective place of his abode can afford him.

Let us not play the Philoſophers ſo far, as to condemn by our auſterity, the Magnificence of the Court.

Court. I approve that we ſhould imitate the virtue of the ancient Romans. Let us be juſt, let us be generous as they were; but we may very well neglect thoſe extravagant Maxims, whoſe ſeverity reforms fewer men, than it ſcares.

If we cannot afford to be ſplendid, let us not accuſe others of Luxury. A man cannot condemn ſo much Art and fine Workmanſhip he ſees in the world, all which is the effect of human induſtry, without being fantaſtically ſevere.

A man may very innocently admire the Pomp of a glorious City, he may partake of the pleaſure of Perfumes, and the ſatisfaction of Muſick; in ſhort, he may behold with delight, the delicacy of Painting, and yet not violate the laws of Temperance.

If, by conſtraint, or inclination, we have fixed our reſidence in the Country, let us there leave off admiring the labours of man, in order to contemplate the works of the Creator, and the wonders of Nature: Let us remove our Thoughts from the pride and glory of the Court, and innocently taſte the ſweets which are to be had in ſolitary places. Have not the Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, beauties enough to ſatisfy the Mind that contemplates them? The large extent of Plains, the winding courſe of Rivers, the Meadows, the Flowers, the little murmuring Rills, have not they ſufficient charms to enchant the ſight? Is the Muſick of Birds ever wanting in our Groves? And if it be true, that men learnt theirs from the Nightingales, what an advantage is it to us to have ſo great a number of theſe little maſters in our ſervice, without being in our pay?

Well, whate'er Sins by turns have ſway'd me,
Ambition never reach'd my heart:
Its lewd pretences ne'er betray'd me,
In publick Ills to act a part.

Let

Let others, fame or wealth purſuing,
Deſpiſe a mean but ſafe retreat,
I'll ne'er contrive my own undoing,
Nor ſtoop ſo low as to be great.

The faithleſs Court, the tricking Change,
What ſolid pleaſures can they give?
Oh, let me in the Country range!
'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live.

The beauteous ſcene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in flow'ry Paſtures bleating,
Echo our Complaints repeating.

Bees with buſy ſounds delighting,
Groves to gentle ſleep inviting.
Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in ruſty Circles ſporting.
Birds in cheerful Notes expreſſing
Nature's bounty, and their bleſſing:
Theſe afford a laſting Pleaſure,
Without guilt, and without meaſure.

In a word, we may live contented in any part of the world, and we only change our Pleaſure, when we change the place of our reſidence. In one place the Mind finds its ſatisfaction in the ſtudy of Nature: in another our ſenſes meet with delights proper to them: and whoever is capable of moderation, may find but too fertile a ſcene for his content. Neither the limits of Solitude, nor the narrow compaſs of a Priſon, can hinder a wiſe man from finding tranquillity. He may meditate there; and

and with pleaſure reflect on the good Actions he has done, and comfort himſelf by the pleaſing thoughts of his Innocence.

'Tis not neceſſary that a man ſhould always have a Field to ramble in, in order to be happy. Our happineſs for the moſt part lies within our ſelves; and as we ſometimes find our ſelves uneaſy under the full enjoyment of our liberty, ſo we may ſometimes happen to find ſatisfaction, even under impriſonment. The moſt cruel Tyrants in the Univerſe could never yet find a dungeon for our Souls; they cannot become maſters of it, unleſs we are willing to enſlave it our ſelves; their chains cannot bind it; and let the body be ſhut up in what place it will, it changes neither place nor habitation.

Thus we may find ſomewhat to give us content every where: let us endeavour only to enjoy it with moderation; and be aſſured that it is an error to condemn Pleaſures as Pleaſures, and not as they are unjuſt and unlawful.

In truth, let them be never ſo innocent, the exceſs is always criminal, and not only brings diſgrace, but diſſatisfaction with it. A man that loſeth his reputation by Debauchery, very often loſeth his health too, and hurts his conſtitution no leſs than his credit.

If we are inſenſible to the Charms of Pleaſure, let us excite our taſte and our appetite, by making a juſt reflection on thoſe pains, which are their contraries.

Let thoſe that abound in the Conveniencies of Life, give a new guſt to their happineſs, by comparing it with the ſtate of the neceſſitous; and let the thought of others misfortunes make them more deliciouſly enjoy the felicity they poſſeſs.

Let

Let a virtuous man reflect upon the ſerenity of his Conſcience, and rejoice that he finds neither remorſe nor anguiſh in the bottom of it to diſturb him.

Let Health, which we generally taſte after the ſame manner as we do an inſenſible Good; let this rich Preſent of Nature, I ſay, be felt more lively by comparing it to Diſeaſes and Infirmities, under which ſo many thouſands languiſh.

Let a man of good health eſteem himſelf happy, not only in the enjoyment of that Bleſſing, but let the Thought that he endures no Pain, amongſt ſo many doleful objects that encompaſs him, render him ſtill more content: let him rejoice, not only for the good fortune which he enjoys, but likewiſe for the unhappineſs he has not: let the Pleaſure which he taſtes, and the Pain which he ſuffers not, equally contribute to give him new ſatisfaction.

But above all, let us baniſh that diſorderly paſſion of Envy, that vile infamous paſſion which corrupts all our Pleaſures from our breaſts. Let not our Eyes or Ears become in the leaſt concerned for poſſeſſions which don't belong to us: but let us, without any covetous Deſires, participate the charms of all the fine places we behold. Every thing that is made for the pleaſure of Sight, does it not belong to me, ſo long as it is expoſed to my Eyes?

The Luxembourgh [1], the Louvre [2], and the Tuilleries, are as much mine, when I am gazing upon their beauty, as they are theirs to whom they legally belong. For to ſpeak properly, nothing can be ours, but while we actually enjoy it.

All I infer from this Diſcourſe, is, that we ought to be moderate in our Pleaſures. Properly ſpeaking, all that is done in the world, is done only for pleaſure; and tho' we take different ways to it, yet we ſee all Mankind inclines to the ſame end.

He

[1] *A Royal Palace at Paris.*
[2] *The Royal Palace of the Kings of France at Paris.*

He that courts Reputation in the field, and forces his way through all the dangers of fire and bullets to obtain Honour, would not expoſe himſelf to the leaſt danger, if he did not hope to meet with that ſatisfaction a man finds in himſelf after a gallant Action, or that which proceeds from Fame.

Another grows old in his Cloſet, amongſt the duſt and filth of mouldy moth-eaten Books, who would not take the leaſt pains to acquire the Sciences, if he did not find ſome pleaſure in his purſuit of them.

All our Actions have no real Object, but Pleaſure: without that, the moſt induſtrious would live a languiſhing idle Life. 'Tis that alone which makes us active, and excites Induſtry; 'tis that which gives motion to all the Univerſe.

Let every one therefore take that way he finds moſt conformable to his innocent Inclinations, and enjoy all Delights that preſent themſelves to him, when they are not repugnant to the true Principles of Honour or Conſcience.

OF THE TRUE AND FALSE BEAUTY OF INGENIOUS WRITINGS[1].

CHAP. I.

Some Rules to write well, and to judge well of the Authors and their Writings.

IF the Idea which all men naturally have of the true Beauty of Ingenious Writings, was not effaced by the great number of falſe Criticks, we ſhould not have ſo many various opinions about their merit: for this Idea would be a certain rule for every one to follow; unleſs he reſolved to expoſe himſelf to the univerſal cenſure of Mankind, who would eaſily diſcover when they were out of the way.

I will not here enquire into the cauſes that have ſo univerſally debauch'd our Palates. Some of them are general, and have ſo ſtrangely extinguiſh'd the Light of the Underſtanding, in every thing almoſt, which is not the Object of our Senſes, that there are infinite

[1] *This Treatiſe was written in the Year* 1690.

infinite Errors ſcatter'd in all Sciences, even in thoſe that pretend to define Good and Evil.

There are likewiſe particular Cauſes which are apt of themſelves to hinder us from diſcerning the true or falſe Beauty of Ingenious Writings, when our Reaſon would be otherwiſe juſt, exact and clear.

The moſt common is Precipitation: for every one flatters himſelf that he is capable to judge, either through Pride not to be thought ignorant; or through Affection and Hatred, according as he is engaged in any party; or through Imitation, neither judging for or againſt, but only as he has heard the world talk; or in fine, through Caprice, Chance, Paſſion and Humour, which is too often ſeen in Perſons of Quality, who think their rank entitles them to ſet up for Judges.

But whatever theſe cauſes are, either general or particular, the variety of opinions is too evident for us to doubt, that we don't judge upon the ſame Idea, or by the ſame Rule, though nothing be more certain than that there is one.

To form this in the Mind, Rhetoric and Poetry, and the Art of writing Hiſtory, have chiefly employ'd their labour: but the more Rules have been laid down, the more they ſeem to be neglected; and 'tis a wonder that the beſt Maſters in the world, as ARISTOTLE, CICERO, HORACE, QUINTILIAN, &c. ſhould have ſo few perfect followers.

It appears then, that we ought to forſake the common way of Precepts, and ſeek elſewhere for ſure and immutable Rules, either to write well, or to judge well of the merit of Authors.

To give one's ſelf a juſt and exact Underſtanding, I think it would be neceſſary in the firſt place to examine any Book, and compare it with ſome other which has acquired an univerſal Approbation.

MALHERBE in the late Reign, excell'd in the Beauty of his *Odes*; and they preſerve to this very

day

day the ſame charms to their judicious Readers. So then, when you read any Ode upon the praiſe of our Monarch, compare the ſtile of it with that of MALHERBE; and according as you find 'em agree, ſo you may venture to paſs your judgment.

But then the piece you compare it to, muſt be of an eſtabliſh'd reputation; and ſuch a one too, as in all probability is like to continue ſo. We have ſeen ſeveral Authors come out with great applauſe, but it only continued a few years: during which, the prepoſſeſſion of the Reader, and the partiality of their Friends, gave 'em a ſhort-liv'd Reputation.

We have but very few true Models: VOITURE himſelf is none, and much leſs BALZAC. The facetious Manner of VOITURE, and the Flights of BALZAC, have both an affectation which naturally diſpleaſes: the one endeavours to be agreeable, and make us laugh, whatever humour we are in; the other would make himſelf admir'd and eſteem'd for the pomp of his Expreſſion, and the extravagance of his Bombaſt. The two Letters addreſs'd to Monſieur DE VIVONNE, imitating both their Manners of writing, are an excellent Satire on their ſtile, and fully diſcover the ridicule of theſe two Authors, who were ſo famous in the laſt Age *.

A man may foretel, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, what will be the fate of a certain Author, who purloins the Ladies chamber-talk, and converſations of Gallantry, to fill up his Works with them; who believes that all the beauty of a Book, tho' the ſubject ſhould be the Life of a Saint, conſiſts in uſing ſome new term, or modiſh expreſſion; and is very well ſatisfied with himſelf, when

* *Theſe two Letters were written by Mr. Boileau, and are to be found in the Engliſh Tranſlation of his Works. See what I have obſerved thereupon in the* Life of Mr. Boileau Deſpreaux, *Page* lx, lxi, lxii.

the Period which pretends neither to depth nor ſolidity, has an agreeable Cadence [3].

But to make no more of theſe offenſive predictions of the Living, let us examine the Dead. SENECA, as all the world knows, is full of nothing but Points, Antitheſes and Paradoxes. He ſurprized his Age with the arrogance of his Deciſions; and ſome perſons yet alive, ſet him up for a pattern of Eloquence: but they muſt write very ill that imitate him; and may take it for granted, that they will diſguſt thoſe Readers who have any taſte or reliſh.

This is not the Language of Nature, which is always ſimple and unaffected. Whatever requires a continual attention, diſpleaſes us; becauſe 'tis too great an expence for the generality of mankind to bear. There is both a Force and Weakneſs in all men whatever; which fantaſtical mixture makes us naturally conclude thoſe Works to be diſagreeable, that require too intenſe Thinking to comprehend 'em; as well as thoſe that are ſo much below us, that they deſerve not the leaſt regard.

As I have already obſerved, few Authors have written ſo well as to deſerve to be ſet up for Models. We have HOMER and VIRGIL indeed for Heroick Poetry. HORACE is a perfect original in his Satires, Epiſtles, and familiar Diſcourſes. I have not the ſame opinion of his Odes, and perhaps I might ſay ſomething diſreſpectful of them, if the excellency of ſome of 'em did not oblige me to be ſilent. If the Author of the long Comments upon him [4], diſlikes my opinion; that I may not wholly incur his diſpleaſure, I own that thoſe of ANACREON are more lively, more ſweet, more inſinuating, and conſequently more perfect.

But

[3] *I ſuppoſe the Author means Father Bouhours, who hath written the* Lives *of Ignatius and Xavierus, two Jeſuits.*

[4] *Mr. Dacier, who has publiſhed very long and tedious Comments upon Horace.*

But to return to our own Authors: CORNEILLE and RACINE have performed admirably well in Tragedy; nevertheleſs it were to be wiſh'd, that the cleanneſs of expreſſion in CORNEILLE equall'd the variety, and abundant fertility of his Thoughts. Few Authors can arrive to ſuch a pitch, as to repreſent ſo many different Characters, to invent ſo many Intrigues, and make ſo many Perſons reaſon with that connexion and ſolidity. We are intereſted in the very Action, which he only repreſents, and paſs immediately from the Figure to the Reality. We hear AUGUSTUS ſpeak in his *Cinna*; and we behold the Cid, in that firſt Tragedy of his, which made ſo great a noiſe in Court and City, and gave us an early ſpecimen of what might be expected from him in his maturer years[s]. All the miſchief is, that the Copiouſneſs of his ſubject, which he never fails to exhauſt, his vaſt Imagination, and his inexhauſtible Genius, now and then makes his Expreſſion dark and confuſed: as if it were impoſſible to be profound and ſolid, and yet clear enough at the ſame time to be underſtood. But for all theſe faults, Authors of his reputation may paſs for very good Models. If I were obliged to give my poſitive judgment which of theſe two I would chuſe to copy after, in caſe I were to write for the Theatre, my anſwer ſhould be, That it is more difficult to follow the former, and more ſure to imitate the latter.

So much ſhall ſuffice upon this firſt Head; for I do not think it neceſſary to dwell longer upon it.

All I ſhall add at preſent, is, That inſtead of asking your ſelf, *Did* VIRGIL *expreſs himſelf after this manner? Are* MALHERBE's *excellent Odes written in ſuch a ſtrain?* Or, *did* CORNEILLE, *or* MOLIERE, *draw to their Theatres, both the Court and the whole*

[s] *The Tragi-Comedy call'd* The Cid, *by Corneille.*

Kingdom, by writing ſo? ask your ſelf, *Is there any method more confus'd, than that of this Work? Can any Deſign be laid worſe, or any Expreſſions be more lame and faulty? Is there any Imitation more viſibly low and ſervile than that of this Book?*

'Tis a common fault with our Writers, that they become very bad Copiers of very good Originals. We ought to take a great deal of care that we fall not into the whimſical deſign of that Painter, who being to draw the Picture of HELENA, whom he deſign'd to repreſent perfectly beauteous, reſolved to give her all the Graces, that he had heard commended in the faireſt perſons. Thus he changed her Lips into Coral, her Cheeks into Roſes, her Eyes into Suns, and unskilfully joining 'em together, made a Figure like that which HORACE deſcribes in his *Epiſtle* to the PISO's. 'Tis certain he had a mind to make himſelf merry: but Authors are a ſerious ſort of people; they are careful of their Reputation, and copy with gravity.

But in ſhort let an Author have never ſo good an opinion of himſelf, 'tis an eaſy matter to mortify his Pride, (which people of that ſtamp can ſeldom conceal,) by deſiring him to write worſe upon the ſame ſubject. Now whenever our advice is asked, we ought to give it with the utmoſt ſincerity, tho' it may be call'd ill manners, and freely to condemn the fond obſtinacy of thoſe Scriblers, who never read but to court your applauſe, and not hear your cenſure, tho' 'tis never ſo juſt and reaſonable.

Nevertheleſs, becauſe the Stile is plain and unaffected, we ought not therefore to think it flat or mean. Simplicity is the perfection of every Work; and if I might ſo expreſs my ſelf, 'tis an ornament even to Beauty it ſelf. HORACE gives us this advice, when he would have our Diction appear ſo natural, that upon reading it, any ordinary man would judge it very eaſy to ſpeak the ſame things; tho'

after

after he has made the experiment, and duly conſider'd of the matter, he will be convinc'd how difficult it is to write ſo happily.

Truth never changes. Falſity imitates Truth in every thing: we always find out the laſt, if we have recourſe to the firſt; but are often cheated if we are not very careful to diſcover the Impoſture. When we follow Reaſon with ſteadineſs, and come once to think aptly, and expreſs our Thoughts juſtly, 'tis impoſſible that the Reader ſhould not be moved; becauſe all men have a natural propenſity to Truth: ſo that what is really falſe, can pleaſe no longer than we are dazled with the appearance of Truth, under which it ventures abroad.

So then if the Expreſſion be mean, it will ſoon preſent a great number of the like to your Mind: but if it be ſimple, do what you will, it will not be in your power to find out a better, unleſs your Wit or your Experience in the Art of Writing be ſuperiour to that of the Author. For this Simplicity has different degrees of perfection, as well as every thing elſe.

But if we deſign to profit by what we have already laid down, we ought to know the defects that are to be found in the moſt perfect Authors: for it is not my deſign here to inſtruct ordinary perſons, but make ſome Remarks for the entertainment of the Curious.

The firſt is, That we ought *not to be too laviſh of our Metaphors, nor carry them too far.* We are very much wean'd from them in this Age: and ſince the world has got a true taſte of Eloquence, this pompous heap of glittering Nothings has been hiſs'd off the Stage. The learned men of the laſt Age, who fell into this vein by reading ſome of the Ancients, thought their Stile was adorned and ſet off by Metaphors. Thus in ſhort, their Eloquence was as fantaſtical as their other Opinions.

When that profound Darkneſs wherein the foregoing Ages were in a manner lull'd aſleep, began to vaniſh, we awaken'd all on the ſudden, and our Judgments were not ſufficiently enlighten'd, to know which was the beſt way to take.

The uſe of figurative and metaphorical Expreſſions grew out of date, from the very moment, that we begun to diſcern more clearly how we ought to expreſs our ſelves.

The French Genius, which is lively, natural, and plain, cannot endure theſe languiſhing, artificial and perplexed Diſcourſes. Nevertheleſs, we ſtill retain ſome Metaphors, and are not diſpleaſed to ſee flames in Anger and Love; but theſe Expreſſions are become proper and literal, and can deceive no body.

The ſecond Remark is; That *'tis an inſufferable fault to paſs from a Metaphor we have begun with, to a new one*, and ſo to connect Images, which have no agreement with one another. When a man takes care to write well, he knows how to continue, and carry on the ſame Idea; *I pity him*, ſays the Author of the Characters, *I give him for loſt, he is caſt away. We ought to ſteer our courſe otherwiſe, if we intend to arrive at the delightſome Port of Felicity* [6].

You ſee he mixes nothing that is foreign with the firſt Image he choſe, to expreſs the Thoughts of a rich man upon the conduct of a Philoſopher. The latter is repreſented as it were at Sea. The rich man foreſees that he will be *ſhipwreck'd*. He thinks he is *out of his way*. He judges that he *ſteers his courſe amiſs*, and that he *will never arrive at the Port of Happineſs*. There is not one term in all this, which is not ally'd with the reſt. Now this Author had committed an unpardonable fault, if after all theſe Metaphors borrowed from Navigation, he had ſaid, *It is not thus that a man ought to ſail near the wind, and*

[6] *Mr. la Bruyere.*

and build his Fortune. This new Image of *Building*, join'd to thoſe taken from the Sea, which went before, would have ſpoiled all; whereas it being all of a piece, the Diſcourſe is clear and eaſy.

The third Remark is not much different from this, and teaches us *never to paſs from one perſon to another in the ſame Period.* The ſame obſervation will hold good as to the *Numbers*, and what the Grammarians call *Moods* and *Tenſes* of Verbs.

I will give an Example of this out of an Author who is extreamly regular in this Method and Stile. *All human things*, ſays this accurate Writer, *are of no long Duration.* He ſhould have ſtopt here; but he was reſolved to make it a Period. So he adds, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures.* (You may here take notice that he paſſes from a Subject indefinite, *All human things*, to one which is determin'd, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures*, which are only connected by the Conjunction, and not at all by the Senſe.) He continues, *which ſucceed one another*, (This adds an Image altogether unneceſſary, ſince it was ſufficiently hinted before by the defect of Duration, and the perpetual Motion) *render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD, who alone is always the ſame.* I ſay, that theſe long-tail'd Periods are always intricate, confuſed and ſuperfluous; and that this is the Stile, not of an Orator, but a Declaimer.

All this might have been expreſs'd as follows: *All human things are of no long Duration, and render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD.* And yet ſome are ſo extreamly nice, that they will not allow a man to join an affirmative Propoſition ſo cloſe with a negative.

I ſay nothing of the *Homage* that *Motion* renders to *Immutability.* 'Tis a Quibble which ſignifies nothing to my purpoſe.

But to quit this Digreſſion, if our exacteſt Authors fall under theſe faults, how can thoſe of a lower Claſs eſcape them? They will cenſure theſe Remarks perhaps as too ſevere, becauſe they know they are not able to write up to them. All I can do in their favour, is, to propoſe no more of 'em.

At preſent we wholly amuſe our ſelves with Obſervations upon our Tongue, and the heighth of our Criticiſm is barely to examine, if a Term be well uſed, and how long it has been in vogue: but tell me, I beſeech you, may we not carry our enquiries much farther? Can a Book be ſaid to be perfect, when there is nothing good in it but the Language? If this is your opinion, 'tis an eaſy matter to content you: but a great many men are more difficult, becauſe they have a nicer palate.

CHAP. II.

Of the Cleanneſs of Expreſſion.

I Was formerly too indulgent, and now perhaps I am too ſevere. In the heat of Youth, and the firſt tranſports of Paſſion, we are ſtrangers to the diſcreet coldneſs of a more advanced Age. We are pleaſed to find thoſe Authors, who have been admired both by the Ancients and Moderns, guilty of the ſame follies, to which our inclinations lead us.

The licentiouſneſs of PETRONIUS's Stile, does not then ſhock our nature, nor offend our modeſty: and as if there was not obſcenity enough in his Fragments, we regret the loſs of what is wanting with as lively a concern, as if we had loſt the only Book that could preſerve decency, and good manners in the world.

Perhaps

Perhaps I make theſe reflections ſomewhat of the lateſt; but it uſually happens, when we have arrived at our journey's end, and come to talk of our travels, that then, and only then, we perceive we went out of our way.

This is one ſort of going out of our way, and I don't know whether there can be a groſſer, than to treat all one's contemporaries, nay, all thoſe that ſhall come after us, with bare-faced ribbaldry. This can proceed from nothing but ignorance. Such Writers don't know, at leaſt they don't conſider, that there is a ſecret pride in the bottom of our Souls, which makes us look upon too licentious a converſation, to proceed from a want of reſpect. To this pride we are obliged, that thoſe ſplendid names of Glory, Decency, and common Civility, are ſtill preſerved.

But tho' Pride were ſilent, and a way were found out to make it hold its peace, (which I confeſs wou'd be a difficult matter) yet Virtue would not hold her tongue; ſhe is not yet ſo utterly abandoned by mankind, but that they ſtill pay a great reſpect and veneration to her. The modeſty of one whole Sex will be always armed in her defence; and the greateſt part of the imployments of the men are only for her ſake.

Pleaſure itſelf, I ſpeak of lawful and indifferent Pleaſure, diſcredits every man that follows it to exceſs, or procures it for another. And therefore, I know no Satire, included in one word, more ſtabbing, than that of being called, The *Comptroller of* NERO's *Pleaſures.*

Since I declare ſo freely againſt my ſelf, by retracting what I have formerly ſaid in favour of PETRONIUS; no one can expect that I ſhould ſpare the raillery of CICERO in his *Oration* for CÆLIUS. 'Tis true, this celebrated Maſter of Eloquence was brought up in buſineſs, and knew the world; I own that

that he raiſed himſelf by his merit much above his birth; and that he was not inferior in dignity to POMPEY and CÆSAR. But certainly he forgot himſelf, when he ſo far indulged his natural propenſity to raillery, as to reproach CLODIA in full Senate, that ſhe made her younger Brother lie with her, *propter nocturnos quoſdam metus.* They did ſee eaſily through the Equivocation: but I wonder that ſo great a man ſhould tax CÆLIUS with ſo abominable a crime only by way of irony, if he believed it to be true; or that he ſhould take the liberty to accuſe him of it, if he believed it not.

It were to be wiſhed, that what has been always thought to be the eſſential Ingredient of Orators, were likewiſe required in all Authors, not excepting the Poets: *Virum bonum Oratorem eſſe oportet.*

We had enormouſly ſinned againſt this precept in our language. Moſt of our old French Poets were guilty of writing obſcenely: DESPORTES particularly fell into this vein, with inſupportable impudence and freedom.

But ſince VOITURE, who had a refined Genius, and converſed with the politeſt Company, carefully ſhunn'd this ſordid way of writing, the Theatre it ſelf has no longer ſuffer'd it. Nay, this liberty is no longer endured, even in the moſt familiar converſations; and if our Age is not chaſter than the former ones, at leaſt it knows how to manage a fairer outſide, and to make an appearance of Virtue.

Our Niceneſs goes further than this; for we cannot now-a-days ſuffer a man to deſcribe any object that is apt to leave an ill idea behind it. All the favour we allow a ſick perſon, is to tell us his indiſpoſition. We ſuppoſe it ſome eaſe to him under his illneſs to find us hearken to him with a little attention: but this complaiſance which we ſhew to the infirmity, is no excuſe for the man; eſpecially

if

if he deſcends into too long a relation of particulars.

Except it be upon this occaſion, 'tis impoſſible to deſcribe ſuch things, for which we have a natural averſion, without offending the company. However, this has been the fault of many Authors. BUCHANAN has deſcribed with all the figures of Rhetorick, an old Woman. ST. AMANT has painted the Chamber of a Debauchee, with all the ſimplicity peculiar to his Stile: but upon ſuch ſubjects, both Eloquence and Simplicity are unſeaſonably beſtow'd.

To return to CICERO; who can excuſe this Conſul, for deſcribing in ſo lively a manner the moſt beaſtly circumſtances of Drunkenneſs, when he was declaiming againſt PISO, in the preſence of the Senate? This Deſcription is filled with ſeveral particulars, which muſt needs be very nauſeous and diſagreeable.

CATULLUS might have beſtowed another Epithet on the *Annals* of VOLUSIUS, than that of *cacata charta* [1]. A Poet, who pretended to a purity of Stile, above all others, ought to have abſtained from ſo groſs and ſo indecent a Metaphor.

MARTIAL went out of the way to commend the Cleanlineſs of his Miſtreſs's Lap-dog; yet for all that, has fallen into an indecent Expreſſion, *Gutta pallia nec fefellit ulla* [2]. It had been better to have ſaid nothing at all of it.

Without doubt theſe Authors were corrupted in their Morals. The Ages they lived in, how fine ſoever we may repreſent them, were ſo groſly ignorant of what the Laws of true Decency require from us, that they have not produced one Author, who has obſerved them with exactneſs.

But

[1] *Catull.* Carm. xxxvi.
[2] *Martial.* Epigr. Lib. I. ep. 110.

But while you endeavour to avoid this fault, take care you don't fall into another, very common in our days. Paſſions and Vices are deſcribed to us in ſuch lovely colours, even in the Pulpit, that we can hardly perceive what deformity there is in them. Theſe Gentlemen know ſo well how to conceal the deformity and pernicious effects of Vice, that they ſhew no more of it to us, than what ſuits with the weakneſs and frailty of our hearts. We ſhould be too much ſtartled to behold Impiety bare-faced; and too much humbled, if we were brought to a ſevere examination of our own Vice. No one by his good-will would draw down upon himſelf the vengeance of Heaven; no one has a mind to be ridiculous. But to be frail, to be ſubject to infirmities, this is no more than being born men; and who is it that thinks he ought to be aſhamed of his Birth, or of his Deſtiny?

I ſhould therefore prefer a Deſcription which faithfully repreſents things, to thoſe flattering Pictures which fortify men in their falſe opinions, or in their uſual diſorders.

However, I would not have you follow JUVENAL's ſteps, or aſſume the liberty, as he has done, to make the groſſeſt Repreſentations of the moſt beaſtly Vices. In vain doth an Author ſo licentious and impudent, perſuade me to hate the Brutalities of MESSALINA. I hate him more than I do her; and the lewdneſs of his Wit, which is ſo notoriouſly diſplay'd in the boldneſs of his Expreſſion, ſcandalizes me infinitely more than the Miſcarriages of the moſt abandon'd women, who are blindly tranſported by their paſſions.

I love his Tranſlator[3] much better than him. He has taken great care to preſerve the innocence of

[3] *Father Tarteron, who publiſh'd in 1689 a French Tranſlation of Juvenal.*

of his Stile in ſuch ill company. He has left out nothing in his Author, but what hinders him from being read with ſafety. But as for his generous indignation at the Vices of Rome, his Fire, his Vivacity, nay, even his declamatory Manner, which was the true character of JUVENAL; all this he has preſerved entire. And let it never be ſaid, that Satire diveſted of theſe liberties, is leſs agreeable: for 'tis certain, that fine Raillery makes up the whole Entertainment in this ſort of Poetry; and that on the other ſide, Groſſneſs of Expreſſion and Thought, muſt needs diſpleaſe a Reader of any delicacy.

This is ſufficiently juſtify'd by the example of Monſieur BOILEAU: for do we read any of the Ancients with greater ſatisfaction? and yet can any one be more ſevere and reſerved than he? His Muſe always chaſte, and always modeſt, purſues and condemns Vice after the ſame manner that Virtue uſes to do; I mean, by its brightneſs and vehemence. We ſhould ſtretch the matter too far, and be over-ſevere to ſay that he had done better to have let alone the Paſſage of LA NEVEU [4]. What he ſays in that reſpect is ſo ſhort, that he deſerves to be excuſed, if it be a fault; and if not, we muſt acknowledge that he has ſhewn us that a man may ſpeak ſometimes of ſuch a perſon, provided he obſerves the temperament of this Author, in one or two words, and yet never infringe the Rules of Decency.

But LUCRETIUS neglects this Conduct moſt ſhamefully at the end of one of his Books [5]: a man muſt certainly have his veins fired with luſt, a burning

[4] *This Paſſage is in Satire* VI. *thus:*
Et combien la Neveu avant ſon Mariage
A de fois au public vendu ſon Pucelage.

[5] *In his Fourth Book.*

ning Ætna in his Soul; or, to leave off theſe tragical expreſſions, a man muſt be a mad-man, as in effect LUCRETIUS was, to tire his Reader with a long deſcription of the moſt extravagant and naſty circumſtances that attend the Dreams and Illuſions of a young man.

The more I think of this Paſſage, the leſs reaſon I find why people are generally ſo fond of this violent and imperious Author: when he pretends to act the Serious Man and the Reaſoner, he's utterly loſt, and knows not what he ſays. Witneſs that Verſe which I have often heard ſo impertinently quoted:

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor [6].

That is to ſay, *Fear induced men to believe that there were Gods.* For if one ſhould ask him, What produced this Fear? Would not he be oblig'd to anſwer, The natural Idea which men conceive of a Deity. For Fear, like all other Paſſions, is no otherwiſe raiſed in us, than by the Objects which excite it by the help of the Imagination or Thought.

But if I find in my ſelf the Idea of a Deity, before I find that Fear which I ought to have for it; then this Fear is the Effect, and not the Cauſe of my thinking on it. A man needs no great penetration, or reach of mind, to make ſo obvious a diſcovery.

If he was minded to deſcend from this grandeur, which did not ſuit with his talent, why muſt he throw away fine Expreſſions, to repreſent impertinent things? or, why inſiſt upon them ſo long, and not leave till he had quite exhauſted it, ſo ridiculous a Subject as that of the Dreams of Youth, which does nothing, even in the day-time, that deſerves our attention?

If

[6] *Our Author miſtakes. This Hemiſtick doth not belong to Lucretius. It is to be found in Statius* (Theb. Lib. III. v. 661.); *and among the Fragments of Petronius, who probably took it from Statius.*

If this is Beauty, or Delicacy, or Learning, I heartily congratulate the Groſſneſs of our Age, which certainly would never bear ſo great a freedom in any Author whatever.

I wiſh with all my heart I could excuſe that illuſtrious Conſul of Gaul, I mean AUSONIUS [7]. But in purſuance of my Deſign, I am forced in ſpite of my ſelf, to ſpeak of him, nay, and to ſpeak ill of him. What can be finer than his congratulatory Oration to the Emperor, upon the occaſion of his Conſulſhip? PLINY the Younger would have envy'd him this Compoſition. What can be more ingenious, than the Puniſhment of CUPID in the Elyſian Fields [8], and thoſe Sufferings and Reproaches which the Heroines made him undergo, who had all of them ſome cauſe to complain of him?

He muſt, to the loſs of his reputation, amuſe himſelf in that employment, which of all things in the world, is moſt unworthy of a learned man. Judge how much time he muſt throw away in picking up ſometimes a beginning of a Verſe in VIRGIL, ſometimes an end; and tacking all theſe different parts together, in order to compoſe a poor wretched *Cento* [9]. What ſhall I ſay of thoſe Expreſſions of VIRGIL, which tho' they are harmleſs and inoffenſive as they lie ſcatter'd in him; yet as AUSONIUS has managed and ſorted them, they are guilty of all the Obſcenity that the moſt defiled Imagination can think of. Can any thing be ſo fantaſtick as this man was? He that was Author of a grave and ſolemn Diſcourſe which he addreſſes to a great Emperor: he that was a Maſter of Wit and Learning, as his Books evidently ſhew, notwithſtanding all this proſtitutes his Muſe, and compoſes an infamous

[7] *See his Article in Mr. Bayle's* Dictionary.
[8] *In his Poem, entitled* Cupido cruci-affixus.
[9] Cento nuptialis.

mous Poem out of ſeveral Scraps of Verſes very innocent in themſelves.

A man may condemn theſe Indecencies without deſerving the Title of a Moroſe. Many perſons can ſcarce ſpare VIRGIL for the Interview of ÆNEAS and DIDO in the Cave:

Speluncam Dido, Dux & Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt [10].

Nor are they more favourable to HOMER, for what paſs'd between JUNO and JUPITER upon Mount Olympus.

Theſe two great and illuſtrious Authors have avoided a thouſand occaſions, where any other Writers would certainly have ſhipwrack'd their Credit. If PARIS and HELENA converſe together in the *Ilias*, 'tis only to reproach one another. CALYPSO, CIRCE and the SYRENS in the *Odyſſea*, ſay nothing that offends Modeſty. Neither does ULYSSES abuſe the Favours of the Princeſs NAUSICAA.

He that has a Soul truly great and noble, a vaſt Genius, an Imagination clear and comprehenſive, will never ſtoop and deſcend to that Meanneſs which I here condemn.

[10] *Virgil*, Æneid. *Lib.* IV.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of the Exactneſs of Reaſoning.

THOSE Qualities, by which moſt people ſeek to diſtinguiſh themſelves, are commonly ſuch as they are not maſters of. To praiſe a Perfection, which of it ſelf is valuable, is not a ſufficient Title for a man to ground a Right of Propriety upon. Pride aſſumes to itſelf this ſpecious Title: but there will be always a vaſt difference between eſteeming what deſerves to be ſo, and actually poſſeſſing it.

Examples do not authorize a fault; and I would not by my good-will fall into one; altho' it be eaſy to obſerve, that the moſt celebrated Authors in the world, and thoſe that are juſtly valued for their good Senſe, have not been able to exempt themſelves from Errors, when they came to defend and maintain thoſe Opinions, which they had once eſpouſed.

Obſtinacy, tho' it be that diſpoſition of Mind, which of all others, is the moſt repugnant to Reaſon, paſſed with theſe Gentlemen for a mark of good Senſe; and nothing could be more ambiguous or perplexing, than their Diſcourſes.

The Carteſian looks upon his Notion of the different diſpoſition of parts, to be a new Diſcovery, reſerved for the inquiſitive Genius of this Age; and runs down the ancient Syſtem, as a confuſed medly of Nonſenſe and Ignorance.

At the ſame time that this modern Virtuoſo values himſelf upon the diſcovery of *Materia ſubtilis*, and the Effects which he aſcribes to it; the old Philoſopher looks down with pity upon him, and is heartily ſatisfy'd in his conſcience, that what he

advances is not a jot more evident and ſatisfactory, than the *Occult Qualities* of ARISTOTLE.

This has made me think more than once, that a man muſt never expect to arrive to any exactneſs of Reaſoning, till he has ſhaken off the yoke of dependance, and freed himſelf from the ſervitude of being blindly governed by any character, or party of men whatever.

Some years ago we were univerſally over-run in the French Tongue, with certain vicious modes of ſpeaking, and we muſt not forſooth make uſe of the firſt Perſons. As for inſtance, if a Phyſician ask'd his Patient about the State of his Body, he receiv'd no other Anſwer than that, *They*[1] *have paſs'd the night very uneaſily*; that *They had felt great pains*; that *They were exceeding weak*, &c. And as the Phyſician was obliged in intereſt to pay ſome reſpect to this Gibberiſh, he accordingly returned his Anſwer in the ſame Key, *They order you*; *They adviſe you*; *They deſire you*, &c. In a word, this nonſenſical humour, was the crying ſin, not only of private Converſations, but likewiſe of Books. This they were pleaſed to call Modeſty and Humility[2]. But for my part, I think it was Hypocriſy and Affectation in Perſons of Quality; and the meaneſt, as well as moſt ſervile Imitation in thoſe of a meaner rank.

There is a great difference between other peoples thoughts and mine; and I am obliged to expreſs that difference. If I am to ſpeak of a general Diſpoſition, as for example of that Eſteem which all men have for Virtue; I may thus expreſs my ſelf:

[1] *In French* on, *which is much the ſame with the Engliſh*, They, One, *or* People.

[2] *The Janſeniſts brought into faſhion that kind of Gibberiſh, and thereby did put on a ſhew of an extraordinary Modeſty and Humility. See Mr. Bayle's* Dictionary, *in the Article of* Paſcal, *Rem.* (M.)

ſelf: *PEOPLE have ſo ſtrong an inclination to return to the condition, to which THEY were deſigned by the Creator, that every time ONE reflects upon the beauty of Virtue, he cannot but eſteem and love it.* Now this way of expreſſing one's ſelf is proper enough to deſcribe any general diſpoſitions of the Mind. But when a man talks only of his own particular opinion, I affirm that 'tis a treſpaſs againſt good ſenſe, to explain himſelf indefinitely; as for inſtance, when he has received a kindneſs, inſtead of ſaying, *I thank you*; to come fooliſhly off with, *THEY are*, or *ONE is extreamly obliged to you.*

I can ſcarce be brought to forgive the Book of a certain modern Author, for the liberty he takes of interpoſing impertinently on every Subject that comes in his way. A Book is a general Converſence, that we propoſe to have with Readers of all ſorts and qualities. It raiſes my ſpleen to ſee him draw his Proofs from an infinite number of little idle Stories, while he conceals from us all the Circumſtances, nay, and tells us in the Preface, that the Names are all feigned. He overwhelms us with Tales of all ſorts, ſerious, and pleaſant, caſuiſtical, and gallant; he knows the Court, the City, the Country; but above all, religious Communities and Preachers. In a word, he has ſuppreſs'd his Name; but any Reader of a tolerable inſight will ſoon diſcover what profeſſion he is of.

The liberty that MONTAGNE takes in his *Eſſays*, is infinitely more excuſable than what this Author uſes. The former, 'tis true, delivers his Thoughts in a Stile, which is ſomewhat too free and familiar; but then after his Digreſſions are over, he always returns to himſelf, who is the principal Subject of his Work; and when that is done, has always ſomething to entertain his Reader. He is no troubleſome Hoſt; but when Converſation fails him, he

has Friends to keep it up, till he has taken a little breath. The Ancients he quotes, nay, even his modern Authors, give us a great deal of delightful Inſtruction; and by this happy mixture we always find a Variety in him which pleaſes.

Some People have taken a world of pains to criticize upon this Author, by racking his Expreſſions, and putting an unjuſt Conſtruction on all he ſays; and indeed few Books have come out from a certain Corner, wherein he has not been ill treated[1]. At the ſame time theſe very Authors read him themſelves, and I dare engage he will be read to the end of the World. I will not now undertake his Apology, but deſire to know what Author is exempt from faults? He that talks frankly of himſelf, is perhaps, no more to be blamed, than he that never talks of himſelf, even when the Connexion of the Diſcourſe naturally leads him to it.

But not to enter into a larger Diſcuſſion at preſent, I content my ſelf to affirm, That the Source and Original of the Exactneſs of Reaſoning, whether in Thoughts or Expreſſions, conſiſts in the Independence and Liberty of the Soul. Nature has not been wanting on her part to give us Ideas enough of Truth; neither do we want Phraſes proper enough to expreſs it, if a man would rather follow his own Conceptions, than thoſe of other men. A ſlaviſh Imitation is deſtructive both of Reaſon and good Senſe. As every man has a peculiar Tone of Voice, which it would be ridiculous for another aukwardly to imitate; ſo every one has a peculiar way of Thinking and Speaking. He that reſolves never to ſpeak but as he thinks, will not always ſpeak wonderful things; but then for his comfort

[1] *Meſſieurs de Port-Royal in their* Art of Thinking, *and Father Malebranche in his* Search after Truth, *have endeavour'd to diſcredit Montagne.*

fort he will ſay nothing that may draw a juſt Cenſure upon him. No one is obliged to think beyond his capacity, and we never tranſgreſs the bounds of good Senſe, but when we aim to go beyond it.

I don't ſay this with an intention to excuſe Lazineſs or Stupidity; for when we know how to make a right uſe of Nature's Gifts, they will grow up with Time: and that Doctor, ſo much cried up in the Schools [4], of which he is now the Head, made but a ſorry figure in the firſt years of his Studies. It was his happineſs that he had nothing to do but to follow a beaten road: that barbarous Age wherein he appeared, had no true taſte either of Languages, or polite Learning. 'Twas enough to lay down a train of Propoſitions, with their ſeveral Proofs, for the benefit of the Monks and ſecular Prieſts. All that they aimed at then, was to cure the Groſſneſs of their Ignorance, as well as they could.

To excel in this excellent ſort of Learning, there was more need of Solidity than Wit, or quickneſs of parts. The *ſubtil Doctor* [5], who followed ſoon after, had like to have ſpoiled all, by ſpinning his Cobwebs too fine; tho' I cannot tell what this Genius would not have been capable of undertaking, had he not been ſhackled by the forms of the Age he lived in, which oblig'd him to vary from the method of PETER LOMBARD, the Maſter of the Scholaſtick Queſtions, who has been ſince ſo little regarded.

'Tis true, that there are Revolutions in the Republick of Letters, as well as in all other States; Things, Faſhions and Humours have their certain period of duration.

'Tis wiſdom to comply with the times we live in. All wiſe men have done it. This fits us for Converſation: however, one would not carry this compliance

[4] *Thomas Aquinas.*
[5] *Duns Scotus.*

ſo far, as to ſacrifice the liberty of one's Reaſon. If a man proportions the Tone of his Voice to the Ear of his Auditors; and if it would be ridiculous to cry out in the preſence of a few people, as loud as before a numerous Aſſembly; certainly the meaſures of things, and the ways of propoſing them, ſhould be taken from the different diſpoſition of the Times wherein we ſpeak.

I don't ſuppoſe that a man is always the ſame; for too many occaſions contribute to make him vary. The ſame Revolution which makes one Age ſucceed another, introduces a new ſcene of Manners. We muſt ſubmit to ſo powerful an Influence, unleſs our Quality or Employments place us above it: or unleſs we feel in our ſelves ſtrength of Genius enough to change the inclination of our Age.

Thus we have known ſome Kings, who by the profound Wiſdom they have ſhewn in all their Actions, have baniſhed Buffoonry, Affectation, and all ſuch ridiculous Follies out of their Courts. We have ſeen ſome Miniſters, who by their Vigilance and Activity have rouzed the moſt lazy Courtiers, and made them, out of emulation, apply themſelves to the moſt uſeful, and ſerious Affairs of State. In like manner we have ſeen the great Orators of our Age, by their ſolid manly Eloquence, baniſh from all publick Harangues, thoſe wretched Points, Quibbles, and falſe Thoughts, which were ſo much admir'd in the laſt Age.

But a man muſt be truly great, to be able to change and reconcile ſo many different Palates. This is a conqueſt that carries its own reward along with it; and the ſingle Thought of following one's ſelf alone, and obliging others to follow us, is of heroick extraction.

Not to ſubmit one's Judgment to that of another, comes very near it. He is a bold man that dares walk by himſelf, eſpecially now-a-days, when our

Books

Books of Morality are filled with nothing elſe but the defects and errors of Mankind. The Avenues to Truth ſeem to be ſhut up, and we find nothing on all ſides but inevitable Miſtakes.

But what influence can Errors have over men of reſolution, who laughing at the Diſputes of the ſeveral Parties that divide the world, only conſult themſelves, when they deſire to be informed?

What ſatisfaction doth not ſuch a man find in diſcovering the Truth, which is comprehended in the Idea that Nature gives us of every thing?

The reaſon why ſo many Diſcourſes, either ſpoken or written, have failed of perſuading, is, becauſe few Perſons eſtabliſhed them upon thoſe Principles, of whoſe truth all men are inwardly convinced.

The whole myſtery of Perſuaſion conſiſts in our building ſolely upon theſe fundamental Truths. Nothing can convince a man but himſelf. Convictions by Inſtruction don't laſt, and produce little or no effect. But when you have once made a man believe, that his opinion is the ſame with yours in the main, and put this compliment upon his Underſtanding, you may manage, and lead him as far as you ſee convenient.

At the ſame time I would adviſe you carefully to avoid the fault of a certain celebrated Author [6], who would oblige all men to have the ſame Conceptions of every thing as he himſelf has. Poſſibly upon ſome other occaſion I may take him to task, but I mightily wonder, that a powerful Society, whom he has not ſpared, ſhould ſtill eſteem him.

I muſt farther add, that I cannot believe him, where he ſays, that men never miſtake when from any Principle or Definition, they deduce Conſequences which are contained in it; for, if we carefully obſerve it, we ſhall find that miſtakes of Judgment chiefly ariſe from thence. Thus, inſtead of

[6] *Mr. Nicole, Author of the* Art of Thinking.

being of his opinion, and asserting, that men mistake in the Principles, and not in the Consequences, I maintain on the other hand, that we are deceived in the Consequences, particularly, when they don't immediately flow from the Principles.

But it was for the interest of his Work to discredit the Rules of ARISTOTLE's Logick. As for me who lie under no manner of obligation to commend them, I am however very sensible that they may be of great service, to show men of weak Judgment, when they do not reason justly, and draw their Consequences aright. But who does not perceive this, as well as my self? Is it not the very same thing that HORACE formerly recommended, when he laid it down as the first and most important Precept of the *Art of Poetry*, (from whence we may draw Rules for all other sorts of Writings) that we should carefully preserve Unity? *Sit simplex quodvis duntaxat & unum.* This Unity so admired by the Antients, what is it else but exactness of Reasoning?

If you want to be farther persuaded of this Truth, consider but a little of HORACE's odd Image, in the beginning of that admirable Epistle, his *Art of Poetry:* can any thing be more monstrously ridiculous, than the disproportion between the different Members that compose that fantastical Figure?

In effect, if DESCARTES deserves Commendation, there is no better Topic to praise his System upon, than the connexion, and coherence of its parts.

I have by me a Book, intitled, *Christian Meditations* upon the Truths of our Faith. The Author I believe to have been a pious man, upon the reputation he has in the world. But as he writ it in Latin, because he was not master enough of the French Tongue, one of his Brethren was order'd to translate it, and he succeeded in the attempt well enough. Now as a Translator makes it his particular business to acquaint himself with his Author,

he

he is better able to diſcover his Imperfections, than another man. Thus our Tranſlator preſently found out, that there was not one Argument in the whole Work, directly inferr'd from its Principle; but that all his Concluſions were indirect, oblique, and ſuch as did not derive their Truth from the Principles, on which they were built. Had he rectified this default, he had not properly tranſlated, but made a new Piece.

We hear nothing in the Pulpit more common from our Preachers, than an Apology for the Deſign of their Sermon, and for the Diviſion or Method which they pretend to obſerve. But when this Apology is once over, the Parſon is the firſt man that forgets it; he rambles, he makes digreſſions, and arrives at Life everlaſting, without ſo much as touching upon that Method, he promiſed to follow.

This is the fault of thoſe perſons who affect to ſpeak politely, and neglect the exactneſs of Reaſoning.

There never was perhaps, unleſs we except the Auguſtan Age, a more flouriſhing Reign of Latin, than towards the laſt Century. But it were to be wiſhed, that the Authors of that time, who were only Grammarians, or at beſt but ſo many agreeable Declaimers, had not taken upon them to deliver their opinions ſo dogmatically in matters of Religion.

As they wholly applied themſelves to the ſtudy of the learned Languages, 'tis not to be expected that they ſhould reaſon with exactneſs enough upon elevated matters, of which they had but a very ſuperficial knowledge. If they had been wiſer, they would have confined their Juriſdiction to prophane Authors, as Monſieur LE FEVRE of Saumur has done in our days with ſucceſs; and the Author of the Remarks upon HORACE, may arrive to a twelfth Volume, without being condemn'd

for

for it. The Reader will run through the *Antiquities* of ROSINUS in him, with leſs uneaſineſs, becauſe the Reading of the *Poet* will perpetually relieve him. 'Tis a large and open field, that of the Roman and Grecian Antiquities. We have free leave to throw away our time in Reading them, or writing upon them, without any danger of being call'd to an account for it, by any but our ſelves.

But to meddle with ſacred Books, when we have no other Knowledge but what we have borrowed out of prophane Authors, is to go beyond our Sphere. Good Senſe requires that we ſhould ſuit our ſelves both to our Subject, and to our Reader. If this be never ſo little neglected, we muſt expect nothing that is juſt and exact.

OF STUDY AND CONVERSATION.

CONverſation is an advantage peculiar to man, as well as Reaſon. 'Tis the bond of Society, and by it the commerce of a civil Life is kept up. The Mind communicates its Thoughts, and the Heart expreſſes its Inclinations; in ſhort, Friendſhip is contracted and kept up by the ſame means.

The Converſation of two Friends renders their Happineſs and their Misfortunes common: it augments their Pleaſures, and leſſens their Afflictions. Nothing alleviates Grief ſo much, as the liberty of complaining; nothing makes one more ſenſible of Joy, than the delight of expreſſing it. In a word, man is ſo far born to be ſociable, that this Quality is no leſs eſſential to him than Reaſon.

To fly from Company, is to act againſt the Intention of Nature; to live always in a Solitude, one muſt be ſomething more than Man, or leſs than Brute. There is a ſort of Communication, even between Beaſts. Many Philoſophers have affirmed that they have a particular Language, and ſeveral Experiments induce us to believe it.

However, 'tis certain, that there are no Beaſts upon earth ſo wild, as ſome men who ſolemnly profeſs a Contempt and Averſion for all thoſe of their own Species; like that extravagant Citizen of

of Athens [1], who never ſpoke to any one, but he adviſed him to hang himſelf, and took care to contrive his Epitaph ſo, as to curſe Mankind after his death.

A man muſt have his mind ſtrangely over-run with Melancholy, to be able to lead a ſavage Life, and always to remain in obſcurity. I don't pretend to cenſure thoſe, whoſe ſilence and retirement have been conſecrated to Religion: on the contrary, I admire them. That Principle which has diſpos'd them to chuſe a Life ſo repugnant to Nature, obliges us to have them in veneration. As nothing is more extraordinary than the virtue of a true Anchoret, ſo nothing is more inimitable, and better deſerves our Commendation.

But it is certain, that amongſt thoſe, whom a real Call, or a Fancy which we are often apt to miſtake for that, have given a diſlike of the world, there are but very few that perſevere in their condition to the end with the ſame zeal. The ſtate of a ſolitary man, is a ſtate of Violence. Natural Inſtinct, which makes him love Society, at laſt gets the maſterſhip, and everlaſtingly poſſeſſes him with a regret for having forſaken it. After all, to be conceal'd all one's life, is that living? What diſtinction is there between death and retirement, between ſolitude and the grave?

To live then as man, 'tis neceſſary to converſe with men; 'tis fit Converſation ſhould be the moſt agreeable Pleaſure of Life; but 'tis alſo fit that it ſhould be regulated. We ought to enjoy it with choice, and moderate the uſe of it with diſcretion. There is nothing more advantageous, and nothing more dangerous: as too long a retirement weakens the Mind, ſo too much Company diſſipates it. It is good ſometimes to recollect one's ſelf; nay, 'tis

[1] *Timon.*

even

even neceſſary to give an exact account of one's Words, one's Thoughts to one's ſelf, and of the progreſs one hath made in Wiſdom. A man that would reap the fruits of Reading and Converſation, and improve by what he has ſeen, muſt be no ſtranger to Silence, Repoſe and Meditation.

There muſt be a time for Study, and a time for thoſe Affairs that are inſeparable from our Profeſſion. Converſation cannot take up our Life: theſe two other Duties deſerve to be preferr'd before it. Ignorance ſits always ſcandalous upon a Gentleman; his quality doth not excuſe, and the world doth not ſufficiently inſtruct him. When a man knows how to make an equal mixture of theſe things, he cannot fail to diſtinguiſh himſelf exceedingly from thoſe that apply themſelves but to one of them.

Study is the moſt ſolid nouriſhment of the Mind; 'tis the ſource of its moſt noble Acquiſitions: 'tis Study that increaſes our natural Talent; but 'tis Converſation that ſets it on work, and refines it. It is the great Book of the World, that teaches us the uſe of other Books, and can improve a learned Man, into a compleat Gentleman.

In a word, Study makes a greater difference between a learned and an ignorant Man, than there is between an ignorant Man and a Brute: but the air of the World makes a greater diſtinction ſtill, between a polite and a learned perſon. Knowledge begins the Gentleman, and the Correſpondence of the World gives him the finiſhing ſtroke.

However, it has been obſerv'd, that ſome extraordinary Genius's have paſs'd on the ſudden from the Meditations of the Cloſet, to the moſt difficult Employments: but theſe men ought not to be cited for Examples. When a man, intoxicated with reading, makes his firſt ſtep into the World, 'tis generally a falſe one. If he only adviſes himſelf by his Books, he runs the hazard of being always an ungenteel

genteel man. Immoderate Study begets a groſſneſs in his Mind, and vitiates his Sentiments; the converſation of his Friends muſt aſſiſt and refine him.

'Tis no common Bleſſing to meet with a faithful, ſenſible, diſcreet Friend; *faithful*, to conceal nothing from us; *ſenſible*, to remark our Faults; and *diſcreet*, to reprehend us for them. But to be able to believe and follow his advice, is the perfection of happineſs. It frequently happens, that we take a pride in following our own Conceits; like thoſe Travellers that loſe their way for want of taking a Guide, or enquiring for the Road.

I muſt confeſs indeed, that a man who is ſenſible of his own Abilities, and knows the Advantages of his Mind; that man (I ſay) who aſpires to Glory, and intends to raiſe his Reputation, ought to dread even the ſuſpicion of being governed.

Dependance is inſupportable to a man of Spirit, eſpecially that of the Mind. When any one pretends to exerciſe a Tyranny upon the freeſt part of our Soul, 'tis a hard matter not to revolt againſt Reaſon, out of contradiction to the perſon that reaſons.

There needs as much diſcretion to give Advice, as compliance to follow it: nothing is ſo dreadful as a Friend, that takes the advantage of his own experience, that propoſes all his Counſels as Laws, and with the air of a Maſter, that takes from us the privilege of examining what he ſays, and would force the Mind by Authority, rather than win it by Argument. Such a man never fails to cite himſelf for an Example. He applies the Obſervations of the old Court upon all occaſions. He brings his own adventures for proofs, and has ſeen all that he advances: every thing that he ſays, is over-ſtretch'd, and the fear he is under of not ſaying enough to perſuade, makes him always ſay too much to be believed.

Yet

Yet to receive Advice implicitly, and without conſideration, is no leſs to be blamed, than to give it in a rude imperious manner. It is our intereſt to overcome the one, and to ſoften the other. Sometimes we ſhould aſſiſt the Liberty of him that informs us, by accepting his Counſels with readineſs.

Good Advice loſeth its force in the mouth of a Friend, who is too complaiſant; when he expreſſes himſelf earneſtly, he ſtirs up our hearts the more, he invites our attention the better; wholeſome Remedie ſeldom have an agreeable taſte, and the beſt-humour'd Phyſicians are not thoſe, that do us always the moſt good.

We ought to look upon our-ſelves as infirm, ſo long as we have need of Advice. But, alas! who has not need of it? If the Advice is good, why ſhould we reject it, becauſe it is not delivered with a good grace? We ought to conſider, whether we cannot draw ſome advantage from it, before we throw it aſide. Nay, we ought not in intereſt to reject all bad Advice, leſt by ſo doing, we diſcourage thoſe Perſons, who may ſometimes adviſe us well.

At the worſt, though we ſhou'd reap no other benefit from it, than barely to learn how to overcome our nicety, and to cure our-ſelves of what diſpleaſes us in another, is not this enough to oblige us to give ear to them, and to thank them for their pains?

A bad Example may ſerve to deter us from evil, as a good one to excite us to what is good: let us reap the advantage of it, from whatever part it comes, and after whatever manner 'tis given us.

'Tis our buſineſs to diſtinguiſh Gold from Earth; we find it ſeldom pure, but 'tis never the leſs Gold: 'tis the fault of the Workman, not the Metal.

We meet ſometimes with men of exquiſite Senſe, that have not the gift of explaining themſelves. We ought to diſpenſe with the defect of their Expreſſion

and take the benefit of their good Senſe. Others have an eaſineſs of Speech, and go no farther than the outſide of things. Let us imitate what is good in their Language, and penetrate further into the Truth than they do.

There are others likewiſe, who have drudged all their life to make themſelves learned, but were never able to make themſelves agreeable men: we eſteem their Knowledge, but their Manner is little taking with us: we ſhould be glad of improving our-ſelves by their Learning, but are not able to endure their Ill-humour.

Our unwillingneſs to bear with this, hinders us from reaping the Advantages we might otherwiſe receive from their Converſation; we prefer the Diſcourſe of an ignorant Flatterer, before the Converſation of a learned Man, when he is morоſe and ſevere. The Authority which he uſurp over us, is indeed troubleſome; but is not this a privilege acquired by age? If he lets us partake of what he knows, is it too great an Acknowledgment to pay ſeeming ſubmiſſion to his Sentiments?

Yet I would not have this Submiſion blind. It is juſt we ſhould reſerve to our-ſelves the liberty of arguing upon what he ſays: but we muſt anſwer him with a great deal of deference. We ought not to contradict him, but with a deſign to inſtruct our-ſelves better; we ſhould comply with Reaſon, as ſoon as it appears, and give our aſſent to it, though it comes out of the mouth of a Pedant.

However, let us not receive his Doctrine without examination; let us not eſtabliſh our opinion upon that of another; for 'tis in matters of Faith alone, that a man ought to follow his Maſter implicitly.

To be able to paſs a true Judgment upon things, we ought always to be upon our guard againſt the Reputation of him that ſpeaks them; the air of the Face, the manner of Speaking, the quality, the time, the

the place, all help to impoſe upon you. You hear the Court applaud every word that comes from BAUTRU, becauſe he ſometimes ſays very good things. Admiration is the mark of a little Genius, and your great Admirers are for the moſt part very ſhallow people. They want to be informed, when 'tis proper to laugh; the upper Gallery, which has no other knowledge than what Nature gave them, judge better of a Play, than our fine Sparks that crowd the Stage.

The greateſt Secret then to ſucceed in Converſation, is, to admire little, to hear much; always to diſtruſt our own Reaſon, and ſometimes that of our Friends; never to pretend to Wit, but to make that of others appear as much as we can; to hearken to what is ſaid, and to anſwer to the purpoſe. In a word, to practiſe that Precept of HORACE,

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici [a].

OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE firſt Friendſhip in the world, is that which aroſe in the boſom of Families. The continual habitude of being always together, and of conſidering, that we are, as it were, of the ſame blood; the ſame opinions in which we are brought up; the conformity we find between one another; the communication of ſecrets, of affairs, and intereſts; all theſe things contribute as much to its production, as Nature itſelf: they conſecrate at leaſt the name of Brother, Siſter, and the reſt, as much

[a] *Horat.* de Arte Poet. *V.*43.

as the tye of the ſame blood. For whatever is affirmed of certain natural inclinations, which a man feels at the meeting of thoſe Relations, which are as yet unknown to him; it is certain that the examples uſed to prove it are either aggravated or uncommon; or that we ſhould treat one another like mere Strangers, if we were not to conſider them as our ſecond ſelves. This therefore is the firſt conjunction of our hearts.

It were to be wiſh'd that this firſt Friendſhip would continue during life in the ſame condition, wherein we find it in our firſt years. But it decays inſenſibly. In the firſt place, by the great number of perſons whereof a Family is compos'd: for it is a certain principle, that Friendſhip cannot long ſubſiſt between many perſons. Beſides, a man leaves his Family in order to eſtabliſh himſelf in the world. He enters by marriage into new Alliances: or by profeſſing a particular Piety, he goes out of his Family, without having the pleaſure of adopting another. Thus he contracts on one ſide, in ſome ſort, an obligation to forget his Parents; and on the other, a duty of loving new ones. What ſhall I ſay of the Intereſt which ſo often divides Families? But ſuppoſe there is nothing of that in the caſe, yet a bare ſeparation leſſens ſomething of the firſt Affection. During this abſence, a man inſenſibly contracts particular habits, whether for the conduct of his life, or for his fortune, or in relation to the government of his Family. The firſt bond of Friendſhip is ſcarce of any further uſe afterwards, than to make us exert our ſelves ſomewhat more than otherwiſe we would do, if they were not our Relations; and to behave our ſelves with care enough not to come ſhort of others in any thing that relates to them.

Not but that when there happens any eſſential occaſion of being ſerviceable to them, we take a pride

pride in not being wanting on our part. Thus this firſt Friendſhip, which is tender in the firſt years, which inſenſibly ſlackens as we grow up, appears, notwithſtanding, always ſtrong, when any important intereſt is in agitation. For my part, I believe, that of all ſorts of Friendſhip, this ought to be managed with moſt care.

There is a ſecond kind of Friendſhip, which has alſo its perfections and imperfections, as well as the firſt we have ſpoken of. It is that between a Huſband and Wife, when they enter without conſtraint, into the ſtate of Matrimony, and preſerve a good intelligence on both ſides. It has ſomewhat of that Friendſhip which is between a ſuperior and inferior; ſince the Laws have declar'd that women ought to conſider their Huſbands as their Maſters; and the men, in good manners, are oblig'd to receive no homage from their Wives, but only in order to give up that right to them immediately, and voluntarily to pay them that deference which the law and cuſtom require they ſhould pay their Husbands. When people live together after this decent manner, they maintain a continual commerce of eſteem; they taſte all the delicacies of Love; they have the pleaſure of loving, and of being belov'd, and even make a glory of this Friendſhip. I am of opinion, that it is in this mixture of Tenderneſs, this return of Eſteem; or, if you will, this mutual Ardor to overcome one another, by obliging Tokens, in which the Sweetneſs of this ſecond Friendſhip conſiſts.

I ſpeak not of other Pleaſures, which are not ſo great in themſelves, as in the aſſurance they give us of the perfect poſſeſſion of thoſe perſons whom we love. This appears to me ſo true, that I am not afraid to affirm, that if a man was otherwiſe aſſured of the perfect Affection of a Wife, he would eaſily bear his being deprived of her com-

pany; and that these Pleasures ought not to enter into Friendship, but as tokens and proofs that it is without reserve. Few persons, 'tis true, are capable of the purity of these Thoughts. And therefore a perfect Friendship, is rarely observed in Marriages, at least it seldom continues long. The Object of gross Passion is not able to support so noble a commerce as Friendship. After it has produced it, and maintain'd for some time the shadow and resemblance of it, Indifference, Contempt, and other new Passions, soon spring up to efface it. Even the constraint one is always under, to keep the same Society, lessens somewhat the value of Perseverance. We lose by degrees, the confidence we had of being loved: we enter into suspicions, jealousies, and disquiets; and can hardly conceal them, in the necessity we have of living eternally together. From thence arise mistrusts, complaints and quarrels. The Children are at this time, the only bonds which retain Man and Wife in their duty. These are the pledges and fruits of their first Affection: 'tis an interest that binds them at the very moment, when their hearts incline to a separation. But when a man speaks of Friendship, or hears it every day mention'd; he is not to understand it either of this first or second kind.

It is of a Species altogether particular. The world pretends, that it should only be between two persons; that it requires whole years to form itself; that Virtue alone is the Foundation of it; that it continues for ever; that it is a perfect Communication of all things: in a word, that there is made of these two persons a change so effectual, that they mutually transform themselves into one another. Authors triumph upon this Portraicture; nay, they give it finer colours than I do. Notwithstanding I believe I may without rashness assert, that these ingenious Painters, who afford us such illustrious

luſtrious Copies of Friendſhip, never yet beheld the Originals. In truth, 'tis natural for us to take a pleaſure in exaggerating matters: and the firſt moment we begin a Book, or a Diſcourſe, we forget that our Heroes are but men, and that we ſpeak to men.

But a man muſt avoid likewiſe to take for Friendſhip, I know not how many correſpondences he meets in the courſe of his life, which certainly don't deſerve this glorious title.

To partake together in ſome diverſion, to be engag'd ſometimes in the ſame converſations, to meet often at Court, or in Town; ſuch kind of Acquaintances cannot aſſure a man of a ſolid Friendſhip. All theſe things generally happen by pure chance; and 'tis Fortune that produces theſe different occaſions. What ſhare can the heart enjoy in all this, but the intereſt of ſome pleaſure? and can this intereſt beget a true and perfect Friendſhip? 'Tis true, we love perſons that are eaſy, or ſuch as are pleaſant and agreeable; we are delighted to be where they are, and give them a favourable reception. We have alſo more particular regards for thoſe that have the reputation of having great numbers of Friends; of being Men of intrigue, and of being able to ſerve us upon occaſion. For to ſpeak agreeable things, and to be capable of doing uſeful ones, are two great ſteps towards an introduction into the moſt inacceſſible hearts.

But 'tis no leſs true, that thoſe perſons whom we only know upon this bottom, ſhould not put that Friendſhip we entertain for them, to too ſtrong a proof. A man will hardly go to the price of purchaſing the pleaſure which the Converſation of a Wit affords: and it is the common practice of the world, to refer to others the care of ſerving a perſon, who doth nothing but divert us,

If we consider it well, we shall observe, that it is this sort of Friendship, which, as imperfect, and as common as it is, doth not cease to form a Civility, by which our conduct is regulated, and which is, as it were, the foundation of the publick Peace.

'Tis that which instructs us how to live; and this manner of living comprehends an infinite number of small inferiour Duties, without which the world would be in confusion.

A Friendship more exact is a Prodigy; and the Examples of it are so rare, that a man may easily reckon them.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS UPON THE DOCTRINE OF EPICURUS.[1]

EVERY one knows that the greateſt part of men condemn EPICURUS, and reject his Doctrine, not only as unworthy of a Philoſopher, but what is more ſevere, as dangerous to the Commonwealth. They make no ſcruple to give out that a man becomes vicious from the very moment he declares himſelf one of his Diſciples; that his opinions are directly contrary to good Manners; and thus they cover his name with all imaginable Scandal and Infamy.

Notwithſtanding all this, the Stoicks, who were his greateſt Enemies, never treated him ſo ill; they combated his Hypotheſis, but never invaded his Reputation; and the Books they have left us, plainly diſcover in ſeveral places the ſingular eſteem, and reſpect they had for him.

[1] *Theſe* Reflections *were written by the ingenious Monſieur Saraſin. See his Encomium by M. de St. Evremond,* Vol. II. pag. 417, 418.

From whence then proceeds this extraordinary difference? and why don't we rather follow the opinion of the Wise? It is an easy matter to give the true reason of it, which is, that we don't do as they do. We don't vouchsafe to inform our-selves truly, but blindly adhere to what is told us. Without instructing our-selves in the nature of things, we judge those to be best that have the most Examples, and the greatest crowd of Admirers; we don't follow Reason, but only the Resemblances of it. We stiffly retain our Errors, because they are countenanced by those of other men. We rather chuse to believe implicitly, than to put our-selves to the expence of judging; and are so strangely unjust as to conclude, that the Antiquity of an Opinion is a sufficient title to authorize us to defend it, even in defiance to Reason it self.

This, in short, is one of the Causes that has made EPICURUS fall into the publick hatred, and has prevail'd with almost the greater part of mankind to discard him out of the number of Philosophers. We have condemn'd him without condescending to know him, we have banish'd him without hearing him speak for himself; nay, we have deny'd him the justice to explain his own Sentiments.

But after all, in my opinion, the chief and indeed the most plausible pretence that men have had to despise his Doctrine, has been the irregular Life of some Libertines, who, as they have abused the name of this Philosopher, so they have ruined the Reputation of his Sect.

These people have recommended their own Vices under the reputation of his Wisdom; they have corrupted his Doctrine by their ill living, and following the crowd, came over to his party, only because they understood that Pleasure was mightily commended by them.

All

All the miſchief is, that they would not know what this Pleaſure was, and what theſe Praiſes meant; that they contented themſelves with his name in general; that they made it ſerve as a Veil to their Debaucheries: and that they quoted the authority of ſo great a man to ſupport the diſorders of their Life. So that inſtead of profiting by the ſage Counſels of this Philoſopher, or correcting their vicious Inclinations in his School, they loſt the only good quality they had left them, and that is, the ſhame of ſinning.

They arrived to ſuch a pitch as to commend thoſe very Actions they bluſhed at formerly; they took a pride in thoſe Vices they had the diſcretion to conceal before; and at laſt without the leaſt remorſe or ſhame, they blindly followed the Pleaſure they brought along with them, and not that which he would have taught them.

In the mean time the World has paſſed judgment by theſe Appearances, and obſerving that a ſort of people who called themſelves Philoſophers, were extreamly debauched, that they made a publick profeſſion of their Crimes, that they cited EPICURUS to authorize their Idleneſs, their Impurity, and their Lewdneſs; they made no difficulty to pronounce the Doctrine of this Philoſopher to be pernicious, and to compare his Diſciples to the uncleaneſt Animals in nature:

Epicuri de grege porcum.

The Affairs of EPICURUS had been in a very ill condition, if ſome diſintereſted perſons had not taken care to do him juſtice; and freed themſelves from the prejudices of the multitude, whoſe Opinions are generally oppoſite to thoſe of the wiſe.

For ſome generous perſons have been found, who have throughly informed themſelves of this Philoſopher's way of living; who ſcorning to be determined

by

by the common Belief, have penetrated farther into the matter, and after a due inquiry have produced very authentick Teſtimonies, both of the probity of his Mind, and the purity of his Doctrine.

Theſe Gentlemen have publiſhed in the face of the world, that his Pleaſure was as ſevere as the Virtue of the Stoicks; and that a man who had a mind to be as debauched as EPICURUS, muſt alſo for his comfort be as ſober as ZENO.

And to ſay the truth, it is highly incredible that a man to whom his Country erected ſeveral Statues; whoſe Friends inhabited all the Cities of Greece; who loved the worſhip of the Gods, and the proſperity of his Country; who was celebrated for his Piety to his Parents, his Liberality to his Brothers, and his ſweet Carriage to his Slaves; whoſe Modeſty hindred him from meddling with State-Affairs, and whoſe ordinary Suſtenance was nothing but Bread and Water: it is highly incredible, I ſay, that ſuch a man ſhould ever give precepts of Debauchery, or teach his Diſciples the practice of thoſe Vices, which he naturally abhorred.

On the contrary, as if this excellent Perſon had been apprehenſive, that the Title he gave his Philoſophy might be ſo far abuſed, as to encourage wicked Inclinations; and that men in After-ages might calumniate this Pleaſure, wherein he placed the ſovereign Good: as if he had foreſeen the unjuſt Averſion of the following Ages, and the Irregularities of ſome Libertines that would abuſe his Doctrine, he took care himſelf to make an apology for it, and ſatisfied the world, that the Pleaſure he ſpeaks of was auſtere and ſober.

I am not ſo vain as to believe that my bare word will be taken for this, and therefore will produce one of his Letters, wherein any one may be able to read his true Sentiments. It is addreſſed to one MENECEUS, and now obſerve after what manner he explains himſelf.

Al-

Although, my dear MENECEUS, *we ſay that Pleaſure is the End of man, we would by no means be ſuppoſed to ſpeak of infamous leud Pleaſures that proceed from intemperance and ſenſuality. This ill inference can only be made by thoſe perſons who are wholly ignorant of our precepts, or elſe combat them; who abſolutely reject them, or pervert the true meaning of them.*

By this ſingle Fragment one may perceive how careful he was to preſerve the innocence of his Doctrine againſt calumny and ignorance; that he well foreſaw that only thoſe two things were capable to decry it; and in effect, as we have already obſerved, they have ruined his reputation with the greateſt part of the world.

His Life, as ſober and innocent as it was, could not eſcape cenſure, or free him from an infinite number of lyes and invectives: but thoſe that have written it, after having recounted the ſeveral calumnies of his enemies, have immediately refuted them; and at the ſame time that they publiſhed our Philoſopher's Hiſtory, have likewiſe publiſhed his Apology.

As it is not my deſign to entertain you with a narration of his Actions, but only to defend his Pleaſure, I ſhall ſend you back to DIOGENES LAERTIUS for the account of his Life; and ſhall content my ſelf to philoſophize upon the nature of this Pleaſure, that has created him ſo many enemies; and examine whether it is of ſuch a heinous character, that we ought to caſhier thoſe perſons from the number of honeſt men, that defend and follow it.

To live according to Nature, and not to feel any pain, is what EPICURUS calls living voluptuouſly. Now I am of opinion, that there is nothing in this

that

that deſerves to be condemn'd; that ſuch a Life as this does not merit cenſure; that no Republick in the world was ever ſo ſevere as to diſapprove it.

To live according to Nature, is to follow right Reaſon. The bounds ſhe preſcribes us, are thoſe of Innocence. There is nothing in her but what is equitable and equal.

'Tis not long of her that Avarice came into the world. She induſtriouſly conceal'd gold in the intrails of the vileſt element, and we have dug it from thence.

She is not the cauſe of that ambition that torments us; ſhe brings us all equal into the world, and ſo ſhe takes us out of it.

We don't differ one from another, any farther than we corrupt her. Do you think it is ſhe that excites us to pleaſures? The Poets themſelves that have lodged all manner of extravagancies in Heaven, that ſo they might ſin with authority, and who have repreſented JUPITER weak and vitious, out of a deſign to copy a God in their own irregular Lives, were never guilty of the preſumption to do it. They have preſerved its purity whole and entire; and in deſcribing her age, have not taken notice of the luxury that became ſo rampant in the following ones.

Hear what they ſay, and they will tell you, that Acorns were then the nouriſhment of Mankind, that Rivers quench'd their thirſt, that they dwelt in Caves, that they had no Apparel to defend them from the cold, and that they follow'd Nature in all their actions.

I know very well, that things did not paſs after this manner, and that the firſt Inhabitants of the earth never lived in this ſtrange ſimplicity, which is more proper to the ſtupidity of Beaſts, than the politeneſs of Men. The Poets have carried matters too far, but their meaning was, that our extravagancies

gancies don't proceed from Nature, that she never recommended them to us, that it is not she which says,

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis,
Atque Afræ volucres placent palato
Quod non sunt faciles.

That she did not invent vain gaudy Equipages, purple Habits, and a long Train of Lacqueys; and in fine, that it is we who abuse the Gifts of Heaven, and the Advantages we have over the rest of the Creation.

What then can be the meaning of living according to Nature? Must we abstain from those things she has made us masters of? I don't pretend that, but am rather inclin'd to believe, we ought to make use of them, provided it be done, pursuant to her dictates.

We ought to use these things after such a manner, that we may easily part with them; we ought to be masters of them, and not slaves to them; we should not impatiently desire to attain them, nor abandon our selves to despair upon the loss of them. Let us quietly enjoy them as occasion serves, but not search after them with inquietude and pain.

There is no condition that does not sit well upon a wise man. For this reason, I shall never quarrel with a Philosopher for living in a Palace, but at the same time shall not excuse him, if he can't content himself with a Cottage. I shall not be scandalized to behold him in the Apparel of Kings, provided he has not their Ambition.

Let ARISTIPPUS possess the riches of CROESUS, it matters not; he will throw them away as soon as they incommode him.

Let

Let PLATO ſit down at the table of DIONYSIUS the Tyrant; ſometimes he will eat nothing but Olives.

We don't at all blame the poſſeſſion of Riches; we only condemn thoſe perſons that are mere Slaves to their Wealth.

Poverty of itſelf will never make us wiſe; it may indeed render us incapable of committing certain diſorders; but then there are others which it cannot remedy.

The ſordid eating of the CYNICS did neither contribute to their tranquillity, nor to their modeſty.

Ambition follow'd DIOGENES into his tub; and there it was he had the preſumption to command ALEXANDER the proudeſt of all men.

All external accidents will become indifferent to us, if we have moderation of Soul; that is, if we are wiſe, and follow the dictates of Nature.

I own 'tis harder to follow them in Abundance, than in Neceſſity; and that our moderation has much leſs to apprehend from the Miſeries of Adverſity, than the Snares of Plenty: but then 'tis infinitely more glorious to ſurmount them; and the loſs of falſe Joys does only recommend to us the poſſeſſion of ſolid ones.

A Man does but faintly, if at all, reliſh that Felicity which coſts him nothing, and for which he's oblig'd to mere Chance. It is neceſſary that Wiſdom ſhould give it us: nay ſometimes it is neceſſary that Pain itſelf ſhould lead us to Pleaſure.

One that enters the Liſts at the Olympick Games with a deſign to fight, in caſe no body offers to appear againſt him, may well enough be crowned; but for this does not deſerve the title of victorious.

Storms and Tempeſts give reputation to Pilots. Had the Chaſtity of PENELOPE been never put to the

proof, it might have been ſaid of her, that *ſhe only wanted Gallants to debauch her.*

Let us not therefore fly the World; let us not abandon the Court; let us not hide our ſelves in a Deſart, from whence Philoſophy drew the firſt men. Let us poſſeſs Riches, let us not refuſe to enter upon publick Offices. If we are wiſe, we ſhall enjoy theſe things without the leaſt danger; we ſhall ſteer ſafely by theſe rocks, we ſhall behold all theſe Objects with an indifferent eye. And if they are taken from us, we ſhall teſtify to all the world, by our not caſting our eyes back upon them, that we deſpiſe them, and that we were never wedded to them.

It is ſcandalous for a wiſe man to fly, and to be ſubdued by his deſires, which as they are not in reality according to Nature, ſo they can boaſt of no other credit, than what the depraved Opinion of mankind beſtows upon them.

I have thus in part explained wherein the Pleaſure of the Epicureans conſiſts, what it is they mean by *living up to Nature*; in ſhort, what their Doctrine and true Sentiments are. Let us now conſider whether this opinion deſerves the hatred of mankind; or whether we have any reaſon to ridicule it. Let us examine whether this Pleaſure favours Debauchery and Exceſs, or whether any thing in the world can be more ſober and chaſte.

If you enquire of EPICURUS what it is to *live voluptuouſly*, he will anſwer, that it is to *diſengage our ſelves from too vigorous a purſuit of Riches; to reſiſt and ſuppreſs evil Deſires; to contemn Honours; to make our ſelves maſters of Fortune; and in a word, to enjoy an abſolute and uninterrupted Peace and Repoſe of Mind.*

All his Precepts centre here, true ſincere Pleaſure is only to be found here; and in effect we ought only to ſearch her here; not in a brutal ſatisfaction

of

of the Senſes, nor in any violent emotion of the Appetites.

It is too pure to depend wholly upon the Body; Reaſon is both the miſtreſs and rule of it, the Senſes are only its ſervants: and therefore whatever mighty Delights we may expect to find in good Eating, or in the Pleaſures of the Eye, or in Perfumes and Muſick, yet if we don't come to theſe things with a calmneſs and tranquillity of Soul, we ſhall find our ſelves miſerably diſappointed; we ſhall abuſe our Minds with a falſe Joy, and embrace a Phantom, a mere Appearance of Pleaſure, for Pleaſure itſelf.

Conſume, if you are ſo minded, all the odoriferous Wood of Arabia the Happy, revel in the arms of VENUS, feed upon Nectar and Ambroſia, enjoy all the Pleaſures that the moſt fruitful Poet ever formed in his imagination: all this will but create vexation and bitterneſs, if we feel the leaſt inquietude within; and our Melancholy will force us to complain in the midſt of theſe ſweet Entertainments.

I will give you an example of this, that ſhall fully convince you, how impoſſible it is for a man to reliſh Pleaſure, when his Mind is diſturbed.

You have, without queſtion, read of the mighty Feaſt which TIGELLINUS made for NERO, and therefore may recall this great ſcene of Intemperance into your memory, the luxury and fame of which make no little noiſe even in our times: in all appearance it was the greateſt effort that the moſt exceſſive Prodigality, joined to the moſt exquiſite Niceneſs, could make; in ſhort, it was impoſſible for Senſuality to advance a ſtep beyond it. AGRIPPA's Pond was choſen to be the ſcene of this extraordinary Feaſt; it was kept on board a moſt magnificent Veſſel, which being drawn by an infinite number of others, ſeem'd to move inſenſibly. All theſe Veſſels were curiouſly enrich'd with gold and

ivory;

Ivory; the Rowers were ſo many beautiful Boys, or to ſpeak better, ſo many young CUPIDS or Gods of Love. The Ocean furniſhed this Entertainment with Fiſh; and the ſeveral Provinces of the Empire with a prodigious variety of other diſhes. Not to be tedious, the great plenty of it was only to be matched with the extreme Choiceneſs of the Proviſions. I don't ſpeak of the infamous houſes erected on the banks of this pond, that were all fill'd with Ladies of Quality. I don't ſpeak of the Courtiſans that were here beheld naked. The Night itſelf contributed to the pleaſure of this Debauch; its darkneſs was overcome by an infinite number of Illuminations; and its ſilence agreeably diſturbed by the harmony of ſeveral Conſorts.

Would you now know whether NERO took pleaſure in all theſe things, and whether he parted from the Banquet ſatisfy'd and content? you need only conſider with your ſelf, that he carried the remembrance of his crimes, and the remorſe of his conſcience about him. Having done this, you'll ſoon conclude that Deſpair accompanied him, that he ſuffered as much as the greateſt Criminal, and that altho' his outſide carried the ſhew of a Triumph; yet he was acting a terrible Tragedy within his Soul.

If he felt any Joy 'twas that of frantick perſons; he owed his Pleaſure to his Fury, or his Drunkenneſs, and was no longer happy, than he was abandoned by his Reaſon.

I ſay the ſame thing of thoſe Sots that accompany'd him; for I cannot believe that either SENECA, or THRASEAS PÆTUS, or BAREAS SORANUS, who lived up to Nature amidſt the univerſal corruption of their Age, were in the number of his Gueſts: without doubt he had none but ſuch whom a Life full as irregular as his own made him love; who adviſed him to all his crimes, who were

the executors of them, and before whom he was not obliged to blush.

A herd of such profligate wretches never aspired to true Happiness; there was not one wise man in the whole company: now Pleasure has no influence on minds that are corrupted and spoiled with all sorts of debauchery and excess.

Quemvis media erue turba,
Aut ob avaritiam aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum.

In short, they lay open to all those Passions that disturb the peace of the Soul, and consequently were not in a condition to relish the Pleasure we speak of.

I could wish that Epicurus had been present at this Assembly, and declared his opinion in the face of the world. I am confident he would have spoke the truth before Nero himself; that he would never have dreaded death, which was looked upon by him to be a thing indifferent, and am apt to imagine he would have explained himself after this manner: *O unfortunate Prince! How strangely art thou infatuated to believe, that Pleasure consists in Intemperance, which is as far removed from all Excess, as thou art from true Felicity! Thou draggest thy misery about thee wherever thou goest, and in spight of all thy endeavours, art not able to purchase one moment's repose from thy Conscience. Load thy tables with the most exquisite dainties that were ever eaten; drink the most generous Wines that Greece and Italy can afford; and after this, wallow in all the most abominable varieties of Luxury and Incontinence. Thou wilt find nothing in all this that can satisfy thee, and when thy Body is surfeited with them, thy Mind will still be upon the search after Pleasure. These are not the things that*

render Life happy; it is Prudence only which causes the sovereign Good; which will teach thee to regulate thy Desires according to Nature, and in this regular state thou wilt find what thou wilt never be able to find in these disorders. If thou wanteſt any thing, caſt thy eyes upon this common Mother, and she will give thee wherewith to content thy self easily. Art thou thirsty? she has carefully provided Rivers and Fountains in every place to quench it. Art thou hungry? there is no part of the Universe so barren, but thou may'ſt meet with Fruits to relieve thy self: if thou canſt not be satisfy'd with these things, much leſs ſhalt thou ever be satisfy'd with Exceſs. Pleasure is nothing but a privation of Pain. Conſult thy Hunger and Thirſt, and they will make thee find Pleasure in the simplicity of Nature: and Bread and Water ſhall supply the place of the choiceſt Repaſt thou canſt think of, when once thou haſt need of them. At preſent thou art not in this condition, thou doſt not allow thy ſtomach time to digeſt thy meat: thy intemperance daily lays in a new ſtock of crudities, and haſtens that death which gives thee so many cruel apprehenſions. Thus thou ſitteſt down at Feaſts without finding any Pleasure in them, becauſe thou doſt commit a violence upon Nature, and force her to obey thy Deſires: but know for a certain truth, that they are contrary to her, and that the irregularities of thy Body darken the light of thy Reaſon. Don't imagine therefore to find any reliſh in thoſe Pleasures thou propoſeſt to thy self: it is only to be found in thoſe that are permitted by Nature. The ambition of Subjects carries them to a fond longing after Crowns. If they were once Kings, they would then deſire to be the only Monarchs of the World; and when arrived to that height, they would be calling out for Incenſe and Sacrifices. The Fable of the Giants inſtructs us, that Earth has preſumed to diſpute the pre-eminence with Heaven. 'Tis the ſame in all other wild diſorderly Deſires: no one

is happy but the perſon that knows how to regulate them; and as this can be done by no one but a wiſe man, whoſe peculiar talent it is, ſo it only belongs to him to command the Univerſe. He, and only he, can extract Pleaſure from all things; he alone uſes theſe Delights with ſobriety, and deſpiſes them even while he poſſeſſes them. As for thee, who diſhonoureſt the Race of AUGUSTUS, *and who art the infamy of mankind, over whom the indignation of the Gods has placed thee: do what thou wilt, thou wilt be always miſerable, thou wilt always carry thy Tormenters about thee: thou wilt never free thy ſelf one minute from the horrors of thy Conſcience, and in the midſt of the Regale thou wilt not taſte one drop of Wine, which ſhall not repreſent to thy imagination the Blood of thoſe Innocents, which thy cruelty has ſhed.*

Behold, unleſs I am miſtaken, what EPICURUS would have ſaid upon this occaſion. Behold, how he would have juſtify'd his Philoſophy; behold, how he would have reprimanded the Vices of the Emperor.

But ſince it is utterly impoſſible that the Mind, which is the Judge of Pleaſure, ſhould perfectly reliſh it, if the Body, whoſe miniſtry it uſes, languiſheth under any torment; EPICURUS teaches, that all privation of bodily pain, as well as that of the Mind, is neceſſary for the conſummation of that ſovereign Good, which he calls Pleaſure.

And to ſay the truth, there is ſo immediate a communication between the Mind and the Fleſh, that it is very difficult to ſeparate their Pleaſures and their Sufferings; it is hard to comprehend how the Soul can be perfectly happy, while Diſeaſes afflict its companion the Body: how it can think of Joy, whilſt the violence of Pain extorts complaints from it; or how it can be ſenſible of Pleaſure, whilſt it is preſent in thoſe very places, where the Diſtemper rages.

Let

Let the Stoicks boaſt as long as they pleaſe of the Inſenſibility of their wiſe man, and of this rigorous Virtue that laughs at Pain. When they come once to the ſuffering part, they'll find that their Body is by no means of this opinion, and that although theſe diſcourſes are really magnificent and lofty, yet for all that, they are neither to be reconciled to Nature, nor to Truth.

I will not juſtify this propoſition by bringing the examples of the generality of their Philoſophers. I will not cite any name which they may have the leaſt pretence to reject, nor urge any man upon them whoſe virtue may be called in queſtion: HERCULES alone ſhall aſſert the truth of what I have delivered.

This HERCULES, who is reckoned among the Gods, whom ſo many exploits have made immortal, and whom the Stoicks propoſe as a perfect model of Strength and Wiſdom: let us a little reflect upon the dying behaviour of this Hero, and conſider the laſt actions of his life. Without doubt this invincible man will depart out of the world, as he came into it, by doing ſomething heroical and great. To be ſure he'll not let one ſingle word fall from him, that may diſhonour his mighty Exploits, or ſeem unworthy of his former Character.

We ſhall find our ſelves extremely miſtaken if we are of this opinion. The force of his Pain triumphs over his Courage, his conſtancy yields to the rage of the Poiſon that burns him. He does not only complain, but he weeps, he cries, he ſtamps, he flings about.

At circumgemunt petræ
Locrorum, & alta Eubœæ promontoria.

And after theſe his laſt effects of rage and deſpair, he quits this world to go and take his place among the Gods.

Let the Stoicks therefore come over to our party; let them amuſe us no more with their Inſenſibility, let them not pretend that their wiſe man can be happy amidſt his tortures, and let them not deſpiſe Pain with their uſual inſolence, ſince they ſee HERCULES himſelf could not ſupport himſelf under the preſſure of it.

But if they anſwer, that the Poet has been guilty of a great Soleciſm in repreſenting HERCULES after this manner, and continue to give different relations of this Hero, contrary to the authority of Books, and the conſent of the Theatre; POSSIDONIUS, heretofore one of the Maſters of CICERO, and the greateſt of all the Stoicks, (for ſo this celebrated Diſciple of his calls him) will furniſh us with a notorious example, and we ſhall ſee one of the ſtrongeſt Pillars of the Porch ſhaken by a ſlight indiſpoſition.

The Gout which at laſt attack'd this Philoſopher, proved to be the Rock on which his Conſtancy ſplit. He complained of his pain with as much impatience as any ordinary man would have done: and tho' he reproached it by vaunting, that all its efforts ſhould never conſtrain him to own that it was an evil, yet he could not forbear to afflict himſelf with it, to complain of it, and herein he ſhew'd more Obſtinacy than Conſtancy and Reaſon.

It ſeems that CICERO was ſcandalized at the weakneſs of this wiſe man, or at leaſt that he was aſtoniſhed at it. *I have beheld*, ſays he, POSSIDONIUS, *the greateſt man among the Stoicks, ſuffer the pains of the Gout with as little Reſolution and Bravery as my Landlord* NICOMACHUS *the Tyrian, whom he eſteemed but as an ordinary man.*

And indeed I am ſo far from believing, that the Felicity of human Life is compatible with Pain, that I am of opinion it would be the action of a wiſe man to quit it, in caſe he were not able to get rid

of

of ſo uncomfortable an attendant. And although I have the memory of MECÆNAS in great veneration, and think that no one ought to mention his name but with the profoundeſt reſpect; yet I could wiſh, if it were poſſible, that ſome verſes of his were utterly loſt, and that he had never inform'd us, that he was more fond of a wretched life than (I don't ſay a Philoſopher, but) a man of the meaneſt Courage ought to be.

You cannot offer him Life upon never ſo diſadvantageous terms, but he readily accepts it. Let him be deformed, it ſignifies nothing; let him be crooked, he ſtill comforts himſelf that he is alive. Let him endure all the united torments of the moſt violent diſeaſes, he is ſtill contented, if they are not mortal; nay, though you ſhould condemn him to the moſt cruel death imaginable, yet, by his good-will, he would not be brought to part with Life, provided he could ſtill preſerve it amidſt the moſt terrible puniſhments.

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tuber aſtrue gibberum,
Lubricas quate dentes,
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi vel acuta
Si ſedeam cruce, ſuſtine.

His Effeminacy, no doubt on't, dictated theſe Verſes to him, when he taſted all the Pleaſures of life. He had never experimentally known what Pain was before; and I dare boldly aver, that if he had found himſelf in this lamentable condition of his own chuſing, he would have earneſtly deſired death to free him from his torments.

By this 'tis an eaſy matter to conjecture that MECÆNAS was a Man of Pleaſure, but not an Epicurean; ſince thoſe Philoſophers had too elevated a Soul to condeſcend to ſuch ignominious conditions. They were leſs apprehenſive of Death than of Pain, and ſometimes renounced Pleaſure even for Pain itſelf.

And the reaſon is, that EPICURUS very well judging that the generality of men, corrupted by the enjoyment of Pleaſures, and ſuffering themſelves blindly to be hurried on by their Appetites, would not be in a condition to foreſee thoſe Griefs and Afflictions, which would be the certain conſequences of their irregular courſes: and on the other hand, fearing that the love of Eaſe, and an effeminacy of Spirit, join'd to the fear of Labour and Pain, would make them to be deficient in their reſpective duties, and render them inſerviceable in the whole courſe of their Lives; he was of opinion that at ſome certain times, when a wiſe man had full liberty to chuſe for himſelf, and nothing hindred him to purſue his full Satisfaction, he might abandon himſelf to Pleaſure, and entirely remove himſelf from Pain: but then there were certain conjunctures, when the obligation of this duty, and the neceſſity of affairs, ought to incline him not to refuſe Pain, and to reject Pleaſure.

It was this generous Maxim that obliged CATO UTICENSIS to die. For although he might have continued ſafe upon the ruins of his own party, and CÆSAR would have been proud to have given him his life; nevertheleſs, the ſhame to ſurvive the loſs of the publick Liberty, and the infamy of Servitude, would not permit this generous perſon to deliberate, whether he ought to chuſe the Pain of dying glorioufly, to avoid the Pleaſure of living after a manner, which to him ſeem'd unworthy of a Roman.

It

It was this Maxim that obliged REGULUS to deliver himſelf into the hands of his enemies, where the cruelty of his Executioners was leſs ſenſible to him, than the remorſe for having broke his word would have been.

It was this Maxim, which as it made FABRICIUS deſpiſe the Treaſures of the King of Epirus *, ſo it made him deſpiſe thoſe evil Deſires which attend the poſſeſſion of Riches, to preſerve the repoſe of his Mind, and the chief Pleaſure.

In fine, it was this Maxim which compell'd CICERO to declaim againſt ANTHONY, and to devote himſelf for the preſervation of the Republick, at a time when he might have lived peaceably at his own houſe, and enjoy'd all the eaſe of Life, and the diverſions of Study.

There is nothing commendable in the world which cannot be reduced to this Maxim; and whatever heroick Actions theſe great men have done, you will find that if they choſe one Pain, it was to avoid a greater; and on the other hand, if they have not practiſed certain Pleaſures, it was only to acquire by this abſtinence, others that were more ſatisfactory and ſolid.

For to what other cauſe can you aſſign their illuſtrious Actions? Do you imagine that they parted out of this world with ſo much indifference? that they rejected the poſſeſſion of gold, that they drew dangerous enemies upon their heads, and did not at the ſame time propoſe to themſelves either Profit or Pleaſure?

Don't let us do them this injuſtice. Don't let us impute the effects of their Wiſdom to heat and raſhneſs. Let us believe that in all theſe things they acted with deliberation; and let us not repreſent them in a worſe condition than the moſt ſavage Animals;

* *Pyrrhus.*

Animals; which are never ſo ſtrangely tranſported, but that we may eaſily tell whither the impetuoſity of their motion tends.

CATO parted with his life; it was become a burden to him. He found much leſs Pain to quit the world than to ſubmit to CÆSAR, whom he did not believe to be an honeſt man; and much more Pleaſure in not living at all, than in living in an ignominious ſervitude.

REGULUS returned back to Carthage: had he not done ſo, he had been accuſed of perfidiouſneſs.

FABRICIUS could not be corrupted by PYRRHUS: in this he ſhew'd his integrity, he ſerved his Country; and with the bare pleaſure of refuſing Riches, ſatisfy'd himſelf infinitely more, than if he had accepted them.

In ſhort, CICERO publickly reproached ANTHONY, and declared himſelf his capital enemy. If he had no reaſon to do ſo, he deſerves indeed to be blamed; but if he deſigned it to eſtabliſh the Tranquillity of the Republick, tho' it were at the expence of his own; if he endeavoured to ruin ANTHONY that he might ſave Rome: beſides that, by this conduct he contributed to the ſafety of his fellow-citizens, wherein his own was in a manner wrapt up, ſo much more did he deſerve the praiſes of all the world, and the love of the Roman people.

Theſe great men in Truth of Hiſtory, were not of the Family of EPICURUS; nay, one of them, in ſome of his Writings, has attempted to confute his Opinions: but 'tis ſufficient that the authority of their examples is to be found in the Doctrine of this Philoſopher; and let the world know that Virtue alone was not their chief motive, or at leaſt that what they call Virtue, ought to be named Pleaſure.

Not but that ſeveral perſons of the greateſt bravery have been bred up in his ſchool; who in a degenerate

generate corrupt Age have performed Actions full as vigorous and noble, as thoſe of the ancient Romans in the moſt flouriſhing time of their Republick.

Under NERO's Empire the world no leſs admired the death of PETRONIUS, than they had done that of SENECA. The Emperor's Tutor did not gain any glory by dying, which his Maſter of the Revels did not afterwards acquire: and the common opinion was, that this Stoick, who had all along preached up a Contempt of Life, did not quit it more generouſly, than PETRONIUS who had ſtudied nothing but the Pleaſures of it.

I am obliged for the honour of EPICURUS to enlarge ſomewhat upon the Life and Death of this Courtier, who was one of his greateſt Diſciples; and indeed I cannot well handle this Subject without giving you an account of him. And beſides, knowing that you love to be made acquainted with the Qualities of illuſtrious Men, I am ſure you will not be unwilling to allow PETRONIUS a place in this number, and to obſerve, *en paſſant*, his admirable Generoſity and Wiſdom.

This famous Epicurean, far from reſembling our modern Debauchees, that eat and drink away their Eſtates, made profeſſion of a cultivated polite Luxury, and minded nothing but refined Pleaſures. And as induſtry and diligence give a reputation to the reſt of Mankind, he was the only perſon in the world that acquired it by his eaſe, and ſitting ſtill. His words and actions were very free and negligent; and as they ſhew'd the candor and ſweetneſs of his temper, and carried an air of ſimplicity with them, ſo they were always received with a great deal of ſatisfaction and delight.

Nevertheleſs this excellent Man, very well knowing that there is a time when a wiſe man ought to quit his Repoſe and Tranquillity to ſerve the Publick

lick, abandon'd this happy way of living, when he was elected Proconſul of Bithynia, and afterwards Conſul; and by acquitting himſelf worthily in theſe illuſtrious Employs, he ſhewed that he wanted neither Vigour nor Conduct, but was capable of managing the greateſt Affairs.

At his leaving theſe Offices he betook himſelf to his old way of living, and afterwards happening to be one of NERO's greateſt Favorites, although this Prince had none but vitious Inclinations, yet he was ſo ſtrangely charmed by his Merit, that he made him the Arbitrator, or Comptroller of all his Pleaſures; and believed that amidſt all his Affluence and Plenty, he ought not to eſteem any thing ſweet and agreeable, unleſs PETRONIUS firſt approved it.

I ſpeak here only of lawful Pleaſures, and virtuous Delights: for our Epicurean was ſo far from having any ſhare in NERO's brutal Exceſſes, that this Prince was in a ſtrange confuſion when he knew they were arrived to the knowledge of PETRONIUS, who reproached him with them in ſome Writings; and cauſed SILIA to be puniſhed, becauſe he ſuſpected that ſhe had revealed them to him.

From that moment TIGELLINUS looked upon him as his Competitor; and fearing leſt by the means of this wiſe and honeſt Pleaſure, whereof he made profeſſion, he might effect what SENECA could not by the authority of his Sect, that is, recall NERO from the diſorders of his life; he reſolved to deſtroy him, concluding he had no other way to eſtabliſh himſelf, but by ruining him.

To this end he awaked that Prince's Cruelty, to which, as being his predominant Paſſion, all his other Pleaſures gave way. He accuſes PETRONIUS with being a Friend to SCEVINUS, who was in PISO's Conſpiracy: he corrupts one of his Slaves to impeach him, takes from him all means of de-

fending

ſending himſelf, and gets the greateſt part of his Domeſticks to be chained and impriſoned.

In this condition, a man of leſs generoſity would either have flatter'd himſelf with the proſpect of his Prince's Clemency, or at leaſt have prolong'd his Life to the laſt extremity.

As for him, he does quite otherwiſe: he believ'd it was downright weakneſs or ſhame to bear any longer the torments of Hope or Fear; and being reſolved to die, he ſearched a way to do it with the ſame tranquillity wherein he had lived.

So not being willing to quit Life with precipitation, he ordered his Veins to be opened, and afterwards to be bound up again; and then taking the Ligatures off as he pleaſed, he entertained his friends with agreeable Converſations; not affecting to make any ſerious Diſcourſes before them, by which he might pretend to the glory of Conſtancy.

Nor would he employ the laſt hours of his life in ſpeaking of the Immortality of the Soul, nor of the Opinions of the Philoſophers; but having pitched upon a more voluptuous and more natural ſort of death, he rather choſe to imitate the Sweetneſs of a Swan; and therefore cauſed ſome delightful moving Verſes to be repeated to him.

Nevertheleſs he reſerved a few moments to diſpoſe of his own affairs; he rewarded ſeveral of his Slaves, and ſome of them he ordered to be puniſhed. Then perceiving the hour of his death that approached, after he had uſed a little Exerciſe, he laid himſelf peaceably down to ſleep; that his death, which was violent, might however reſemble, as much as poſſible, one that was fortuitous and natural.

People, if they pleaſe, may ſtill talk of SOCRATES, and mightily commend the Conſtancy, with which he drank the Poiſon. PETRONIUS is not at all inferior to him; nay, he may juſtly pretend to have the advantage over him; as having abandoned

a

a Life infinitely more delicious than that of the former, with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, and the ſame Equality of Soul.

But that you may better comprehend the great value of this Pleaſure, which I am here maintaining, I will give you the Portraiture of a Man, who perfectly poſſeſſes it; and afterwards by ſhewing you his Counterpart, put you out of all manner of doubt, that EPICURUS's Pleaſure is to be infinitely preferr'd.

Imagine to your ſelf a Man in perfect health, plenty and affluence; innocently enjoying the Delights of this World; his Soul peaceable, ſerene and eaſy; poſſeſſing always, and that in abundance, the moſt agreeable Pleaſures of Body and Mind; being neither troubled with the preſence, nor threatned with the fear of any Grief whatever.

What Condition can you imagine more excellent, or more deſirable than this? For before a perſon can arrive to this exalted ſtate, it is neceſſary that he poſſeſs a force of Soul proof againſt Death and Pain; that his Mind be entirely diſengaged from all the falſe Opinions of the Vulgar; that it be not diſturbed with impertinent Fears; nay, that it ſuffer not the Pleaſures it has taſted to be loſt, but always entertain it ſelf with a ſweet remembrance of them. This is to arrive to the higheſt period of Felicity; where the defect of nothing can be pretended, as to the full conſummation of human Happineſs.

On the other hand, let us repreſent to our ſelves a Man overwhelmed with all the Evils that can afflict human Nature; deprived of all hopes to ſee them ever diminiſhed; neither feeling any preſent Pleaſure, nor having ever taſted any, nor daring to promiſe himſelf any for the time to come: and after we have owned that nothing can be imagined more miſerable than this Condition, let us at the ſame time

time confeſs, that nothing can be more happy than the voluptuous Epicurean.

Now if you think that this happy perſon, whoſe picture I have drawn, is no where to be found, but only in my own Imagination; and that ſo perfect a Scene of Felicity cannot exiſt among men, any otherwiſe than in Idea; I proteſt you have wrong ſentiments, both of the Condition of Man, and the Goodneſs of Heaven; and I am obliged to draw you out of this error, that you may no longer murmur at our Miſery, and the Injuſtice of our Deſtiny.

I find this Original done by the hand of one of the greateſt Maſters, placed in the Cabinet of one of the moſt curious Authors that ever writ. It is Felicity itſelf painted under the Character of ORATA, for ſo does CICERO call him; and here follows a faithful Tranſlation of what he recounts concerning his Happineſs.

Nothing was wanting in ORATA, *(a Man extremely rich, very polite, and very delicate) of all that contributes to make a man live voluptuouſly, and to make him be beloved, and to enjoy a perfect and entire health. For he poſſeſſed a very plentiful Fortune in the fineſt Country in the world; he had always ſtore of Friends about him, ſerviceable, pleaſant, and diverting; and he dexterouſly managed every thing to the beſt advantage of Life. And to comprehend all in a few words, his Deſigns met always as happy a Succeſs, and as favourable an Accompliſhment as man could wiſh.*

I don't believe that there is any thing to be blamed in this condition, provided, no ſudden Change befalls it. We muſt therefore conclude ORATA to be perfectly happy, if he can ſtill continue in the fortunate ſtate, wherein we have ſhew'd him.

Thus

Thus I have given you, unleſs I am miſtaken, a Portraiture that very well reſembles the firſt Deſign which I was to lay before you; and which you miſtook for a work of Fancy, and the product of mere Imagination.

Now let us turn the tables, and find out ſome miſerable Wretches to oppoſe to this ORATA. Let us compare to him, if you pleaſe, ſome of thoſe unfortunate perſons, whom we behold on the ancient Theatre; one of whom judges himſelf too criminal to wield the Scepter of the Greeks; who is afraid that he diſhonours the Race of PELOPS, from whom he owns himſelf deſcended; who dares not ſhew himſelf before Men, who dares not enter the Temples of the Gods.

Let us compare to him another of the ſame rank, who making ſigns to his Friends not to approach him, looks upon himſelf to be ſo unfortunate, that he is apprehenſive, leſt his very Shadow ſhould prove contagious. Or rather let us think no more of ATREUS and THYESTES; let us forget their Crimes, the remembrance of which ſtill fills us with horrour; let us not caſt our eyes any longer upon a Family which has forced the Sun to go back; and which has furniſhed Hell with one of its moſt famous Puniſhments.

Occulte
Noxitudo obliteretur Pelopidum.

Let us rather chuſe Heroes, but perſons full as unhappy as the Off-ſpring of TANTALUS. Let the Son of AMPHIARAUS make his entrance, frighted with Viſions, and demanding help againſt the Furies that purſue him.

What do I ſee! Whence do theſe Flames ariſe!
From gaping Tombs they ſeem to ſtrike my eyes.

O help me to put out this cruel Fire,
In whoſe Embraces I ſhall ſoon expire.
At me their Whips the reſtleſs Furies ſhake,
Their angry Snakes a dreadful Conſort make.
See, ſee, they come! I feel the pointed Pain,
And in my labouring Soul unruly Tempeſts reign.

And after ALCMÆON has made us ſee the tortures of Conſcience, and preſſures of the Soul; let PHILOCTETES entertain us with the Miſeries to which he finds himſelf reduced; let him ſpeak, let him complain of his ill fortune. Does he not paint out a very wretched Perſon, when he ſays,

Whoe'er thou art, in whate'er Country known,
Whom Winds upon the Lesbian *ſhore have thrown;*
Pity a Wretch abandon'd by his Stars,
Who for the ſpace of nine revolving Years
Has been devour'd by Sickneſſes, and Cares.
Behold theſe Cliffs, whoſe tops invade the Sky:
Here tortur'd by my Pains I piece-meal die.
View but the frightful Horrors of this place,
The Scene of all my Sorrows and Diſgrace:
Where robb'd of Glory, to a Rock confin'd,
I bear all plagues of Body and of Mind.
And my keen Arrows for the Birds prepare:
Their Plumes my Raiment, and their Fleſh my Fare.

After this let him ſhew us the Pains of the Body; when his Ulcer being enflamed, he deſpairs, he bemoans himſelf in theſe following Lines:

Alas! what Friend to eaſe me of my pain,
Will kindly ſend me headlong to the Main!

Now, now, quick ſhootings all my Sinews tear;
What Racks, what Torments can with this compare?
A raging Ulcer angry Heaven did ſend;
Which an eternal Fever does attend.
Thus in Complaints the day, in Groans the night
I ſpend.

Or if theſe Misfortunes are not ſufficient, let us heap together, as OVID has done, all the Plagues, all the Calamities that old Fables afford us; and wiſh they may light upon one ſingle perſon, and then judge whether his Condition is happier than that of ORATA, or of the famous VATIA, who merited heretofore this Exclamation, *O* VATIA, *you alone know what it is to live!* and conclude all with an Exclamation of the like nature; *O* EPICURUS, *you, and only you know how to philoſophize!*

From all theſe evident Truths it is an eaſy matter to conclude, that Pleaſure is not only worthy the commendations of all men; but that it is the ſovereign Good, and only End.

Nevertheleſs, ſince this firſt Propoſition makes the principal point in the Doctrine of EPICURUS; and as it is the trueſt, ſo it is alſo the moſt conteſted; ſince I ſay we have begun to undeceive the Enemies of this Propoſition, we ought to conclude with Inſtructions, and leave the truth of this Opinion ſo well eſtabliſhed in their Minds, that they may have no occaſion to queſtion it, without being guilty of the greateſt Injuſtice.

That they may therefore ſubmit to ſo univerſal a Truth, I only deſire them to turn their Eyes on the ſide of Nature; the Effects of which are reaſonable, and the Experiences certain.

They will not only find that it authorizes what we have aſſerted; but it will likewiſe give them ſuch clear, ſuch viſible Demonſtrations of it, that unleſs they

they hood-wink themſelves on purpoſe, they muſt be forced to ſubmit to it.

Let them conſider what this common Mother does in the birth of Animals; that is to ſay, in its perfect purity, and before its corruption. They will ſoon obſerve that it inſpires them with the love of Pleaſure, and with an averſion to Pain; that it carries them towards what pleaſes them, and teaches them to avoid what would hurt them; that it inſtructs them (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion) both in what is good and what is bad; and when they attain the former, ſhe cauſes them to rejoice, and be ſatisfied with it.

This is the reaſon why our Philoſopher following the dictates of Nature, pronounces a voluptuous Life to be the End of Man; but does not give himſelf the trouble to prove ſo obvious a Propoſition.

As he imagined there wanted no force of Reaſon to perſuade people that Fire is hot, that Snow is white, and that Honey is ſweet, becauſe they are all ſenſible things; ſo he believed, that to make men comprehend the love of Pleaſure, which may eaſily be known by the effects of Nature, there needed no more than a bare obſervation of theſe Effects, and an ordinary Reflection.

Nevertheleſs, though we have Nature on our ſide, that is to ſay, an infallible Deciſion; though we find in our Souls a natural Inclination to avoid Evil, and to follow Pleaſure; though the very beginnings of our Deſires, of our Diſguſts, and of all our Actions, derive their original from Pleaſure and Pain; yet becauſe ſome Philoſophers pretend that Pain ought not to be reckoned amongſt Evils, nor Pleaſure amongſt things that are good, and that to eſtabliſh this Opinion, they bring abundance of plauſible Arguments, we muſt not ſo ſtrongly rely upon our own Opinion, as we ought to maintain it by Reaſon.

We muſt therefore produce Arguments in behalf of EPICURUS's Doctrine, and ſhew that Reaſon as well as Nature is of his ſide.

And in effect, if thoſe Philoſophers that have condemn'd this Pleaſure had well conſidered her beforehand; if they had throughly known her before they attack'd her, they would eaſily have diſcovered, that it was not ſhe they meant; that they were miſtaken in their Invectives, and only rejected her out of a conſideration of thoſe Pains that ſometimes attend her; they would have perceived that thoſe Pains did not proceed from her, but from the Irregularities of thoſe Perſons that make an ill uſe of her. And then they had never decryed her after ſo furious a manner.

For they muſt be forced to acknowledge, that there is not one ſingle perſon in the world that hates Pleaſure, as it is Pleaſure; or loves Pain, meerly as it is Pain.

Now becauſe thoſe that abuſe the moſt innocent Pleaſures, do afterwards feel a great deal of torment and uneaſineſs; and that on the other hand, there are certain times when Labour and Pain produce and prepare ſome ſort of Pleaſures: this hath been the reaſon, that theſe Philoſophers, who only conſidered the conſequences of an ill-managed Pleaſure, and the advantages of a profitable and neceſſary Labour, have effaced the former out of the number of good things, and then placed Pain amongſt thoſe that are deſirable.

But now it is high time to employ all our forces to carry our point. This is the hour we ought to combat in good earneſt, that ſo we may obtain a glorious Victory.

It is not our buſineſs here to defend Pleaſure, nor to conſider it as the ſovereign Good of human Life: we muſt elevate her above the throne of Virtue itſelf, that diſputes this title with her; and although

we

we don't baniſh this Virtue from it, whereof we make profeſſion, we muſt nevertheleſs conſtrain her to reſign the firſt place to Pleaſure.

In ſhort, as all the Philoſophers in the world are agreed, that the ultimate End a man ought to propoſe to himſelf here, is a quiet and agreeable Life; ſeveral of them have been miſtaken in placing this Life in Virtue, and not in Pleaſure; and ſuffered themſelves to be led aſide by the gaudy ſplendour of a Name that impoſes upon them, without conſidering a Truth which Nature it ſelf forces them to own.

For certain it is, if they would but conſult and believe her, that theſe ſame Virtues, which they are uſed to call magnificent and pompous, are no farther to be eſteem'd than they contribute to Pleaſure; and conſequently, that not being courted for their own ſake, they ought not to be preferred to the Motive from which they receive all their merit, and all their value.

'Tis after the ſame manner that we approve Phyſick, not upon the account of the Art, but becauſe of our Health; and the skill of Pilots deſerves commendation for no other reaſon, but the great advantages of Navigation. After the ſame manner we ſhould not deſire Wiſdom, which we may call the Art of Life, if it were not ſerviceable to us, and did not directly lead us to the poſſeſſion of Pleaſure.

I need not repeat in this place what this Pleaſure is; or deſire you once more not to deſpiſe this Name, which ſome men have corrupted.

You know well enough how ſevere EPICURUS makes it; and you ought to own to me that it is no diſgrace for Wiſdom to yield to it, and to be reſpected only for her ſake.

We will confeſs to you likewiſe on our ſide, that unleſs a man is a Philoſopher, he cannot be happy, and that Wiſdom is the only way to arrive at Pleaſure.

In a word, the weakneſs of human Nature labouring under the ignorance of Good and Evil; floating generally between theſe two things, without being able to diſcern them, and often chuſing with joy what it ought to have ſtudiouſly avoided; in ſo ſtrange a blindneſs it ſo happens, that men inſtead of the felicity they deſire, get at a farther diſtance from it; that they become miſerable inſtead of finding themſelves ſatisfied; and that in exchange of the Pleaſures they propoſed to meet, they plunge themſelves in Sorrows that torment and trouble them.

It is neceſſary therefore that a right application of Wiſdom ſhould draw them out of ſo miſerable a condition, that its Light ſhould direct them in this wretched Darkneſs, that its force ſhould deliver them from the ſervitude of wicked Deſires, unjuſt Terrors, and raſh Opinions, and in imitation of HERCULES clear an open paſſage for them through ſo many Monſters, and ſafely conduct them to Pleaſure.

Wiſdom alone performs theſe great things like a faithful generous Guide; ſhe removes the difficulties of the way where ſhe leads us.

'Tis not ſufficient that we don't wander; what is more, we muſt march in ſecurity with her; and while the Winds and the Sea overwhelm thoſe poor Veſſels that ſail without her conduct, others that are ſteer'd by her enter the Harbour without fearing the Tempeſt.

'Tis in this Harbour that a wiſe man finds Pleaſure. Here it is that he quietly contemplates the Pains of other men; that he diſcovers all the impertinent Errors wherewith their weakneſs is perſecuted; that he obſerves with what eagerneſs they ſtrive to ſatisfy their Paſſions; that he ſees them preſs forward in throngs towards the man, who advances himſelf higheſt in Power, Riches, and Fortune.

Cer-

Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumq; potiri.

And that he cries out, having considered all these things,

O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisq; periclis
Degitur hoc ævi quodcumq; est!

As for himself, nothing disquiets, nothing molests, nothing troubles him. He is happy, he follows Nature, he enjoys a perfect Felicity; and in this situation, gives thanks to Wisdom, which procured him this Pleasure.

Let us act like him, if we have a mind to be happy like him; let us cast our selves into the arms of this Wisdom, let us suppress those ill Desires that rob us of it: they are insatiable and dangerous; they don't only ruin private Persons, but destroy whole Families; they ravage Kingdoms, they occasion Hatred, Division, Discord, Sedition and War; they tyrannize over those Souls that nourish them, and if we carefully examine the Poets, we shall find that by the torments of the Damned, they had a mind to represent those persons whom these inward Plagues afflict.

Cui vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasq; fibras,
Non est quem Tytium vocant Poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus.

And thus, since by the only assistance of Wisdom we are able to crush these Vipers; since she alone

inſtructs how to reſiſt Fortune, and that through her means we come to obtain Tranquillity, why ſhould we fear to conclude, that ſhe is not deſirable, but only as ſhe creates Pleaſure, and ſecures us from Pain?

We muſt ſay the ſame thing of Temperance, and not deſire her only for her ſelf; but becauſe ſhe preſerves that peace, that ſerenity in our Souls, without which we cannot be happy, and by the Tranquillity ſhe brings, appeaſes our Troubles, and gives us Pleaſure.

'Tis this Virtue that always comes to the relief of Wiſdom: 'tis ſhe that puts in execution what the other does only reſolve; and as that ſhews us what we are to avoid, and what we are to follow, this ſtops us in our career when we go againſt the Counſels of the other, and believe our Senſes rather than our Reaſon.

'Tis the Bridle that keeps us in, when we are poſting towards any unlawful Pleaſure; the Hand that ſurely conducts us to the way of Truth. In ſhort, 'tis the Virtue without which we can neither be happy nor wiſe.

And in truth, what advantage is it to know what is good, if we are too feeble to put it in practice? To what purpoſe is it to ſee a Precipice, if we ſuffer our ſelves to tumble down it? To give Wiſdom leave to ſpeak, but not to permit her to act?

The generality of men are reduced to this paſs. All of them conclude in favour of Wiſdom, but don't know how to live up to what they have concluded.

They know that there are Pleaſures, the conſequences of which are dangerous, and ſeverely prohibited by our EPICURUS: but they laugh at the prohibitions of this Philoſopher, and abandon themſelves to the tyranny of their diſorderly Paſſions.

They

They reſemble the unfortunate PHÆDRIA in TERENCE, and his Character, as it is drawn by that admirable Poet, ſuits them all from the higheſt to the loweſt.

This outrageous Lover is ſenſible that 'tis downright folly, to endeavour to reconcile himſelf with his Miſtreſs. He knows ſhe's a Coquette, and that himſelf is miſerable. This gives him diſturbance; this makes him uneaſy. But to what purpoſe? he does not amend his condition. He ſtill ſuffers his Love to controul him; and at that very inſtant when he ſees himſelf ready to periſh, at that very inſtant he periſhes deliberately.

'Tis certain that PHÆDRIA does not want Wiſdom; he only wants Temperance. He knows well enough what meaſures he ought to take to be at eaſe, but does not put them in execution. He ſees what is beſt for himſelf, and approves it; but for all that, follows what is worſe.

Behold now the Manners of thoſe Men, whom we deſcribe, admirably well expreſt. Behold an Image of their Thoughts and Infirmities. Behold, how for want of true Wiſdom, it is impoſſible for them to find Pleaſure.

You loſe your labour when you tell them that the Pleaſure they purſue is unreaſonable, that it is not neceſſary, that the privation of it does not cauſe any Pain: in vain do you repreſent to them the Sickneſſes, the Loſſes, the Infamy that attend the enjoyment of it. In vain do you threaten them with the Puniſhments of the Laws, and the Severity of the Magiſtrates. You can tell them nothing but what they know, and what they are able to ſay upon occaſion. What are they the better for all this? They are Slaves to that very Folly they deteſt as well as you, and reſemble the Greek Philoſophers, who loved to make a great parade of thoſe very Virtues they never practiſed.

Beſides

Beſides theſe, there is another Race of men who in truth are not Philoſophers, but for all that manage their cauſe with a world of wit and vivacity.

Theſe people, whom we may properly call the Prophaners of the Pleaſure of EPICURUS, will by no means be perſuaded to acknowledge that Temperance is a Virtue, but after their imperious way pretend that all Happineſs depends on meer Fancy.

It is not worth the while to enter into a ſolemn diſpute with ſuch unreaſonable Creatures as they are. The ſevereſt return one can make them, is to leave them at liberty to act as they deſire.

'Tis ſufficient for us to know, that their opinion is falſe, and that true Felicity conſiſts only in thoſe Deſires which flow from Temperance.

For 'tis not only a miſerable thing to deſire what is diſhoneſt, but 'tis infinitely more advantageous not to obtain what we deſire, than to obtain what we cannot deſire without ſhame. In this view, 'tis better to be of the opinion of that Ancient, who paſſing his judgment of CAMILLUS that was baniſhed out of Rome, while MANLIUS was Maſter there, preferr'd the Exile of the virtuous Refugee to the Splendor of the diſhonourable Citizen.

Now in truth thoſe that ſtudy Temperance, and manage the fruition of Pleaſure with ſuch diſcretion, that they find no ill effect of it; thoſe certainly may call themſelves happy, and deſerve the title of Wiſe Men.

Their Pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all their Life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

They have no inclination to run after forbidden Pleaſures; nay, their Felicity conſiſts in abſtaining from them. They ſometimes embrace Pain, but then 'tis done with a deſign to avoid a greater. The uſe they make of Wiſdom, is by her means to attain to a ſtate of Tranquillity; and this makes it clear,

clear, that there is no other way to enjoy this Pleaſure, wherein EPICURUS ſuppoſes the ſovereign Good to conſiſt, but by the means of Virtue.

You would be amazed, and perhaps angry, if examining the reſt of the Virtues, and bringing them to the Touchſtone of Pleaſure, I ſhould maintain that Valour depends upon her no leſs than Wiſdom and Temperance; and that this Virtue that dares encounter Lions, that deſpiſes Danger, and that without any concern or emotion, could behold the univerſal Ruin of the World, produces nothing illuſtrious, but only as it regards Pleaſure, and flows from no other ſource but that.

For in the firſt place we ought to take it for granted, that the Fatigues we undergo, and the Pains we ſuſtain, have nothing in them to induce us to court them, if we view them ſimply, and nakedly by themſelves: that Induſtry and Diligence, ſo much commended in the affairs of Life, and that Fortitude itſelf, of which we are now talking, never exert themſelves but for ſome deſign and motive.

This is not all; we may affirm, that theſe Virtues have been recommended merely for the eaſe of Life, and that the only reaſon why we practiſe them is, that we may live without trouble and fear; that we may free, as much as in us lies, our bodies and minds from thoſe maladies and vexations which may afflict them, and to taſte with greater ſerenity that Indolence which makes one part of EPICURUS's Pleaſure.

And indeed, how can you expect a man ſhould live happy, when he perpetually fears Death? How can you imagine the famous Sicilian, whoſe name is upon record, ſhould taſte any Pleaſure in the midſt of his Feaſting and Muſick, if he everlaſtingly dreaded the falling of the Sword, that threaten'd his Head and Diadem?

Is

Is it not an aggravation of Misery to faint under our Pains, and not to have Courage enough to suffer those Misfortunes, which 'tis not in our power to avoid?

This weakness of Mind has it not betray'd abundance of people to those extremities, that are a disgrace and scandal to Human Nature?

What was it in your opinion that gave occasion to the Poets to turn HECUBA into a mad Bitch, but the Grief that overcame her, and constrained her to imitate the Fury of those Creatures?

Had she suppress'd and conquered her Grief, or had she at least endeavoured to forget those Calamities that occasioned it, without question she had never passed from Tears to Despair, and from Despair to Rage.

Listen I pray to the complaints she makes. Observe, how by representing to herself the miserable condition she finds herself in at present, and from what a height she is fallen; how by this conduct, I say, she feeds her Sorrow upon the Stage, and of her own accord provokes the motions of that Rage which is ready to devour her.

O the severe Oppressions of my Grief!
What place can give me refuge or relief?
To what far distant Region shall I run,
The wild Disorders of my Soul to shun?
Unhappy Troy, our late delight and pride,
By Grecian fraud and malice lies destroy'd.
Tell me, ye Gods, where I my steps must bend?
Who will a poor despairing Queen befriend?
Prest by my Wants, wandring from place to place,
While meager Famine stares me in the face.
See how th' insulting Argive Flame devours
Those Shrines that once receiv'd the heav'nly Powers.

If

If the proud Flames their Temples will not ſpare,
But ſacred Piles the common Fate muſt ſhare———

After this, ſhe remembers herſelf of the Beauty of theſe Structures, and the Riches of Aſia, in order to raiſe her own Grief, and that of the Spectators; for who is it that can avoid being ſenſibly touched with this expoſtulation?

Muſt Ilium then, the Scene of all my Joys,
Muſt all this Wealth be made a Grecian Prize?
The rich aſpiring Manſions of the Gods,
Worthy their names, their preſence, and abodes,
And glitt'ring roofs———

Or what heart would ſhe not inſpire with horror and pity, when ſhe thus goes on?

All this I ſaw conſum'd by impious fire,
And PRIAM *by a barb'rous hand expire.*
JOVE's *Altar with the royal Victim ſtain'd,*
And HECTOR's *blood by common duſt prophan'd.*
Nor was this all;
But my prevailing Miſeries to crown,
From a high Tower his Son thrown headlong down.

So that I don't at all wonder if the people of Rome were ſtrangely affected, when they heard theſe Verſes repeated; or if when I read them my ſelf, I cannot forbear the ſhedding of a few Tears.

To ſay the truth, HECUBA had great reaſon to complain of her ill Deſtiny, ſhe had loſt her Huſband, her Son, her Kingdom, and her Liberty. If ſhe had beheld ſo touching a Scene without lamenting, ſhe had been inſenſible; and we ſhould be inhumane,

humane, if after ſo many Loſſes we ſhould deny her the relief of Tears.

But then, after ſhe had for ſome time wept, we ſhould not be at all unjuſt to preſcribe bounds to her Grief, to regulate her Complaints, and her Sorrow; and laſtly, to adviſe her to oppoſe the ſtrength of Reaſon to that of Deſpair.

Some Perſons that are touched with her Complaints, may perhaps alledge in her juſtification, that thoſe who would limit her Grief, and not ſuffer it to exceed its firſt motions, would reſign themſelves up to it till the very laſt moments of their Lives, if they once ſhared with her thoſe Misfortunes, the weight of which they can only conjecture: and that our Philoſophy, which ſpeaks of nothing leſs than Conqueſts and Triumphs, would faint under ſuch a preſſure of Calamities, if it ſaw them preſent and inevitable.

Now, for my part I wiſh a perpetual ſun-ſhine of Proſperity to ſo tender, ſo melting a man as this is: for no doubt on't, if any diſgrace happens to him, he will diſcover his Infirmities very plentifully: but upon this condition that by way of requital to me for my Wiſh, he will diſpenſe with me for not believing what he ſays, nor oblige me to judge of the ſtrength of Philoſophy by the weakneſs of his Reaſon.

For without loſing any time to refute word by word this ſort of Reaſoning, which can obtain credit no where but amongſt effeminate men; I ſhall content my ſelf to convince thoſe Perſons that make uſe of it, by two known Examples that ought to overwhelm them with confuſion.

Theſe Examples are drawn from two Perſons, who ſhould be by their Age and Sex naturally feeble; but who, notwithſtanding all this weakneſs, preſerved ſuch a preſence of Mind, that I almoſt deſpair to find the like among the Philoſophers.

Let us conſider ASTYANAX and POLYXENA as they are going to die: the one is a Boy, the other a young Maid. The Greeks had condemned both of them to death. Obſerve ULYSSES, who advances firſt, leading the former by the hand, and marching haſtily to throw him down the Precipice. But ſee the Boy follows him with no leſs aſſurance.

Sublimi gradu
Incedit ITHACUS, *parvulum dextra trahens*
PRIAMI *Nepotem, nec gradu ſegni puer*
Ad alta pergit mœnia.

Conſider, that amongſt all thoſe that accompany him, and weep for him, he is the only perſon whoſe Eyes are dry, and who refuſes to pay Tears to his own death.

Obſerve, that whilſt theſe barbarous Executioners invoke the Gods to this bloody Sacrifice, he throws himſelf head-long from the Tower, and voluntarily puts an end to that Life, which he had ſcarce begun.

But now turn your Eyes on the other ſide; for by this time POLYXENA is placed upon ACHILLES's Tomb, and only waits the fatal blow which is to appeaſe the anger of the Greeks, and to rejoin her Soul to that of her Parents.

Admire her Beauty that ſtill appears ſo charming and ſo ſerene. Her Countenance is not at all changed with the apprehenſions of death. On the other hand this Sun, which is going to ſet for ever, ſeems to receive new ſplendor at the laſt moments of its Light.

Nay, there is ſomething in her Air more bold and undaunted than her Sex, and her preſent Circumſtances ought to promiſe.

And to do her right, ſhe is not content to wait the Blow, for without avoiding it, ſhe goes to meet it with an heroick Bravery.

Converſa ad ictum ſtat truci vultu ferox.

And when PYRRHUS has given her the cruel ſtroke, we find that her laſt action is an action of courage, that ſhe does not ſuffer her ſelf to fall upon the Sepulchre of ACHILLES, but with a deſign to make the Earth lie more heavy upon him, and to revenge herſelf upon him, even as ſhe dies.

Tell me now freely, is it now a ſhame for HECUBA to ſee her Children more courageous than herſelf?

Tell me whether it looks well for her to ſhed ſo many tears, when ASTYANAX and POLYXENA die without ſhedding any?

Tell me whether you don't think theſe two perſons infinitely happy in compariſon of that miſerable Creature?

Or if you have nothing to ſay for her, confeſs at laſt with us, that ſhe had too little courage in her Misfortunes, and that ſhe wanted ſtrength of Mind to reſent them leſs cruelly.

Now if it be true, that Weakneſs is the only thing that renders our Misfortunes inſupportable to us, and which cauſing us to abandon the Helm in the moſt violent Tempeſts, makes us ſuffer ſhipwreck in thoſe places, where we might have rode ſecurely; ought we not to procure this ſtrength of Mind, and uſe it inſtead of an Anchor, in order to oppoſe the fury of the Wind and Water, and preſerve us from the violence of the Storm?

We ought to ſuſtain our ſelves by this Pillar, which ſerves as the Baſis to Pleaſure, and to join this Virtue to Temperance and Wiſdom: and that we may live in repoſe, and in a privation of Miſery, we ought to believe, that by her influence, a courageous perſevering Spirit is above all Pain and ill Fortune; ſince it deſpiſes Death, and is ſo prepared for Pain, that it always remembers, that Death is the remedy of the moſt violent ones; that the leſſer

have

have abundance of good Intervals, and that it is maſter of the ordinary ones.

The Caſe being thus, we ought to ſay that we don't blame Cowardice and Weakneſs; as alſo that we don't commend Temperance and Valour for their own particular reſpect; but that we are to reject the former, and deſire the latter, becauſe thoſe foment Griefs, but theſe ſecure us from them.

Nothing now remains for us to examine but Juſtice, and then we ſhall have diſpatched the principal Virtues; but what one may ſay on this Chapter, is almoſt the ſame with the preceding ones; and Juſtice is no leſs united to Pleaſure, than Prudence, Temperance and Fortitude, which cannot be ſeparated from it.

In effect, this Virtue is ſo far from bringing any uneaſineſs to our Minds, that by its influence and power it perpetually nouriſhes in them thoſe Sentiments that render them quiet, and never leaves us without this hope, that we can want nothing that Nature deſires, ſo long as ſhe is not corrupted. And after the ſame manner that Folly, Intemperance, want of Reſolution inceſſantly torment, plague, and afflict us; ſo Injuſtice no ſooner enters the Soul, but it throws her into diſorder and confuſion, and makes her unfortunate, although it ſhould not make her criminal.

But if an unjuſt man ſuffers himſelf to commit any wicked Action, although he commits it after ſuch a manner, that neither the Sun nor Men can give any teſtimony of it, yet he can never aſſure himſelf that it will be always kept private; and for all the obſcurity of the Night that covered it, he will ſtill be under terrible apprehenſions that Truth will diſcover all at laſt.

Suſpicions commonly follow the Actions of the wicked; and though the Judges never concern themſelves

ſelves with them, yet their own Conſcience forces them to betray themſelves.

But if any Perſons believe that their Riches, their Power and Authority ſhall ſecure them from the Injuſtice of men, and place them above the Laws, and out of the reach of puniſhment; yet they can never cover themſelves from the divine Juſtice.

They never lift up their Eyes to Heaven, but their Conſcience alarms them with horror; and the cruel Inquietudes that devour them without intermiſſion, are the ſecret Executioners of that puniſhment, which the Divinity makes them endure.

For what Power, what Wealth, when they are unjuſtly obtain'd, can ſo far diminiſh the difficulties of this Life, but at the ſame time the remorſe of Conſcience, the fear of Puniſhment, and the hatred of Mankind augment them infinitely more?

Theſe ill, theſe unlawful Remedies, don't they often turn to Poiſon? and what we have ſometimes choſe to extinguiſh our Sorrow, has it not made it burn with greater fury and vehemence?

Are there not prodigious numbers of Perſons that don't know how to preſcribe Limits to their Deſire of being more rich, of having more honours, of reigning more abſolutely, of living more voluptuouſly, of feaſting more deliciouſly, and of indulging their evil Inclinations?

And don't we ſee that the mighty Wealth their Extortion and their Avarice has amaſſed together, inſtead of ſatisfying their unreaſonable Appetites, does but enflame them ſtill the more, and that theſe people have more need to be chaſtiſed by the Laws, than corrected by Remonſtrances.

Reaſon therefore invites all men that have their Judgment ſound, to preſerve Juſtice which the Laws have eſtabliſhed.

Equity, which derives its original from Nature, and which may properly be called the Bond of *Civil So-*

Society, tells us plainly enough, that an unjuſt Action ought never to be committed, neither by thoſe that are weak, becauſe they would attempt it without ſucceſs; nor by the powerful, becauſe after the buſineſs is compleated, they will not find repoſe, nor the accompliſhment of their Deſires.

In ſhort, ſhe forces us to own that Juſtice is not deſirable for itſelf, but only as it gives us ſatisfaction, makes our Peace more aſſured, and our Pleaſure more perfect.

Now if the praiſe of Virtue itſelf, on which Subject principally the other Philoſophers have employed their moſt magnificent Diſcourſes, produces no other effect than Delight or Pleaſure; and if this Pleaſure alone, which is the end of all the Virtues, calls us to itſelf, and attracts us by its proper Nature; we may ſafely conclude, that ſhe is the ſovereign Good, and the moſt perfect of all other, and no longer doubt but that a happy Life is that which EPICURUS has taught us.

O holy and ſevere Pleaſure! O admirable Philoſophy! What miſtake was it that decry'd you amongſt men? Who was it that drew upon you the averſion of ſo many virtuous Perſons that knew you not? Who hindered them to ſee that their Virtues are owing to you, and that they ſpeak injuriouſly of you, at the ſame time you contribute to their felicity.

But happy the men who have been of the Sect of that wiſe man that followed you: happy thoſe who have imitated him: happy even thoſe who being born in an Age, when many believe that the Vice and the Pleaſure of EPICURUS are but one and the ſame thing, have had judgment enough to diſcover the contrary, and have at leaſt courage enough to defend it, if they have not to practiſe it.

MAXIM,

That we ought never to be wanting to our Friends [1].

THIS Maxim has the general approbation of the World. The weakeſt and the ſincereſt Friend, the ungrateful and the acknowledging Perſon, ſpeak the ſame language: yet there are but few people that practiſe what they ſay. Is there a diſpute about the acknowledgement of a good Office, a thouſand men refine upon the Diſcourſes of SENECA? Is there a Queſtion about acquitting one's ſelf towards a Benefactor, no body frankly confeſſes the Debt, nor concludes on the value of the Service? He that hath given, magnifies the Objects; he that hath receiv'd, leſſens them. The World is full of vain Pretenders and Hypocrites of Friendſhip.

However, 'tis certain that Friendſhip is a Commerce; that the Traffick thereof ought to be honeſt, but that 'tis ſtill a Traffick. He that hath ventur'd moſt in this Soil, ought to reap the moſt. 'Tis not lawful to infringe it, without coming to an account; but

[1] *This Piece was originally written by M. de St. Evremond; but it has been ſo ſtrangely interpolated, that he could hardly know it again. He writ this Remark upon it, in the Margin of my Book:* Every thing is here alter'd; I don't know my ſelf therein. 'Tis not the ſame thing I have done. *See the* Life of M. de St. Evremond, *in the year* 1647, *pag.* xii.

but where can you find men that act ſincerely, and don't put in the Balance the ſlighteſt dipleaſure, to counterpoiſe the ſervice of the greateſt weight?

Every one brags of his own Heart; 'tis the predominant Vanity: you hear nothing oftner talk'd of; and that without bluſhing. But then every one makes a Rule of acknowledgement for himſelf, always eaſy for the Maker, but injuſt to his Friends. TACITUS has acquainted us with the Reaſon of it; *'tis that our own Acknowledgement is paid at our own expence, whereas that of others tends to our advantage.*

He that doth good, becauſe he thinks himſelf obliged to do it, doth it always with an ill Grace: he looks upon his Duty as a troubleſome Maſter: he ſeeks all occaſions to free himſelf, and ſhake off a Yoke, which he bears with regret.

Hence it comes to paſs, that the Offices of theſe Perſons have ſomething of a Languor in them, which takes away all their Beauty. Were you ready to die with ſhame, you muſt explain to them all your Neceſſities; and explain them more than once, if you would have them underſtand you. You muſt puſh them on every other moment by the Intereſt of their own Glory, and leave them not the leaſt rub in the way. Their Hearts are always in a ſort of Lethargy. Stir them up, they keep awake for a little while, and ſhew ſome feeble ſigns of Life: ſay no more to them, they return to their primitive Inſenſibility.

On the other ſide, the Offices of true Friends have ſomething of Livelineſs, which always precedes our Wants, and prevents our very Deſires. Every thing ſeems eaſy to them, ſo that we are ſometimes obliged to reſtrain them, and moderate that Heat which prompts them to do good; we may truly affirm of them, that they think the day loſt, wherein they have done no ſervice for thoſe they love.

But Honour, which diſguiſeth it ſelf under the name of Friendſhip, is nothing elſe but Self-love, that ſerves it ſelf in the perſon it pretends to ſerve. The Friend who acts only by this motive, does good in proportion only to the increaſe of his Reputation. He ſtops ſhort, when his Witneſſes are gone; 'tis a Swaggerer who turns his eyes to ſee if the world looks upon him; 'tis a Hypocrite who gives Alms with an unwilling mind, and pays his tribute to God, only to impoſe upon men.

There are others again, who propoſe no other end to their Friendſhip, but their own ſatisfaction: this internal Law, which they lay upon themſelves, makes them faithful and generous: but there is in all their Actions a ſtiff Regularity, that thoſe whom they oblige cannot tell what to make of. They do every thing by Weight and Meaſure. Unhappy is the man that has any occaſion for their ſervice, when they think they have diſcharged their Duties.

Provided they have nothing to reproach themſelves with, the misfortune of another doth not affect them: on the contrary, they would be concerned to ſee it end very ſoon. They continue it ſometimes for the continuance of their own Glory. They rejoice, they triumph in ſecret for a Diſgrace, which gives them an occaſion of ſhewing themſelves: inſtead of finding out the moſt proper means to aſſiſt you, they ſearch the moſt ſignal ones to increaſe their own Honour: they love to make a noiſe where-ever they go. In a word, they look upon their Friends as Victims devoted to their Reputation. To ſpeak the truth, theſe perſons love nothing but themſelves; and if they think that they don't deſerve reproach, we may on our part juſtly ſay, that they deſerve no acknowledgement.

You ſee others paſs their whole Lives in Formality and Compliment: they won't ſo much as pardon you a Ceremony. Theſe are the firſt men to comfort one

one upon the death of a Father, or to offer their ſervice after the ſword is drawn: is the Danger paſs'd, they put themſelves in garriſon with you, and are as conſtant in their attendance, as your ſhadow. They are always ſlaves to Circumſpection, great admirers of their own Virtue, and very importunate both with themſelves and with thoſe who are indebted to them.

Every one muſt acknowledge that theſe Conſtraints are extreamly troubleſome to a free Soul. There is no kindneſs ſo great, that is not purchaſed too dear at this price. And no misfortune can be worſe, than that of being ſerved after this manner. *To love becauſe we are obliged to it, is not to love.*

In the mean time, if thoſe Friendſhips that are kept alive only by Honour or Duty, begin to languiſh or be troubleſome, thoſe that are occaſioned by the reſemblance of Humours, and communication of Pleaſures, are very ſubject to alteration.

Since a man is ſometimes diſguſted with himſelf, 'tis yet more eaſy to be diſguſted with others. The end of Friendſhip depends leſs upon our Will, than its beginning. There is no Sympathy ſo perfect, that is not mixed with ſome contrariety; no Agreement that can bear an eternal Familiarity. The nobleſt Paſſions become ridiculous when they grow old. The ſtrongeſt Friendſhips decay with time: every day makes a breach in them. Some people are for going ſo faſt at their firſt ſetting out, that they are out of breath in the midſt of their journey. They weary themſelves as well as others.

After all, ſays a fickle Friend, 'tis a very ſlaviſh employment, to be always ſaying to the ſame perſon, *I love you.* Nothing comes near the vexation, that a paſſion of too long a continuance occaſions. 'Tis to no purpoſe to take pains to conceal one's Diſguſt, or put one's ſelf to an unneceſſary expence to keep up the Correſpondence. Letters become dry and inſipid,

Converſation languiſhes, the Lover yawns, the Lady counts every hour; both of them at length have nothing elſe to talk of, but foul or fair Weather, and things of that importance. The Treaſure of Love is never ſo great, but it may be exhauſted: the Warmth of the heart in Friendſhip, is never ſo ſtrong, but it may cool. The Taſte of the beſt things changes, before they are changed themſelves.

When nothing but the bare intereſt of our Diverſions forms the knot of Friendſhip, Abſence, Buſineſs and Vexations of Life, may eaſily break, or at leaſt untie it. New Delights which are enjoy'd with new Friends, efface the remembrance of paſt Contentments. The firſt Pleaſures of every Engagement have ſomething of I know not what eagerneſs in them, that excites the Deſire, and makes it more vehement. As ſoon as they become more ſolid, they are ſatiated.

Therefore the world has no reaſon to reproach Inconſtancy, as a great Evil: it is no more in the power of ſome perſons to love, or not to love, than to be in health, or out of order. All that one can reaſonably demand of fickle perſons, is ingenuouſly to acknowledge their Levity, and not to add Treachery to Inconſtancy.

For it happens but too often, that the beſt eſtabliſhed Friendſhips, and the moſt ſtrict Confidences, inſenſibly ſlacken. We are to blame to exclaim againſt Ingratitude, and to decry thoſe that deſert us: we are ſometimes glad that they give us an example to change. We ſeek Quarrels, we ſeem to be angry, that we may find out ſome pretence to ſet our ſelves at liberty. But ſuppoſe this were a real anger, perhaps it is not their fault, and perhaps 'tis our own; which of us hath a right to judge of it? That which we call a crime of the Soul, is very often a defect of Nature. God was not pleaſed to make us perfect enough to be always amiable; why then ſhould we deſire to be always loved?

With-

Without doubt we took more care at the beginning to conceal our Imperfections: our complaiſance ſupplied the room of the greateſt Merit: we had the charms of Novelty then, and theſe charms reſemble a certain Flower which the Dew leaves upon Fruits. There are but few hands dextrous enough to gather it, without ſpoiling it.

It muſt be acknowledged then, that even the beſt men find in the ſtrongeſt Unions intervals of Heavineſs and Languor, the cauſe of which they don't always know. This Languor, if it be let alone, concludes in the death of Friendſhip, if Honour comes not to its relief.

'Tis Honour that labours ſometimes to hide the defects of the Heart, that acts the part of Tenderneſs, that preſerves an outward Decorum for ſome time, till the Inclination is awaken'd, and re-takes its former vigour.

I don't mean that formal and ceremonious Honour, that troubles us by Rules and ridiculous Looks; that denies the unfortunate, even opportunity to complain; and whoſe Tyranny becomes ſometimes more inſupportable than Infidelity it ſelf.

I ſpeak of true Reaſon, that conſiders the Imperfections of Humane Nature, that helps them the beſt it can, that is an enemy to Affectation, that aims at Good for the ſake of Good alone, without the leaſt intervention of Self-love; that is always ready to perform a kindneſs, and thinks it has never done enough; that doth not applaud it ſelf, nor courts the applauſe of the world.

It is certain then, that theſe two Qualities ſtand in need of one another; and that if Honour without Friendſhip is diſagreeable, Friendſhip that is not ſupported by Honour, is not like to be long-liv'd.

A FRAGMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ATALANTA,

Out of ÆLIAN's Var. Hiſt. l. 13. c. 1.

'TIS a conſtant Tradition in Arcadia, that ſo ſoon as ATALANTA the Daughter of JASION was born, her Father who cared not to have Daughters, reſolved to rid his hands of her; but the man whom he intruſted to diſpatch her, was deterred by a ſecret horror from executing his Commiſſion: ſo he carried the Infant to the Mountain Parthenius, near a Fountain, where there was a Cave at the foot of a Rock, and an exceeding thick Grove of Oaks above.

Thus ATALANTA was deſtin'd to death; but fortune was favourable to her: for the indulgence of Heaven ſo ordained it, that a few moments after this, a She-Bear, whom ſome Huntſmen had robb'd of her Whelps, came by; and having her Teats full of Milk, took a pleaſure to look upon the Infant, then gave her ſuck, and by that means found ſome relief from her pain. So ſoon as her Teats fill'd anew, ſhe came again to the ſame place; and having none of her own Species, to whom ſhe might exerciſe the duty of a Mother, ſhe became the Nurſe of another's Iſſue.

The aforeſaid Huntſmen who had formerly attack'd this poor Beaſt, when they carried off her Cubs,

Cubs, were ſtill in ſearch after her; and having beaten up the Wood one day, when ſhe was upon the hunt for prey, they found ATALANTA, and carried her home with them. She was not call'd ſo then, but they gave her that Name afterwards, and brought her up among them in a ruſtic ſort of Education.

In ſtature ſhe much ſurpaſs'd thoſe of her age; and when ſhe came to years of maturity, particularly devoted her ſelf to Chaſtity; for which reaſon ſhe ſeldom appear'd in any Company, delighted in Solitude, and retir'd to ſome of the higheſt places of the Arcadian Mountains.

In this lonely Scene, which ſhe pitch'd upon to be the place of her Reſidence, there was a Valley water'd with ſeveral Rivulets; the Air was cool, and eternally fann'd with freſh Breezes of wind. On all hands it was encompaſs'd with a great Foreſt. But why ſhould we not take as much pleaſure to ſee the Deſcription of ATALANTA's Grotto, as to ſee in HOMER that of CALYPSO?

In the fartheſt and narroweſt part of this Valley, there was a deep Cavern, the Avenue to which, was in a manner fortified by vaſt Precipices. The Ivy which covered it round, clung about the young Trees, and by their aſſiſtance, made a ſhift to climb up at ſome diſtance from the ground. Saffron grew naturally in the place, accompanied with Hyacinths, and ſeveral other Flowers of different Colours, which refreſh'd the ſight, and perfum'd the air. This was not all; for abundance of Laurel-Trees adorned this beautiful Spot, whoſe Leaves always preſerved an agreeable Verdure; and the Vines, which bending under the unruly weight of their Bunches, grew at the entrance of the Cave, were living Teſtimonies of ATALANTA's Care and Diligence. In ſhort, that nothing might be wanting to ſet it off, a Stream of clear and cold Water (for ſo both the Taſte and Touch found

found it to be) perpetually guſh'd from the adjoining Rock; and this conſtant watering was ſo advantageous to the Trees and Plants, that it ſeem'd to combat with the Earth, whether of them moſt contributed to their growth and preſervation.

Thus this place was equally to be admired for its Charms, and Solitude; and as the Beauty of it ſufficiently diſcover'd the Judgment, ſo its Culture ſhew'd the great Induſtry of our Virgin. The Skins of wild Beaſts which ſhe took in Hunting, ſerv'd her inſtead of a Bed; their Fleſh was her Nouriſhment, and Water was her conſtant Drink. Her Habit was without coſt and artifice, very little differing from that of DIANA, whom ſhe ſaid ſhe was deſirous to imitate in that particular, no leſs than in her reſolution to preſerve her Virginity inviolable.

Nature had ſo fitted her for running, that no Beaſt was ſwift enough to over-run her, and the men that lay in wait to ſurprize her, were not able to come near her, when once ſhe betook her ſelf to flight.

Not only thoſe that beheld her, became paſſionately in love with her, but likewiſe thoſe that heard what publick Fame had reported of her. If it wou'd not be too tireſome to the Reader, I would deſcribe her Beauty; but how ſhould that be tireſome to him, which contributes ſo much to the embelliſhment of the Story?

Ever from her Infancy ſhe ſurpaſs'd the reſt of her Sex in tallneſs, and among all the young Virgins then in Peloponneſus, there was none that cou'd diſpute the prize of Beauty with her. Her Countenace was maſculine and auſtere, as well by reaſon of her ſavage Education, as thoſe rough and boiſterous Exerciſes, that perpetually employ'd her in the Mountains. She had nothing of that ſoft effeminate Air we find in thoſe that are delicately brought up by their Mothers, or Nurſes. She was plump, but not corpulent, or fat; and her Hunting and active courſe

of

of Life preſerv'd her in a perfect health. Her Hair was of a light yellow, without any of thoſe Artifices that other Women practiſe, to which neither Painting nor Tinctures contributed any thing. Nature alone had given it this colour, and the Rays of the Sun had ſtamp'd ſo beautiful a Red upon her Cheeks, that when one looked upon her attentively, he would have thought ſhe had bluſhed. What Flower in the Univerſe is half ſo pretty and agreeable as a charming young Maid, when ſhe bluſhes out of a modeſt Innocence?

Two Qualities met together in her, which created aſtoniſhment, that is, her incomparable Beauty, and the power of making herſelf fear'd. No man of a mean cowardly ſpirit, after he had ſeen her, could fall in love with her; nay, he durſt not ſo much as look ſtedfaſtly upon her; ſo much did the Luſtre of her Beauty dazle the eyes of thoſe that fixed theirs on her.

Several things contributed to make her admired, eſpecially the great rarity of ſeeing her: after her way of living, it was no eaſy matter to have a ſight of her; for whenever ſhe was ſeen, 'twas on the ſudden and unawares, either when ſhe was purſuing wild Beaſts, or elſe defending herſelf from them; and paſſing by with incredible ſwiftneſs, ſhe darted like a Star, or rather like a Flaſh of Lightening, till ſhe was immediately loſt among the Oaks and Shrubs, or ſome thick and dark Coverts in the mountains.

One day, two young men of the neighbouring Country, whoſe names were HYLÆUS and RHÆCUS, deſcended from the CENTAURUS, came to beat up her quarters in the midſt of the night; a pair of bold hardy Lovers, who had inſolence enough to undertake any thing in the rage and tranſport of their Paſſion.

To put this deſign in execution, they neither employ'd Muſicians, nor uſed any of thoſe ſoft engaging ways that are practis'd by young Men in Cities upon the like occaſions; but carried lighted Torches that were enough at that time of night to frighten a multitude of people, but much more a raw unexperienced lonely Virgin.

Having therefore newly broke down, and folded about them the Branches of a Pine-tree newly tore of, they covered themſelves with theſe Branches, as if it were with a Garland, and in this noble Equipage ſet ſeveral Trees on the mountain on fire; and making a perpetual claſhing with their Arms, theſe well-bred Wooers, marched directly towards ATALANTA.

But their deſigns were diſcover'd by our Heroine, who had perceived the Fire from her Cave, and by that means knew who they were that intended her this viſit. She was not in the leaſt affrighted at the matter, but drew her Bow, and ſhot an Arrow at them, which hit the firſt ſo effectually, that down he fell to the ground.

With this the ſecond, not any more like a Lover, but as a declared Enemy, advanced towards her, as well to revenge his Brother's death, as to gratify his own deſires; but he was prevented in his intentions by another Arrow, which mortally wounded him, and deterr'd all others from attempting an Outrage of that nature.

OBSERVATIONS

On what is neceſſary to direct a young Man how to enter with advantage upon the Theatre of the World, and there to ſupport himſelf with Honour.

TO THE

EARL OF ST. ALBANS.

MY LORD,

YOU command me to lay before you in as ſhort a compaſs as I can, all that is neceſſary to direct a young Man of great hopes, how to enter with advantage upon the Theatre of the World, and there to ſupport himſelf with Honour: this is not all, my Lord, for you are pleas'd to enjoin me to compoſe a ſhort Syſtem out of all I have learnt upon this Subject, either by converſation with Gentlemen, my own reading, or by reflections; wherein may be found at one view all the Rules, Precepts, and Maxims that are proper to poliſh and direct a perſon of equal induſtry and good parts; who is deſirous to recommend himſelf to the world, and ſet off thoſe Talents of which he is maſter, to the beſt advantage.

To deal plainly with your Lordſhip, I never till now found the leaſt difficulty in any of your Commands, through that zeal and inclination I ever had to execute with pleaſure, whatever you thought fit to demand of me. But what you here propoſe is really ſo difficult, that I am perſuaded you would

never have desir'd it, had you looked upon it, through the same end of the Perspective, as I do.

In truth, never was there so vast a Matter, and yet you command me to give you an Abridgment of it: never were Precepts more disjointed, and yet you require an Art formed out of them. Never Maxims less certain, and yet you would have Rules. This, in my opinion, is not to be done: however, I will do all that lies in my power to content you. I'll borrow both from the living and the dead; I'll drain both my self and others; but you must expect neither an Epitome, nor any Method. I will lay down before you, with all sincerity, what my desire to satisfy you, rather than what my study or experience, suggest upon this Subject.

The first step that a man makes into the world, generally determines all the rest, and is the foundation of his Reputation, as well as the best presage of his future Fortune; from the first measures he takes, men of experience will tell you whether he will succeed or no. 'Tis therefore highly important to make this first step with a great deal of caution, and to signalize our entry by something glorious and great.

'Tis impossible, without being master of a good Address, to gain the publick Esteem, and to make one's Talents appear so to advantage, that the world may never be disgusted, nor glutted with 'em.

The best way for a man to preserve his Reputation, is still to bring something new and surprizing upon the stage; and to provide fresh matter for the general admiration, which seems always to grow up in proportion to our Merit. The great actions we do, promise something greater; and the good ought to be follow'd by better.

A wise man should not suffer the depth of his Capacity to be sounded, if he would always keep

up

up his Character with the people: on the contrary, he ſhould behave himſelf ſo, as never to diſcover all he knows, that no man may be able to aſſign limits to his Knowledge. For, let a man be never ſo learned, the Idea we have of him, when we know him but by halves, is much greater, than what we ſhall have of him, when we are throughly acquainted with him.

Therefore let him take care not to diſcover the whole extent of his Abilities at once, but ſhew them as he ſees occaſion. A man of diſcretion will always have a hidden reſerve to relieve him, in caſe he ſhould happen to be worſted; and keep a reinforcement near at hand, to ſerve him in any extremity.

Beſides, as the ſucceſs of the wiſeſt Undertakings depends upon the meeting of a multitude of conjunctures, many of which are owing purely to chance; a man of ſenſe ought never to hazard his whole Reputation in a Converſation, a Diſpute, or an Interview; for if he does not ſucceed, he can never retrieve himſelf, and no man can promiſe himſelf, that he ſhall not make ſome overſight in an Eſſay. For what is more common, than to find one's firſt Projects diſappointed? He ought not therefore to venture his All upon one ſingle Action, whatever advantage he may propoſe to himſelf if it ſucceeds.

On the contrary, the great Art of all conſiſts in not diſcovering all we know at once, but in unfolding it by degrees, and always taking care to keep up and excite curioſity. The Magazine ſhould always anſwer the occaſion; and the Piece ſhould not belye the Pattern: in fine, a man ought always to make good the hopes the world has entertain'd of him.

For this reaſon alone, our great Maſters will never diſcover the whole Myſtery of their Art to their Scholars, by which means they ſtill remain the Ma-

ſters; the Source of their Inſtructions is never exhauſted; and as 'tis only communicated by parcels, they never drain the Fund of their Knowledge, which continually enables them both to ſatisfy the expectation of others, and to maintain their own Credit.

I would recommend one thing more to a man of Parts, and that is, to be ſeen as ſeldom as may be; for as his preſence diminiſhes the eſteem we have of him, ſo his abſence and diſtance augments it. Fame takes a delight to draw every thing greater than the Life, and the Sight never keeps pace with the Imagination.

We ought not therefore to ſquander away our whole ſtock at once, but leave ſomething to be ſtill expected from us, in order to make our ſelves always acceptable. The world deſires our company, in proportion to the eſteem they have for us: Happineſs is better taſted when it has been long expected; and the pleaſure that coſts us ſome trouble, is ſought with more ardour, than that which comes eaſy. Thus our niceſt Gentlemen find in hunger a ſauce, which the moſt exquiſite Ragous could not give them; and 'tis a refining of Epicureiſm, not to ſatisfy our Senſes and Appetites but by halves.

A man can never make himſelf familiar with the Vulgar, but he muſt of neceſſity loſe that reſpect and veneration, which Retirement, and an Air of Majeſty beſtows on thoſe that ſhew themſelves but ſeldom: for Preſence diſcovers thoſe defects which Abſence would conceal. The moſt valuable things loſe their worth ſo ſoon as they become common. The great inclination we have for Rarities, degenerates into contempt, when we find they may be had every where; and the Mind is much more delicate and difficult to be pleaſed than the Senſes, which are glutted with the moſt delicious and exquiſite Meats, when they are made their daily Food.

Thus

Thus we may obſerve, that the farther a learned man is from us, the more we deſire his company; the more he conceals himſelf, the more we court him: Not that I wou'd by any means adviſe one of that character to make himſelf inacceſſible; nothing but a mean Genius ought to be ſhy of ſhewing himſelf, as being conſcious that his merit will not bear too near a ſcrutiny. There is certainly a medium between a Haughtineſs that deſpiſes others, and a Familiarity that makes us cheap.

Many other things might be ſaid upon this occaſion, but the more I endeavour to take in the whole compaſs of them, the leſs am I able to aſſign their bounds. Let us proceed then ſtep by ſtep: let us clear, if we can, this confuſion of Ideas, which preſent themſelves in crowds to the Mind, and follow ſome ſort of order, that we may run into no impertinent digreſſions.

The very firſt thing in my opinion, that a young man has to do, who deſigns to ſettle himſelf with ſucceſs in the world, is to know his own Genius. 'Tis certain that every man has one, and for want of making this obſervation, we find thouſands daily miſcarry, who might otherwiſe have made their fortune.

How many do we ſee in favour, who cannot otherwiſe account for their being honoured with the acquaintance of men in power, but by the effect of their deſtiny? So ſoon as they have once broke the ice, and are ſettled in theſe poſts, envy'd; they need but ordinary Capacities to keep 'em. Therefore we ought to take effectual care to ſtudy our Deſtiny.

He that has failed at Court, might perhaps have ſucceeded in the City: and, he that finds himſelf the Jeſt of the Town, might have been admir'd in the Country. In a word, no man is a Prophet in his own Country.

'Tis therefore neceſſary to know when and where to tranſplant one's ſelf. Many great Men had never been known, had they always continued in the place of their nativity. Some men muſt ſtand in an advantageous light, to appear in their true luſtre.

Every day affords us inſtances of ſeveral perſons that would have been the ſcandal of their Order, if they had continued in it; yet forſaking it, they have become the honour of another.

Men often ſucceed better in one condition than in another, altho' they are not better qualify'd for what they undertake, than for that they left.

'Tis principally to their Fate that we ought to aſcribe the Riſe or Fall of many great perſons: every man therefore ought to examine his Lot, to content himſelf with it, and follow it; for he that thinks to make his fortune any other way, is reſolved to ſail againſt wind and tide.

The ſecond thing that is neceſſary for a young man to do, is to know his good and ill Qualities; for every thing in the world has a mixture of good and evil in it. No man but has ſomething good in his compoſition, which may be much improved by cultivation and diligence.

Such a man would have made a great figure in the world, if he had known his ſtrength, and perfected that Talent to which Nature ſuited him moſt. But the generality of mankind force their Genius, and loſe the Race by endeavouring to run beyond the Poſt.

We ought alſo to know our predominant Defect; for every man has his blind ſide, which counterballances in a manner the good Quality in which he excels; and if he heartily reſolves to deſtroy it, he will infallibly ſucceed. But then he ought to take it in time, and carry on his attacks with unweary'd application and courage; for 'tis not an

eaſy

eaſy matter to deſtroy a Vice that is born, and has grown up with us.

When a young Man has gone ſo far in his way, he ought not to think of launching immediately into the world, and embarking in an Employ; he muſt reflect upon it a long time firſt; he muſt examine his own Abilities, provide himſelf with Patrons, and duly conſider what Qualifications are required for the Poſt he pretends to: he ought, if I may be allow'd the expreſſion, to feel the Pulſe of his Affairs, and wait a long time, if there be occaſion for it; for 'tis the Character of a wiſe Man never to engage hand over head, or to be impatient for any thing. He that never grieves, or puts himſelf in a paſſion, ſhews that he is an abſolute Maſter of himſelf; and when once a man can command himſelf, he will in a ſhort time command others.

A certain term is required to bring great deſigns to maturity; thoſe that can ſtay ſo long, are commonly paid with uſury for their patience; for, in many things Delay does more than downright puſhing on: and we often find that a man of phlegm comes ſooner to his journey's end, than one that has more fire in his Conſtitution. Precipitation ruins the beſt-laid Deſigns; whereas Patience ripens the moſt difficult, and renders the execution of them eaſy.

Not but that it looks well in a young Fellow to tempt Fortune by ſome bold and courageous Action, for this method ſeldom fails of ſucceſs, and one of a puſhing character is almoſt certain of gaining his ends. Nothing has ſo near a reſemblance to Sottiſhneſs as Cowardice; whereas a little Bravery often ſupplies the want of Ability.

We ought not then to be ſo much afraid of the Merit of others, nor ſuffer our Idea of it to diſorder us in their preſence; for, let us be never ſo much

prepoſſeſs'd in favour of a man in vogue; yet after we have converſed ſome time with him, we ſhall find that he has his Weakneſſes, which level him with the Vulgar, as much as his Merit raiſes him above them.

A man that is upon the riſe dazles us, if we view him at any diſtance; but if we come near him, his perſonal Defects will ſoon moderate the foreign Gloſs, that he only borrow'd from his Rank and Dignity.

Let us then guard our ſelves againſt the tyranny of Prejudice, which always affects to uſurp upon Reaſon. 'Tis as ſcandalous for a learned Man to be fearful, as for one that is ignorant to be aſſuming.

We ought to know when 'tis a proper time to embark in any Affair; nay, that is not enough, for we ought to know how to carry it on. A great many men that are only good to begin an Affair, are abſolutely unfit to finiſh it. From this default it happens, that many great Battles have been gained without any great advantage to the Conquerors, becauſe they tarried behind to reap the Fruit of the Victory, when they ought to have purſued their good fortune. And from the ſame indiſcretion it is that we find Stateſmen in publick Affairs, commit the ſame Soleciſms, as a private man does in his Family-Concerns.

If a man after he has rightly concerted his Meaſures, happens to ſucceed, let him not ſuffer himſelf to be overcome with the flattery of Self-love; the common miſcarriage of thoſe that are too much puff'd up with Succeſs. For we want as much Moderation not to be corrupted by our good fortune, as Patience not to be dejected by the bad.

Beſides, we ſhould have that command over our ſelves, as to be able to ſtop in the midſt of the moſt favourable Career. The Torrent of Proſperity

ought not to carry us away againſt our wills. 'Tis often neceſſary not to puſh on our Victory as far as we might. A wiſe Retreat is no leſs glorious than a courageous Attack; 'tis by retiring from the World in good time, that we beſt ſecure the Glory we have acquired in it; and 'tis the Character of a conſummated Merit, to be able to live in a retreat with Honour, after one has lived in publick with Splendour.

Thus, my Lord, I have ſent you my Thoughts. in what manner a young man that would maintain an illuſtrious Figure in the world, ought to begin, proceed and conclude. I am ſatisfy'd that many other things might be ſaid upon this Subject; but in the little I have writ upon it, I have ſaid enough to make me underſtood by one, that has had ſo much experience as your Lordſhip, and whoſe Thoughts are ſo much elevated above thoſe of other men.

REFLECTIONS

Upon what Meaſures a Man ſhould take to live happy.

I. 'TIS no ſmall ſtep towards the Tranquillity of Life, to behold it through the moſt agreeable part. Nothing ſcarce is ſo very untoward, but we may draw ſome advantage from it. We frequently grieve and vex our ſelves about Trifles, which in a little time become of themſelves eaſy to us.

II. We are pleaſed with Satire, whether we write it our ſelves, or have it from another hand; but then it ought not to give us that uneaſineſs, which we

may obſerve in the converſation of ſome people, who are ſeriouſly concerned at the Follies or Extravagancies of other Men; who are vex'd to ſee the World managed ſo as it is, and caſt their eyes upon diſagreeable Objects, only to be diſpleaſed with 'em. What was HERACLITUS the better for ſighing and grieving? did he reform the abuſes of the Age by it? The wiſeſt way is to take care of our ſelves, and let others look to their own Affairs: has not every one enough to employ him at home?

III. When a man is in affliction, he ought to remember that he has had ſome happy minutes in his time, and thank Fortune for what he formerly enjoy'd. In ſhort, a man may alleviate his Misfortunes, either by remembring, or hoping for a better Condition.

IV. The greateſt part of mankind covet the Honours, Riches and Pleaſures of other men, juſt as Adulterers do their Neighbours Wives, and deſpiſe thoſe they enjoy: cannot we paſs our Lives pleaſantly, without poſſeſſing all that may belong to it? Why ſhould we imagine a hundred things are neceſſary to our eaſe, when we may live content enough without them, provided we liſten to Reaſon.

V. Although Ambition is a declared enemy to this Doctrine, yet we are more at quiet when we look down on thoſe that are below us: ſhe would have us aſpire to the firſt Rank, and deſpiſe this humble ſort of Tranquillity; but has ſhe any thing better to give us?

VI. The meaſure of our Happineſs we ought to take from that of our Paſſions: he that has the feweſt Deſires, Hopes, and ſuch like agitations of Mind, will certainly be the moſt content.

VII. Every thing, even the deſire of Virtue, ought to be limited, if we deſign to live happy: for in fine, how many Virtues are there incompatible? How many Undertakings, which are not proper for

all

all ſorts of people? 'Tis enough for us that we can acquit our ſelves well in our reſpective poſts.

VIII. That man is truly miſerable, who diſquiets himſelf with the proſpect of future Evils. 'Tis an abyſs ſo profound, that 'tis enough to make one giddy to look down the precipice. To make uſe of the preſent Good, is an excellent ſecret: not but that a man ought to be prepar'd againſt all the different Accidents of Life; for this may in ſome meaſure protect him from the Inſults of Fortune. No Calamity can happen to us, when once we have a ſufficient fund of Patience and Reaſon to overcome it.

IX. He that is ſurprized and troubled, ſo often as he makes a falſe ſtep, is not ſo well acquainted with himſelf as he ought to be. We muſt have a great deal of Vanity, not to know our own Weakneſs; and if we know it, we may gain this advantage at leaſt by knowing it, not to be diſcompoſed after every frailty.

X. Nothing frights us more than Death, as if it were not a paſſage to a better Life. If we live well, the Thoughts of Death will only create an exceſs of Joy in us.

XI. Let not any auſtere Maxims ſo prepoſſeſs our Minds, as to hinder us from enjoying the innocent Pleaſures of Life. Some men fondly imagine that they have acted meritoriouſly, for refuſing the ſmalleſt, and moſt natural Pleaſures that Heaven has been pleas'd to mingle with the Bitters of Life, in order to render it palatable.

XII. Solid Content proceeds from a good Conſcience; without which there is no ſort of Pleaſure but leaves a ſting behind it. Now 'tis the Reflection that we have performed our duty, that gives us Content in our own Breaſt; whereas, on the other hand, nothing entails more Trouble and Inquietude upon us, than the mortifying Thoughts that we have done amiſs.

XIII.

XIII. Happy is the man that knows how to make a right Judgment between what is truly good, and truly evil; for there are a thouſand falſe Scruples, that nevertheleſs give us real vexations: however, we ſhould by no means attempt to ſtifle the natural Notions we have of Virtue and Vice, in order to put an end to them. The ſecurity of thoſe perſons who have ſtupify'd their Conſcience, is a lamentable Lethargy, that infallibly leads to deſtruction.

OF LOGICK.

INSTEAD of that vaſt number of Precepts, of which the Logick we learn in the Schools, is compos'd, and which for the moſt part, are either inſignificant, or too intricate; only the four following ones in my opinion are neceſſary for ſuch as wou'd proceed ſecurely in their ſearch after Truth.

I. We ought not to determine, that a Thing is, or is not, without being able to produce a Reaſon for it, and that explain'd in ſo clear terms, that it may naturally convince the Mind.

II. Leſt we ſhould ſuffer our ſelves to be carry'd away by any Precipitation or Prejudice, which are ſo apt to miſlead us, we ought to examine every Term in a Propoſition, and divide it into as many parts as we can. The Faculties of our Soul are ſo confined and limited, that 'tis impoſſible for us to judge aright of any thing, which is of any extent, unleſs we take it to pieces.

III. Nor is this all, for we ought methodically to digeſt all the thoughts contain'd in any Subject. That which is more ſimple, more general, and more eaſy to be conceiv'd, ought to precede that which is

more

more compounded; for nothing will ſooner help us to know whether we are impoſed upon in an Argument, or no, than this ſort of method which directs us to conſider one thing after another.

IV. In fine, we ought to be ſo nice in making the Diviſion exact, as to be aſſur'd, that nothing is omitted. If we ſhould forget but one Particular, 'tis impoſſible but there muſt be ſome flaw or other in the Propoſitions we advance.

To comprehend in fewer words theſe four Maxims, remember,

1. Not to judge of any thing which is obſcure, or without Evidence.

2. Divide the thing you are to judge of.

3. Take care to obſerve a method in your Thoughts.

4. Let the Diviſion you make be perfect.

OF

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

'TIS the buſineſs of moral Philoſophy to conduct us in our ſearch after Good, as Logick guides us in the ſearch after Truth.

If this be true, 'tis certain that the moral Philoſophy, which is taught in our Univerſities, does not deſerve the name, ſince it only ſtarts a ſett of idle impertinent Queſtions concerning the different Objects of Happineſs, the Number of our Paſſions, and other metaphyſical Points, which are good for nothing elſe, but to furniſh everlaſting matter for Diſputes.

True Moral Philoſophy ought to teach us,

1. What it is truly to act like rational Creatures; that is to ſay, with liberty. It therefore firſt

firſt treats of human Actions, that is to ſay, rational, or free.

2. After 'tis once granted, that nothing but voluntary Actions are good, or evil, it enquires what this Goodneſs, or Evil of our Actions is; and whether 'tis poſſible for any of them to be indifferent.

3. For this reaſon as the goodneſs of our Actions depends upon the Rule and End that directs them, it enquires what this certain Rule, and this certain End is.

4. Then it teaches us, that we have no other Rule but the Law of God, which it conſiders two ways: in the firſt place, as it is written in the Books of *Moſes*, and in the Goſpel; and ſecondly, in every man's Conſcience.

5. As to what concerns the End, it ſhews that it does not conſiſt in bare Honeſty, which even the Pagans cultivated with ſo much care; but that God alone ought to be the Center to which all our Love ſhould tend; and then it proceeds to ſhew us the abſolute neceſſity of doing ſo.

6. In the next place, ſince the Paſſions are a certain obſtacle to it, it does not ſo much teach us to know them, as how to command them.

7. In fine, becauſe men are obliged by the neceſſities of Life, to live together, it treats of thoſe reciprocal Duties of Juſtice we owe to one another, whatever condition we are in.

This Plan if we followed in the ſtudy of Morality, we might make a much greater progreſs, and find more ſatisfaction, than in the dry inſipid Syſtems of the Philoſophy of the Schools.

MAXIMS OF MORALITY.

REaſon, which often obliges us to be irreſolute in our Judgments, becauſe the greateſt part of Objects do not preſent themſelves to our Minds with evidence ſufficient to make themſelves throughly underſtood, obliges us not to be ſo in our Actions; for ſince we muſt live in a civil Communion, 'tis neceſſary to propoſe to our ſelves ſome ſort of Conduct, and conſtantly obſerve it, till we can find a better.

For as a man that pulls down one houſe with an intention to build up another, provides himſelf before-hand with a habitation, while 'tis a building; he that would diligently examine his Thoughts, and reform his Soul from any Prejudices it may have imbib'd, ought to provide himſelf in like manner with a Syſtem of Morals that may ſerve as a Rule to him. And this I preſume may be reduc'd to four Maxims.

I. To obey the Laws and Cuſtoms of the Country where we are born; and to follow, on all occaſions, the moſt moderate Opinions, without diſapproving, or condemning any man.

II. To be ſo conſtant to this Conduct, when once we have choſen it, as not to mind any thing that may be ſaid, to put us out of conceit with it; imitating Travellers, in this reſpect, who when they find themſelves in a Foreſt, ought not to wander this way or that way, but march on as directly as they can in the ſame path, and not leave it upon idle Surmiſes; for at laſt they muſt come to ſome end, where in all probability they will be much better than in the midſt of the Wood.

III. To

III. To cure our ſelves of all thoſe Diſquiets, which perplex men of feeble and wavering Minds, who ſuffer themſelves to be variouſly led by all ſorts of Examples: for theſe different Agitations, theſe vain and confus'd Reflections amuſe the Soul, and rob it of all its vigour and force.

IV. Of all the Leſſons of Morality, we ought rather to cultivate that which teaches us to conquer our ſelves, than that which has no other end, but to triumph over Fortune; and to change our Deſires, without pretending to change any thing in the management of the world. I believe this was the Secret of thoſe Philoſophers, who, in ſpite of the incommodities of Life, were able to diſpute happineſs with their Gods. But it is impoſſible to reap any benefit from this Arcanum, unleſs we are throughly convinced, that nothing is truly in our power, but our Thoughts and our Deſires.

With theſe few Maxims a man may govern himſelf well enough, go on in an eaſy track, till long experience ſhews him a better, if 'tis poſſible to find one; ſince Life is ſo ſhort, and the occaſions of improving ſo very rare.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF A MAN OF HONOUR. TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

ALL men naturally desire to be happy: this Desire attends us so long as we live; and 'tis the only Truth wherein all the world are of one opinion.

But then to attain this Happiness with less trouble, and to possess it with security, without fearing to be disturb'd in so envied a situation, we ought to act in such a manner, my Lord, that others may be happy as well as our selves; for, if a man pretends to take care only of himself, he will find continual oppositions: but when we are resolved not to be happy, but upon condition, that others may be so likewise, all difficulties are removed, and all mankind is ready to lend us a helping hand.

'Tis this management of Happiness for our selves and others, which we ought to call Honour, and which, properly speaking, is nothing but Self-love well manag'd.

This Honour therefore ought to be consider'd, as the desire of being happy; but in such a manner, that others may be so too. Let us examine the most vir-

virtuous Actions, and we ſhall find they are all of this nature, and that they all flow from the ſame Principle.

To poſſeſs this generous Quality in the higheſt degree, 'tis requiſite we ſhould have Soundneſs of Judgment, and Sincerity of Heart, and that both theſe ſhould agree together.

By the Solidity of our Judgment, we come to know what is moſt juſt, and moſt reaſonable to ſay and do; and by the Sincerity of our Heart, we are always inclin'd to do, and ſay the ſame.

When a man has but one of theſe two Qualifications, he cannot pretend to poſſeſs this Character in perfection: for he is not a jot the better for knowing what Reaſon and Juſtice are, if Integrity of Heart does not go along with this knowledge: in like manner, if the Integrity of the Heart acts ſingly, and the aſſiſtance of the Judgment be wanting to guide it, it will blindly grope out its way, without ever knowing exactly what road it ought to take.

Theſe are the two eſſential Ingredients, in the compoſition of a man of Honour; and ſince 'tis ſo rare to ſee them ſeparately, can we wonder if 'tis much more ſo to ſee them united? But, my Lord, when they once meet in the ſame perſon, what Greatneſs, what Equity, what publick-ſpirited Actions may we not expect from him? A man of this Character diſcharges all his Duties with equal reputation, however extended, or different they may be.

He is a good Subject, a good Father, a good Friend, a good Citizen, and a good Maſter. He is indulgent, good-natur'd, eaſy of acceſs, ſenſible of the Misfortunes of others, and ready to relieve them.

He is circumſpect and modeſt, he neither affects to be thought a neceſſary man, nor is he over-nice. He takes notice of another's faults, but never talks of them, nor does he ſeem to have obſerved them.

He

He is not in the leaſt a ſlave to Intereſt; but, as he is no ſtranger to the neceſſities of Life, his Conduct is always regular, and he never abandons himſelf to any Exceſs.

He is not mov'd by any thing but true Merit. That which is call'd Grandeur, Authority, Fortune, Riches, all theſe magnificent names don't byaſs his Judgment. He knows perfectly well what pains they have as well as pleaſures; and this hinders him ſometimes from taking the ready way that leads to Fortune.

Although he is agreeable, and entertaining in Converſation, yet he knows when to retire, and loves not a Croud. Thus we may ſee that he ſeldom endeavours to ſhew himſelf upon the Theatre of the World. But if his Birth or Fortune are pleas'd to place him there, having a large ſtock of Wit, Judgment, good Senſe and Experience, he fills the Poſt he is placed in, with univerſal Applauſe.

The man of Honour ſets a great value on Wit; but a much greater on Reaſon. The love of Truth is his predominant Paſſion. He deſires to know all Things, but does not ſet up for knowing any thing. He is careful and inquiſitive, he knows the worth, force, and weakneſs of every thing. He eſteems nothing but according to its intrinſic Value. The moſt inſinuating Errors and Prepoſſeſſions don't impoſe upon him, nor make any impreſſion upon his Mind.

In ſhort, a perſon of this Character, ſays and does nothing, which is not agreeable, juſt, reaſonable, and which does not directly tend to make all men happy.

'Tis therefore evident, my Lord, that to make the world happy, we muſt firſt re-eſtabliſh a principle of Honour in it. But to bring this about, 'tis not enough to know what Condition it is in at preſent; 'tis neceſſary likewiſe to know how it ought to be, and how it would be in effect, if all men govern'd themſelves by Reaſon.

As Affairs are managed in the world at preſent, every thing almoſt is out of order. Honour has nothing to do there, and men of Honour are, as it were, in a ſtrange Country.

'Twou'd be an eaſy matter for Princes to effect the re-eſtabliſhment of Honour. To accompliſh ſo glorious and noble a Deſign, they need do no more, but only prefer the virtuous, and puniſh the bad.

If all men acted by the dictates of Reaſon, we ſhould have nothing among us, but our natural Infirmities, as Sickneſs, old Age, and Death. Whereas we are ſurrounded with a thouſand other Ills; as Prejudice, Anger, Ambition, Perfidiouſneſs, Ignorance, and the Contempt of ſolid Knowledge.

In the world nothing attracts the eyes and eſteem of all men, but noble Extraction, and Glory obtain'd by War: all other Merits, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, are languiſhing, and we ſcarce vouchſafe to take notice of them.

'Tis very juſt that the merits of War ſhould be conſider'd. The Fatigues, Wounds, and Death itſelf, to which the Brave are ſo often expos'd, ought indeed to be rewarded better than they are. Nevertheleſs, if we compare the Honours that are beſtowed upon 'em, with thoſe of perſons excelling in other Arts, we ſhall find that they are ſufficiently requited.

It falls out unhappily for the merit of Wit, that as few people underſtand it; ſo, even in this ſmall number, ſome have no great eſteem for it.

'Tis not ſo with Riches, all Mankind, the poor as well as the rich, ſet an equal value on them. The other Gifts of Fortune carry the ſame Advantages with them. Men of the meaneſt Birth adore Greatneſs, and uſe their utmoſt endeavours to obtain it.

MAXIMS

For the Uſe of Life.

MEN never commend freely, and without intereſt. They muſt propoſe ſome advantage to themſelves by it; or it muſt coſt ſomething to the perſon, they vouchſafe to praiſe.

Thoſe that are of high Birth are continually reſpected, their very Name is a ſort of Panegyric to them; and this is one of the greateſt Privileges a man can deſire.

The condition of the moſt unfortunate is alſo the moſt deſpiſed; 'tis not enough that they are miſerable, but to inhance their Affliction, they muſt be perſecuted with Ignominy and Scorn. In truth, man is a very ſavage Animal.

We ſhould never ſuffer the word *Cit*, *Country-Bumkin*, and the like, to come out of our mouths. All theſe names are injurious, and imply Contempt. For this reaſon we ſhould endeavour to avoid 'em, ſince they are good for nothing but to make miſchief in the world. But we ought to keep up the names of *Knave*, *Traitor*, *ungrateful Wretch*, and others of the like nature, on purpoſe to ſtamp a laſting diſgrace on thoſe that deſerve them.

We ought not to deſpiſe men in want, but on the contrary, ſhould rather give 'em ſome marks of our Countenance: and as Contempt perhaps is one of the greateſt Misfortunes of the Poor, we may in ſome meaſure alleviate their uneaſineſs, by aſſuring them plainly and frankly, that we do not eſteem 'em the leſs for their being in low circumſtances.

A man ſhould take care to ſhew himſelf affable and courteous to his Domeſticks, for by this behaviour he makes their condition more ſupportable to them. 'Tis purely the effect of Fortune that they are ſo low, and that we are above 'em.

'Tis not our intereſt always to be over-rigorous in the demanding of our Rights. Nothing looks better than for a man ſometimes to drop part of his Pretenſions.

A man of prudence ſhou'd avoid to game high; 'tis too dangerous a diverſion: Anger, Heat and Quarrels generally accompany it; it often procures a man uneaſy nights, and at long-run it effectually ruins him. This is not all, for let his Fortune be what it will, he that games muſt be eternally upon his guard, for fear of being cheated; and is it not a wretched life always to march ſo, as if we were in an enemy's Country?

A man ought to have nothing ſingular or affected in his Habit, Diſcourſe or Manners. In my opinion the modeſt Air becomes a man better than that which they call the genteel Air.

'Tis good to have in one's Countenance ſomething great, that procures both Eſteem and Reſpect: but an affable open Behaviour is full as advantageous to us, and gains us the love of all men. As for the imperious haughty Mien that is ſo much in faſhion, in my opinion, it is only proper for our military gentlemen.

We ſhould learn not to be uneaſy with our ſelves, and to ſtudy well this leſſon. 'Tis happy for a man to find his account in himſelf, and indeed he may find it whenever he pleaſes.

The Court is, as it were, an Epitome of the whole Kingdom; where all that is exquiſite and polite, is to be found in perfection. Not only the beſt manner of ſpeaking, but the moſt refined Modes, Deportment, and Gallantry, are the natural growth

of

of that Soil. Moſt of theſe things are not to be learnt, but by Succeſs, as Phyſick is not well underſtood but by Experience. However, 'twou'd not be amiſs, in my opinion, if we endeavoured to know them by their cauſes, which would be the beſt and ſureſt way. And to this end we ſhou'd penetrate into the nature of thoſe things which will pleaſe, and know the hearts of men.

The only Study in the Courts of Princes is how to pleaſe, becauſe a man makes his fortune there by being agreeable. This is the reaſon why Courtiers are ſo polite. On the contrary, in Towns and Republicks where men are forced to take pains to get their living, the laſt of their cares is to pleaſe, and this it is that makes them more clowniſh.

That which we call Taſte in a figurative ſenſe, is a very rare thing, and but very few people can boaſt of it. 'Tis ſcarce to be learnt or taught, but it muſt be born with us. Exquiſite Knowledge ſeems to be above it, and carries a greater latitude: but in the commerce of the world, and in moſt affairs of life, a good Taſte is, in truth, of equal ſervice, and acts its part very well. When we have got this advantage, we ought not to run down thoſe that have it not. We have no demonſtration to convince our opponents, and ſhew them that they are in the wrong. 'Tis eaſier to bring them over to our ſide by inſinuation and addreſs, than to perſuade them by arguments.

A man cannot be agreeable and good company, unleſs he is able to think nicely and readily upon all that is ſaid in Converſation; which he can never do, unleſs he has a good fund of Wit, a faithful Memory, and a ſuitable Imagination. 'Tis requiſite likewiſe to be a Maſter of one's mother Tongue, and know all the Niceties, Beauties, and Delicacies of it. Without this, though our Thoughts were the beſt in the world, we cannot expect they ſhould pleaſe.

We ought to accommodate our ſelves to the capacities of thoſe people we converſe with, and to take in ſome meaſure the altitude and degree of their Underſtanding. Above all, we ſhould not affect the vanity to be the Head of the Company. A man makes himſelf more agreeable, when he hears willingly, and without jealouſy; and will ſuffer others to have Wit as well as himſelf.

No Subject is ſo barren, upon which ſomething may not be well ſaid: but although the Subject ſhou'd be never ſo barren, yet a man has ſtill in reſerve the Politeneſs of the Expreſſion, of which he is an abſolute maſter, and which can never fail him.

Witty Sayings and apt Repartees happen but ſeldom, and depend upon time and chance. Stories and Tales do not always ſucceed, therefore we ſhould not fall into that ſtrain too often; but when we are engaged in them, we ſhou'd take care that the narration be not tireſome, and that there be always ſomething particular and diverting in it, to entertain the company. Diſcretion will teach us to avoid Repetitions. We care not to hear what we know already, and what conſequently will not ſerve to improve us.

Things that have an air of Novelty and Grandeur; things that are of univerſal uſe, and recommended by the practice of great Men, will eternally pleaſe; not only becauſe men are naturally inquiſitive, but becauſe they deſpiſe whatever is trivial or of little importance, and are generally affected with what has the patronage of Quality.

'Tis for this reaſon, that what comes from the Country, from little Towns and obſcure Places, is but indifferently received. We are apt to imagine that Politeneſs, and a good Taſte is not to be found there.

For the ſame reaſon alſo Metaphors borrow'd from War, from Hunting, and the Sea, are ſo well receiv'd;

receiv'd; whereas we cannot endure thoſe that are taken from mean deſpicable Profeſſions and Objects.

'Tis not to be expected that Converſation ſhould be always alike; ſince it depends upon Chance, as well as other things.

A man will never be either ingenious or agreeable, if he does not apply himſelf to read; without that, the beſt natural parts are commonly dry and barren. He ought ſo to manage himſelf, that in his Actions, Diſcourſe, and Manners, an Air of Politeneſs, may never forſake him: nothing is more ſcandalous than to be clownish and ill-bred.

Politeneſs is a mixture of Diſcretion, Civility, Complaiſance, and Circumſpection; accompanied with an agreeable Air that ſets off whatever one ſays, or does. And as ſo many things are eſſentially neceſſary to acquire this Politeneſs, 'tis no wonder we ſee it ſo rarely.

Whether it is that Women are naturally more polite, or that to pleaſe them the Mind riſes and embelliſhes itſelf; 'tis from them principally, that Politeneſs is learnt.

THE CHARMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE PREFACE.

Of all Commerces, Friendſhip is that which moſt of all requires ſincerity, and generally has the leaſt. True greatneſs of Soul being no longer in faſhion, we readily pardon the perfidious, and as, according to the opinion of a great Wit [1], the ſeeming Virtues of men are nothing but Vices conceal'd, *thoſe Friendſhips which appear to be ſtrongeſt, are only Deſigns well laid, or Malice cunningly manag'd. All the world is ſo well pleas'd with this method of acting, that a man is loth to undeceive himſelf, for fear of being obliged to regulate his Inclinations by his Reaſon. Whatever influence that may have over him to make him honeſt, yet Self-love, the more powerful principle of the two, continually preaches up Intereſt to him; and this our weakneſs of abandoning Virtue, when we find it unfaſhionable, naturally leads us to this Infidelity, which is ſo univerſally practis'd.*

Let

[1] *The Duke de la Rochefoucauld.*

Let pious Aſſes preach up Virtue's Rules
In the vile Cant and Jargon of the Schools;
With fond Chimæra's let 'em fill their Brain,
And ſpend their lungs on thread-bare Truths in vain:
By better Maxims taught, the thinking Wiſe
Aim to be great, and ſtudy how to riſe.
A moral Blockhead is the Stateſman's ſport,
Vice at the Change, is Virtue at the Court.
'Tis prudence to be govern'd by the Mode,
Why ſhould we then be unfaſhionably good?
Reaſon its Slaves to Errors does betray,
Example beſt inſtructs, and ſhows the way.
Reaſon's a Mute, with endleſs Doubts perplext,
Uſe is the Judge, that muſt explain the Text.

Now can any thing in the world be more abſurd, than to make Cuſtom be that to Reaſon, which the Judge is to the Law, I mean a rule to it? Is this Light, which is given us to diſtinguiſh good from evil, ſubject to change like human Ordinances? If Art can thus preſcribe againſt Nature, we ought honeſtly to own, that we are reſolved to be no longer influenc'd by Virtue, that we are too lazy or too ſervilely inclin'd to ſet our ſelves free, in ſhort too fond of our Error to deſire a Remedy. But as this Corruption is wholly in the Will, 'tis impoſſible for us to be cured, unleſs we heartily wiſh it.

In vain dull lazy Wiſhes we employ
That injur'd Virtue may her throne enjoy.
Thoughtleſs alas! we're hurried with the Tide,
And Falſhood reigns, while Honeſty's decry'd.
Govern'd by Faſhion, fond our ſelves to cheat,
With eaſe we take and ſwallow the deceit.

Honour

Honour in vain ſtrives to maintain the field,
Nature rebels at home, and forces her to yield.

Thus if I had been to compoſe a Play for the Stage, wherein I muſt have drawn the characters of ſome perſons of our Age, I had been forced to put my Fancy to the rack, to enable me to deſcribe that Treachery, which my Heart is not acquainted with: I muſt have diſguis'd my own natural Genius to have made it more modiſh, and not have ſet down my own pure natural Thoughts, without ſome mixture of Diſſimulation. But perhaps it would not look well in him who does not pretend to court Applauſe, to ſide with all their Whimſies, to flatter all their Errors, and to betray his own Judgment. I know very well, that I ſhall be accuſed of the ſame vanity that was laid to CICERO's *charge; I mean of deſigning to ſet up my ſelf for a Pattern of a true Friend, as the other made himſelf the Standard of a compleat Orator, or as the divine* PLATO *ſet up himſelf for the model of a Politician: but if I am fond of Reputation, this will be but a juſt puniſhment upon me for my vanity; and if I am not flatter'd by it, I ſhall little fear what may deſtroy my credit with Criticks of the lower Claſs.*

I ought not to wonder, if ſo ſmall and inſignificant a Treatiſe as this meets the deſtiny of ſo many good Books. Eſteem ſometimes comes from certain perſons, to whom it is not much for a man's reputation to be beholden for it. As every man puts in his pretenſions to Wit, 'tis natural for him to ſtand up for his own particular Taſte. When we have not ſenſe enough to judge for our ſelves, we are not content to follow another man's opinion, without making ſome malicious improvement of our own upon it. We are always finding of fault, to ſhow our exactneſs in Criticiſm; we affect to appear great Talkers, but take no care to hold our tongue: the Reader does not ſet ſo much value upon the Reputation of an Author, as to purchaſe

it

it at the price of silence, which he knows not how to practise. I don't pretend by making this Complaint, either to beg Commendation, or prepossess the good Criticks in my favour. My Book may be worth nothing, although in my opinion it is none of the worst; and Self-love, or Fondness, or the Singularity of my Palate may make me over-look great Faults, which Gentlemen of better Judgment, and less concerned for my Works, may discover much better than my self. What will comfort me in such a misfortune, is, that I am no more to be blamed than he that in Trade pays away bad Money, and does not know it to be so. I shall ever think it a less reproach to want Judgment, than Affection for the publick. The Ladies of Gallantry may perhaps be displeased at my manner of attacking them, and those that are virtuous will infallibly blame me for expressing my self in too general Terms.

Why should the Sex complain of me?
I never was their Enemy.
My Book no more of them does say
Than what themselves talk every day.
If they hate him that shows their Faces,
Why don't they break their Looking-glasses?

However it be, whether my Book offends either one or the other, I make them honourable Reparation; and if it does not offend them, I give 'em some new Information: if I did not give a reason for my Proceedure, some jealous People might conclude, that I rail against Gallantry because I am past it, as bad Authors complain of the present Age, when it damns their Writings. Mankind is so ready to father that upon Hypocrisy or Disgust, which they know not how to ascribe to other Vices, that they frequently mistake in their conjectures, and pass sentence without equity. Though I take this care to justify my self, yet I will not be

averſe to any advice that comes from good hands. I will retrench both in my Thoughts and my Stile, whatever may diſpleaſe them, and ſhall rather chuſe in pure good manners, to give way to thoſe that have a right to cenſure me, than obſtinately to maintain thoſe Opinions, which are not to be defended.

THE CHARMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

OUR Age is not in a condition to be reformed by Precepts of Virtue, or ſevere Reflexions upon its Vices. It wou'd be loſt labour to recommend the practice of Friendſhip, unleſs we firſt demonſtrated the Advantages of it; and Morality as well as Nature wou'd but make feeble impreſſions upon us, if it did not eſtabliſh its principles upon Pleaſure. Man naturally deſires Happineſs, but knows not how to obtain it: he ſeldom or never is deceiv'd by this general Principle, that what we love is not Happineſs unleſs it be conformable to Virtue; but he deceives himſelf in the application, and in order to reconcile his Inclinations to his Idea of Happineſs, he lays it down for a private Rule to himſelf, that whatever is repugnant to his deſires, can never be virtuous. I don't pretend, like a ſage Moraliſt, to ſhow the difference between our and the former Age. I am very well ſatisfied, that the corruption of mankind has in all times of the world been as great as it is at preſent, that the firſt Ages beheld the firſt Adulterers, and that the Vices of our times are nothing but Copies of the former; but I may juſtly enough complain that the world leaps blindly into the Torrent, without conſidering whither it will carry them, and that men take ſo much pains to avoid that which appears to be the moſt honeſt, without ever examining whether it is not likewiſe the moſt agreeable.

Altho'

Altho' thoſe worthy Gentlemen the Courtiers take upon them to judge deciſively of the delicacy of Pleaſures, yet if by over-refining, we take away all the ſweetneſs of Friendſhip, we may ſay that theirs is wholly Theatrical, ſince it has nothing but an outſide to ſhow; that thoſe who can beſt diſſemble paſs for the beſt Friends, and that 'tis the mark of a true Courtier to careſs you all the while he deſigns to cut your throat, as the impoſſibility of making out a Crime is a proof of a man's being innocent. Union of Hearts is cry'd down at Court like falſe money, and indeed much more; for falſe money is ſcarce to be found in this place, where almoſt all the Gallants ſet up for ſincere Lovers, where the young Abbots pretend to Devotion, and the ſupple fawning Marquis to Integrity. Now is it poſſible for a man to live a more uneaſy uncomfortable Life than this, and don't we buy our preferment at too dear a rate, when it coſts us ſo much ſervile cringing and ſubmiſſion? 'Tis downright nonſenſe, in my opinion, to commit this violence upon one ſelf, only to ruine one's Enemy, and we give him too great an advantage over us, when we ſacrifice the repoſe of our Lives only to capacitate our ſelves to do him a miſchief.

The ſame offers of Friendſhip that lay aſleep the Caution of thoſe whom we don't love, wear the Livery of Flattery when they are paid to Crown'd Heads. And this it is that deprives Kings and Favourites of the greateſt Happineſs that Society beſtows upon Mankind. They have ſo many other attractives beſides Merit and Inclination, to draw the world after them, that we never trouble our ſelves about being their Friends, provided we can be their Creatures. Thoſe that are wholly directed by their Ambition and Intereſt, have no other deſign in raiſing themſelves in the eſteem of their Prince, but merely to raiſe their Fortune; and even ſuch as wou'd

act upon a more virtuous and diſintereſted Principle, finding they cannot hope for that agreeable Confidence, which is the Soul and Life of Friendſhip, are forced to take the ſame meaſures with the reſt, altho' againſt their Inclination; and thus they do that out of neceſſity, which Flatterers do out of deſign. Thus we find, that thoſe ſupple Slaves who are ſuch rank Idolaters of a man in proſperity, are the firſt that abandon him when he falls into diſgrace; for as their Inclinations wholly centre in intereſt, they loſe all their warmth when that begins to decline, and their Friendſhip which was built upon Fortune, falls and riſes exactly with that.

Even Love it ſelf comes as much ſhort of Friendſhip as the adoration that is paid to Greatneſs. If the birth of that Paſſion is full of tumult, 'tis much more ſo when it grows to a head. A man muſt own himſelf a Coxcomb that very moment he declares he is in love. He muſt humour all the fantaſtick Whimſies of his Miſtreſs, he muſt ſigh and throw himſelf at her feet, he muſt ſpeak by ſighs and nods a whole month at leaſt, before he dares open his lips; he muſt raiſe her jealouſy, on purpoſe to know what progreſs he has made in her Heart, and he muſt be jealous in his own turn, to ſhow the violence of his Paſſion; he muſt endeavour to ſupplant the beloved Rivals; he muſt be expoſed to the malice of thoſe, who are not ſo; and after he has made all theſe advances, he often finds himſelf over-topt by ſome new comer, whom either accident brings upon the Stage, or his Miſtreſs by ſome ſecret ſympathy likes better than himſelf. I know well enough that this noble Paſſion, as they call it, paſſes for the mark of a tender Heart, and that every handſome young Fellow carries his Chain ſooner or later: but if this Rule be true, 'tis certainly for no other reaſon but that we ought to know the greateſt Evils, in order the better to avoid them.

Now

Now Friendſhip has all the pleaſures of Love, without any of its defects. Our Judgment teaches us to have an eſteem for Perſons of known Integrity, but ſtill this is not Friendſhip, tho' it is the cauſe that produces it, as the pleaſure we take in beholding a fine Object is not Love properly ſpeaking, but the Principle on which it is founded. The firſt Movement we find in our ſelves for a man of Virtue is to wiſh him well, but this Impreſſion is not as yet ſtrong enough to make us participate in his Misfortunes: and as two Paſſions are almoſt always required to convince us, that we are heartily in love, the Joy we take in ſeeing the beloved Object, and the Grief we feel in being remote from it; ſo 'tis neceſſary that our Friendſhip ſhould have two Indications to ſhow it ſelf, *viz.* our readineſs to partake in the calamities of our Friend, and our deſires that he may partake in our good fortune.

Friendſhip as well as Love has its agreeable *Je ne ſai quoi*; the latter prepoſſeſſes our minds, and will not ſuffer us to liſten to any thing that attempts to deſtroy it. It will not give us leave to ſee any faults whatever in our Miſtreſs, but under the appearance of good qualities. It makes us take her Inconſtancy for an agreeable Gaiety, her Stupidity for Wiſdom, her Giddineſs for Wit, and her Dulneſs for Prudence. It repreſents to it ſelf Features in the Face that were never there, it diſcovers Beauties in the Mind that are only created by our Fondneſs: in fine, it flatters us agreeably, till at laſt we are in the condition of ſome old Captives, who cannot live without their Fetters. It makes us throw away Sighs, tho' we had never any beſtowed upon us; it ſets us a quarrelling with our Rivals for Favours we can challenge no more than they can, and makes us interpret the coldneſs of the perſon we love to be nothing elſe but a wiſe precaution to give Love without danger, or receive it without noiſe.

The

The *Je ne ſai quoi* of Friendſhip is nothing near ſo unintelligible as this, becauſe it commonly acts with much more calmneſs. It leaves us maſters enough of our ſelves to paſs a true Judgment on every thing; nay, it ſets us upon examining with care, whether the Perſons we love poſſeſs the Qualities that are neceſſary for ſo nice a Union; and provided we are free from Intereſt and Flattery, our Underſtanding which in Love is always the Cully of the Heart, in Friendſhip does almoſt always govern it. Therefore we ought never to proſtitute ſo noble a Treaſure, but examine, and ſuffer our ſelves to be examined in our turn, before we love or are beloved; and ſince after the Union is once made, we ought always to adviſe with the man whom we have choſen for our Friend, let us deliberate before we make our choice. The mutual eſteem of two Friends is always the firſt Link in the Chain; 'tis a hard matter to love in good earneſt, unleſs we find ſome amiable Qualities in our Friend, and if ſometimes our eagerneſs make us take them upon truſt, we no ſooner diſcover our miſtake, but our Reaſon directs us to make another choice. Reſpect and deference owe their riſe to this mutual eſteem which I wou'd always have among Friends; we ſubmit to their advice as to a Law, when we know they are too ſincere to endeavour to deceive us, and when we believe them prudent enough not to be deceived themſelves: we eſpouſe all their Quarrels with a more juſtifiable warmth, when we are perſuaded that they are neither injuſt Defenders, nor raſh Aggreſſors; and if at any time we ſhould be inclined to infringe the Rights of Friendſhip, yet that reſpect which a long acquaintance has formed in us, will at laſt bring our judgment over to its party.

This want of mutual Eſteem renders the Friendſhip of ambitious men weak and ſhort-liv'd: 'tis impoſſible for them to have a real Eſteem for any one,

one, becauſe they think too well of their own merit; and if they are at any time forced to acknowledge it in others, it produces nothing but ſecret jealouſies, and uneaſy confuſions in them. Now theſe are the men we ſhould never pitch upon for Friends, but ought to avoid all correſpondence with them, and reſt ſatisfy'd that all the overtures of Friendſhip they make us are but ſo many ſnares to entangle us; for which reaſon I cou'd wiſh that a pair of Friends well united in their hearts, their judgments and inclinations, were likewiſe ſo in their employs; but as it would be a hard matter to reconcile ſo many circumſtances, and to find a couple of Friends ſo exactly reſembling one another in every thing, the inequality of birth, of fortune, of employments may be well enough ſupply'd by Prudence and Sincerity. He that is wealthier than his Friend, ought not to value himſelf upon thoſe advantages; but that the other may forget them, he muſt condeſcend to come down a few ſteps, ſince Fortune has raiſed him ſo high: for unleſs he can do that, his Friend who finds himſelf at the bottom of the hill, will ſcarce have aſſurance enough to look up; and indeed if by his affability and eaſineſs of acceſs he does not take away the diſproportion that is between them, 'tis impoſſible that ever their Friendſhip ſhould be ſincere and laſting.

By this it will appear, what a Generoſity and Greatneſs of Soul I require in Friendſhip: I cannot endure that we ſhould think of perſons that may be ſerviceable to us when we talk of chuſing a Friend. 'Tis well enough obſerved by SENECA, that 'tis lawful to infringe a Friendſhip, where we expect to find any thing elſe but Friendſhip. Now not to ſet up for a Stoick, when I ſpeak of a Friend, I mean a man whoſe Life is ſo dear to me, that I wou'd freely expoſe my own to preſerve his. I mean a

man whoſe Baniſhment ſhould be the ſame thing to me as my own; one that has a right to diſpoſe of me, as of his own proper Goods and Chattels, one that will communicate with me his Fortune as well as his Opinion, and thinks he lays the higheſt obligation on me, when he makes me partake in the Diſgraces, that are occaſioned by his indiſcretion, or ill deſtiny. If this Principle I lay down be true, the reaſoning of LÆLIUS in CICERO appears to me a little too ſelfiſh. I cannot, ſays this nice Friend, deplore the death of SCIPIO, ſince all that Friendſhip requires from us, is, that we ſhould be concerned for the Misfortunes of the man we love. Now SCIPIO has loſt nothing by his death; the reputation he has acquired in the world, will be happily conſummated by this glorious Exit. When he was living, he only poſſeſſed a room in the minds of the Romans, but now he is gone to take his place as a God in our Temples, and his death has coſt our Citizens as many tears, as his valour formerly drew from his enemies. His condition cannot be more happy, and ſince I am a greater loſer than he by this doleful ſeparation, the world would be apt to impute that to my concern for my Country, or to Self-love, which is nothing but pure Friendſhip, ſhould I beſtow tears upon him, who receives nothing but incenſe now. Thus far the Philoſophy of an ingenious man may go, who has not a heart tender enough. Let him who pleaſes allow it; but as for my ſelf, I frankly declare, that without minding what the world will think of me, I ſhould behold the death of my Friend with as much horrour as a fearful criminal beholds the inſtrument of his puniſhment; Time which heals all other wounds, wou'd never cloſe up mine; Pleaſures which alleviate the blackeſt ſorrows, wou'd but aggravate the remembrance of my loſs; nay, all the efforts that could

could be uſed to bring me to a good humour, wou'd have no more influence upon my ſorrow, than the griefs which a true Friend ſhould communicate to me wou'd have upon my pleaſures. Altho' my Friendſhip hated the very name of profit, yet it wou'd demand love: and my Friend when once I had choſen him wou'd make me paſs my hours very uneaſily, if he wou'd not love upon the ſquare, and lay in an equal ſtock of complaiſance and diligence even in the ſmalleſt matters.

Equity of mind is one of the moſt ſolid foundations which a ſincere Friendſhip can have; and this is the reaſon why young people are incapable of this Union. They are frequently tranſported by Paſſions, which break all the meaſures of Friendſhip; and as according to their different temper they are either awkward diſſemblers, or troubleſome with their fondneſs, they fear the counſels of a Friend who ſhould go about to oppoſe their extravagancies. Can you imagine that a young man, juſt entred in an Amour, and who is fool enough to believe that he can conquer his Miſtreſs at firſt ſight, wou'd pay any great regard to the advice of an experienced Friend, who ſhould prudently remind him of the vanity of his intrigue? Women of addreſs keep off their Gallants at a diſtance, whether becauſe they have a real Virtue to preſerve, which is very rare in ſo weak a Sex, or becauſe they would at leaſt keep up the appearances of their Honour, which they are obliged in pure neceſſity to maintain. It is next to impoſſible, that a hot-headed young Fellow ſhould be able to find his way out of the labyrinth, and know all the windings and turnings of it, if he does not apply himſelf to a faithful, unprejudic'd Friend, who ſees every thing by a better light than himſelf.

What contributes to make the ſpring-time of our Life uncapable of the advantages of a true and ſolid

Friendſhip is, that young men, generally ſpeaking, hate even the very Idea of Virtue. That name gives them as much horrour as its contrary pleaſes them; and as they look upon its rewards to be only in reverſion, they conclude that 'tis time ill ſpent to ſet up for Wiſdom, and to conſult Reaſon, when they ſhould indulge their Senſes. Thus we find, that young people are perpetually engaging their Friends in their criminal Paſſions; and if ever they ask advice, they expect before-hand to hear themſelves commended, and not to be better inform'd: the higheſt obligation you can lay upon them, is to flatter their Inclinations, and not being able to ſeduce their Friends by theſe idle follies, by which themſelves are ſeduced, they rather chuſe to perſevere in them, than in complaiſance to their Friends to part with them. If they have Wit, 'tis a vain frothy bubble which only pleaſes thoſe that don't examine it; but as for that Wit which conſiſts in a good management of our ſelves, which governs the Senſes and the Heart, which directs our Diſcourſe and Silence, they are neither maſters of it, neither do they care to be: and as flattery coſts men of voluble tongues little or nothing, they make no ſcruple to ſacrifice their Friend to their vanity of talking, and to ſooth his paſſion.

What a ſtock of prudence now is requir'd in Friendſhip to avoid theſe rocks on which ſo many correſpondences have ſplit! Some maintain, that we ought to do as much for our Friends, as we wou'd do for our ſelves, but others have laid it down for a Maxim, that we are not obliged to ſtir a ſtep farther for them, than they will ſtir for us. I will only allow thoſe Gentlemen to follow the firſt opinion, who have a great deal of ſelf-love; that which we ought to do for a Friend is ſomething ſo very ingaging, that it ſhould oftentimes make us forget what we owe to our ſelves. And as for the ſecond

Opi-

Opinion, which would have us ſcrupulouſly examine what our Friends will do for us, before we reſolve to do any thing for them; 'tis my belief that we ought to ſerve them the firſt opportunity that offers itſelf, and that theſe troubleſome chains they wou'd put upon Friendſhip rather proceed from intereſt and a capricious humour than from a judicious precaution; every moment of doing a good office for our Friend, is one of the greateſt bleſſings of Friendſhip. We ought not to ſerve them ſlowly, as a Miniſter of State does his Creatures. Thoſe whom Princes advance to that rank, when they have a mind to prefer any of their dependants, to make them always remember the mean condition from which they raiſed them, never advance them but by degrees; and as they deſign no other uſe of them than merely to ſupport their own grandeur, they never heartily truſt them till they find them neceſſary tools to preſerve themſelves from falling; however, by their good will they will always keep the power in their hands, to deſtroy their own workmanſhip whene'er it ſhall revolt againſt the workman. Friends ought to ſerve one another after a different manner, becauſe they act upon a different principle. They ought to ſoften by their obliging deportment that uneaſineſs we find in receiving a kindneſs; they ought to make a ſlight mention of the good offices they return for very indifferent ſervices; they ſhould ſave their Friends the trouble of thanking them for every favour they receive, and daily ſteal ſomething from Gratitude, in order to enrich Friendſhip with its ſpoils.

As Love is purely founded upon the deſire of our own joy, and the Object of Friendſhip is the pleaſure of the perſon whom we love; we find that both Lovers and Friends in the viciſſitudes of Fortune obſerve a different conduct. A Lover who deſires to

know how his Miſtreſs's Heart ſtands affected to him, or to ſee her Thoughts painted in her Face, acquaints her with all the misfortunes that happen to him, and accordingly as he obſerves ſhe's concern'd for his calamities, by that he judges what a ſhare he has in her affection. Thus the diſcloſing of his affairs to her, continually comes home to himſelf; but this ought rather to be called an Art of knowing how to diſcover a ſecret, than a real confidence on either ſide. On the other hand, a Lover takes care to conceal his proſperity from his Miſtreſs, leſt he ſhould owe thoſe favours to his good fortune, which he wou'd have only paid to his merit; and tho' the perſon whom he loves is not in the leaſt a ſlave to intereſt, yet the fear he lies under, leſt her Heart ſhould change, poiſons his pleaſure, and fortifies his ſuſpicions infinitely more than the moſt virtuous and diſintereſted Favours can charm him.

The Conduct of a true Friend ought to be quite different from this. He ought, with eagerneſs, to communicate to his Friend all the occaſions he has of joy, and to take much more pleaſure in acquainting him with them, than in reſerving them to himſelf, as he wou'd do, if Friendſhip did not oblige him to make this diſcovery. On the other hand, when he's ill treated by Fortune, he ought with all his addreſs to manage that Concern, which will make a much deeper impreſſion upon the heart of a faithful Friend, than the moſt fatal calamity that cou'd happen to himſelf. This Rule ought to be inviolably obſerv'd, when it is not in our Friend's power to alleviate the miſery we impart to him: otherwiſe we ſhould to no purpoſe ſour and blacken Friendſhip, which ought to know nothing but chearfulneſs and pleaſure. Otherwiſe we ſhould put the invention of our Friend on the rack, to find out ſome means of ſerving us, when 'tis wholly out of his reach; and

and if he ſhould fondly imagine himſelf capable to aſſiſt us, his zeal wou'd betray him into wrong meaſures, not to reckon his trouble and loſs of time. Indeed if we are certain that our Friend can help us out of the briars, we ought not to rob him of the opportunity: for in this caſe, it wou'd be rather infidelity than prudence, to conceal our affairs from him; nay, we ſhould highly affront him, if by a diſtruſtful ſilence we ſhou'd deny him the pleaſure of comforting us in our miſeries. Whatever we receive from ſo dear a hand has much more efficacy to lay aſleep our cares than any other charm, and every new proof of kindneſs we receive, leaves as delightful impreſſions behind it, as the reconciliations of Lovers after a little falling out. Not that when we communicate our afflictions to the man we love, we have the leaſt intention to forbid him all manner of joy, and preſcribe him laws of ſorrow. Were it ſo, we ſhould redouble our own grief inſtead of ſoftening it; and the bare reflection, that our Friend ſuffer'd ſo much for our ſakes, wou'd afflict us infinitely more, than even our own misfortunes: but thus it is, that the preſence of a Friend reſtores us to perfect tranquillity; the conſolation he gives us, ſerves as a counterpoiſe to our ſorrow, and the pleaſure we feel in ſhowing him what a confidence we have in his Friendſhip, gives us all the ſatisfaction and joy imaginable, while our Friend on the other hand is not obliged to leſſen our grief for us, by taking one half of the burden upon himſelf.

In making this uſe of a Friend in a ſeaſonable time, and obliging him with a good grace, the ſecurity as well as pleaſure of the moſt perfect Union conſiſts. This method is very eaſy to thoſe that are willing to practiſe it; the continuance of it draws no diſguſt after it, and when 'tis exactly obſerved, it eſtabliſhes ſo virtuous a liberty, and teaches

us ſo well to diſtinguiſh between Friendſhip and Self-love, that we can ſcarce ever miſtake, if our Temper is not unequal, and our Humour very wavering. It perpetually gives new charms to the mutual good offices of Friends, for 'tis none of the leaſt Secrets of Friendſhip to know how to oblige thoſe whom we love by ſteps ſo generous, that they may not take any diſguſt at our manner of doing it. Love itſelf cannot pretend to the ſame advantages; and let it be never ſo delicate, yet it muſt of neceſſity languiſh when it has gone too far. In vain do the moſt ſubtle Miſtreſſes endeavour to refine this commerce: the Senſe for the moſt part is ſatisfy'd after the Mind, and when theſe Ladies have ſhown all their dexterity in diſputing every inch of ground with their Gallant, they ſoon exhauſt the pleaſure when once they reſolve to give it. 'Tis an avowed Maxim by all that know ever ſo little of the Paſſions, that the good intelligence of Friendſhip increaſes daily with every important Service of our Friend; whereas that of Love diminiſhes with every Favour of our Miſtreſs, when ſhe has given us the laſt. For this reaſon, women of ſenſe provide daily againſt a rupture, when they have been ſo weak as to grant poſſeſſion to their Lovers; they cannot but obſerve that Love when 'tis once ſatisfy'd moves heavy and dull, that the man who perhaps will not quit his Miſtreſs out of averſion, will moſt certainly do it out of diſguſt, and that a diſcreet Coquette cannot incur ſo much danger by her cruelty, as by her ill-managed kindneſs. This very ſame reaſon makes theſe Ladies look upon marriage with an ill eye, as being the Sepulchre of little Diſquiets, of Sighs, Billets Doux, and the pretty Amuſements of Love. If Fortune does not interpoſe, Love very rarely joins any Hearts, but it makes them loſe this delicacy. The Wife is known too well, to be long beloved, and her weakneſſes that proceed either

from

from cuſtom or inclination, which we diſcover every moment, make us eaſily forget the good qualities, which always appear to a Lover.

'Tis an overſight for one of the fair Sex to ſuffer herſelf to be ſeen too often, if ſhe wou'd ſecure her Gallant. Quarrels and abſence are the very ſinews of that Paſſion: there muſt be little bickerings now and then to preſerve the union in good health; we muſt amuſe our ſelves with a thouſand little diſquiets to ſecure a long Calm, and if we don't alarm our Paſſion now and then with ſuſpicions and precaution, we ſhall find it buried in a Lethargy, which the greateſt of pleaſures can never revive. The ſtrongeſt Love finds obſtacles to break it, as the moſt obſtinate Hearts find a way to unite together. Say what you will of the violence of Love, and the conjunction of Souls, we never conſider in our Marriages whether the young couple love one another alike, but whether they are alike befriended by Fortune; and Reaſons of Family, which are as powerful with private perſons as Reaſons of State are with Kings, gain more ground in the compaſs of one day, than the moſt inconſtant Temper can loſe in ten years. Thoſe that are married after this manner, receive at laſt the conjugal yoke out of duty, which was impoſed upon them by force; they employ their Reaſon to perſuade themſelves to love that which they can no longer hate without ruining their reputation; or if they have not ſtrength of mind ſufficient to forget the Inclinations of their Heart, yet as nothing but the violence of their paſſion hinders them from being inconſtant, their natural Fickleneſs makes them at laſt drop the Lover, when their Virtue cannot. At leaſt they are as deſirous of a new Lover, as a Widow is of a ſecond Husband; and as for thoſe women who don't act by a principle of Virtue, they ſuffer a ſort of Widowhood even in Gallantry, when they are cloy'd with an exhauſted Lover,

Lover, who ſays nothing but the ſame things over and over, or who can expect nothing from them but the ſame Amours and the ſame Favours.

Now true Friends have none of theſe misfortunes to fear; their Friendſhip is never reduced to ſo low an ebb, but that it is able to furniſh pleaſure enough to keep the Commerce in good heart; and as they have no Rivals to apprehend, no Jealouſies to give, no new Proteſtations ſtill to make, their Tranquillity is always ſecure; fallings out are unneceſſary, and little follies have no reliſh. Honour gives us leave always to love thus, and nothing but weakneſs can hinder it; but then as it is not occaſioned by Diſguſt, we ſoon cure the wound by Reaſon, and when we have only our natural Inconſtancy to vanquiſh, our Judgment combats with more force, and our Levity with leſs activity. All the myſtery of this method lies in endeavouring to cure our Friend by wholeſome Advice, in taking the government of his Paſſions into our own hands, which he refuſes to himſelf, and in gaining his Heart by an affable Deportment, and ſeaſonable Inſtructions. If Friendſhip obliges us to receive any of his Secrets, our Diſcretion muſt always teach us to correct them, where they are faulty. Heat and Paſſion are unſucceſsful, ſince two violent Perſons do but widen the breach inſtead of cloſing it up: but then Flattery is no leſs to be avoided, ſince Friendſhip was never deſigned to be the companion of Vice, but the ſupport and relief of Virtue. If your Friend has a blind ſide which leaves him expoſed to Love, examine whether he goes upon good grounds, before you proffer him your aſſiſtance. As you behold his Paſſion with other eyes than he himſelf does, you will ſoon diſcover the good and bad ſide of it by making a few Reflexions. If his Paſſion is unjuſt, you cannot do him a greater piece of ſervice than to cure him of it, by ſhowing him what ill effects it may

pro-

produce; but let it be never ſo virtuous, you ſhould not encourage him in it, till you have foreſeen all the Obſtacles, and diligently examin'd all the Events of it. You join his Love of Intereſt to your Friendſhip, when you ſerve his Amours; and when theſe two affections are ſo cloſely united, that they equally poſſeſs his Heart, tho' his Judgment is none of the beſt, and his Paſſion may ſometimes eclipſe his Reaſon, yet he will moſt infallibly quit his Love, after he finds himſelf diſappointed, and return to taſte the pleaſures of Friendſhip.

It is more difficult to manage rightly the Ambition of your Friend, if you are inclin'd to gratify it, than his Love, let it be never ſo violent: you ought to refuſe him nothing which may help to render him happy without a crime, but ſometimes you are a better judge than he, as to what may ſerve to make him ſo; in this affair therefore, don't take advice from the heat of your Friendſhip: but conſider the Talent of the man whom you deſign to prefer, before you appear publickly in his behalf. All Employs are not proper for all ſorts of men, no more than all Habits for all ſhapes and ſizes, or all witty Sayings for all Converſations. If you place your Friend in a poſt, for which he is by no means qualified, you will diſoblige a thouſand people, and do your Friend no real ſervice: you only gratify his Ambition at the expence of your own reputation, and when once he comes to reflect how unjuſt you were to ſet him upon this Precipice, he will certainly revenge it at laſt upon your Friendſhip, as the cauſe of his undeſerved Greatneſs.

By what I have laid down, it plainly appears, that Probity alone is not enough to conſtitute a well regulated Friendſhip, but that Judgment and Experience ought likewiſe to go along with it. Friendſhips that are built on other Foundations laſt no longer

longer than an Amour, and the warmeſt Zeal finds an end, no leſs than a cold Indifference, or a wavering Inconſtancy. But when we meet a man who has none of theſe Defects, can any thing in the world be a greater Bleſſing, than to have ſuch a faithful Companion near one, who is ready to hazard all to pleaſe you, and never ſuffers you to run the leaſt riſque, who makes your Proſperity more happy, and your Adverſity more eaſy to you, who taſtes all your Joys, and partakes in all your Griefs, who ſuſtains you when you are ready to totter, and lifts you up again after you have fallen, and who wou'd loſe his Life rather than facrifice you to his Intereſt, or make you a ſufferer for his Folly? Friendſhip ſupplies the place of every thing to thoſe that know how to make a true uſe of it, of Riches without Trouble, of Honour without Vanity, of Buſineſs without Inquietude, of Health without Alteration, and of Pleaſure without Bitterneſs.

As God is the ſovereign Good, 'tis the eſſence of his Nature to be happy without Reflexion; but 'tis not ſo with man, who cannot be happy but by communicating himſelf. We may find people enough that are ready to lay out their Hearts, but 'tis a miracle to meet with a man that deſerves to receive it. If men knew the Pleaſure of Friendſhip, they wou'd prefer it to all things beſides; but the difficulty of making ſuch a trial, is the reaſon why they make an ill Choice ſo often. They can never be induced to begin a Confidence, but are eternally diſtruſtful for fear of being always deceived. Thus all that I have ſaid of Friendſhip, is, I am afraid, nothing elſe but the Idea of a fine thing, that only exiſts in the Imagination. But if ſuch a prodigy as a true Friend is to be ſeen above-ground, I will make it the buſineſs of my whole Life to find him out; and if my Stars are ſo propitious as to make me happy

in

in a perſon of this ſingular Character, whatever Misfortunes I may otherwiſe be expoſed to, I will defy the World and Fortune to make me unhappy.

THOUGHTS

Upon ſeveral Subjects.

TO be able to ſpeak of Virtue, is no certain ſign that the man is virtuous. By doing it we ſometimes gain the eſteem of perſons of probity: but we do our ſelves more prejudice than we imagine; we content our ſelves with appearing to be what we are not, whereas we ſhould deſire to be what we appear.

In the moſt pleaſant and charming Solitude we are often diſappointed of that repoſe, which we hoped to enjoy there, becauſe it depends much more upon our ſelves than the Tranquillity of the Retirement. How can the bare ſeparating our ſelves from the noiſe and buſtle of the World, appeaſe the trouble of our Mind, if our Reaſon does not come to relieve it?

We generally condemn with greater warmth the Defects we find in our ſelves, than thoſe from which we think our ſelves exempt: but in vain do we endeavour to diſguiſe our ſelves; we daily betray our ſelves by ſomething or other. 'Tis a much greater confinement to be at the perpetual expence of Hypocriſy to adjuſt all our Looks and Motions, than to hate our Vices heartily and in good earneſt.

The Heart may be allowed to have an Inclination for that *Je ne ſai quoi*, which pleaſes, and charms at firſt. It has attain'd its end when it has found pleaſure: but then the Mind ſhould not ſtop there, and nothing but Truth ought to ſatisfy it.

For

For this reaſon the wiſeſt Philoſophers ſo often adviſe us not to judge by the Manners, but by the Things themſelves.

Liberty is ſeldom to be found but in Princes; 'tis a Greatneſs of Soul which elevates both the Mind and Heart: all other Conditions are, as it were, Priſons, wherein the Soul is in a manner cramp'd and ſtraitned. Some of theſe become great and magnificent Flatterers; and the others perpetually waging war with Fortune, to obtain ſome of her Favours. But let a man's Condition be what it will, he may enjoy a true and perfect Liberty, if he never diſturbs his reſt to court the Favour of great Men, and the Preſents of Fortune.

The ancient Philoſophers were ſtrangely puzzled to find out the Principle of all things, ſome maintain'd it to be Fire, and ſome to be Water; in ſhort, all of them had their different Opinions. Suppoſe any one of them had diſcover'd what this Principle was, nay and had demonſtrated it; wou'd he have advanced a ſtep the farther in the knowledge of the true Good? For my my part, I think the Legiſlator of the Jews went a better way to work, who without amuſing me with any of their impertinent Queſtions, gives me all at once a knowledge of God, that in the beginning created the Heaven and the Earth.

All your Actions will appear at one time, or another, and nothing can continue hidden always. For this reaſon, do nothing which you fear men ſhould know: as you ought not ſo much as to think of what you are afraid that God ſhould know.

Virtue is never more ſafe than when it is afraid to appear upon the Theatre of the World, where it is too much expoſed to Vanity: for whereas all other Vices are propagated by Vices, Vanity ſubſiſts and grows by the ſhow we make of Virtue.

We complain of all, yet ought to complain of none but our ſelves. We impute our Calamities to

ill Fortune; nay even in thoſe Vices that are of our own nurſing up, we lay all the blame upon Occaſions and emergent Accidents. However, there never happens any misfortune to a wiſe man; and as for what relates to the Occaſions, they don't render a man weak, but only diſcover his Weakneſs.

Examples ought never to paſs for Laws. Men are too ſubject to Infirmities to ſerve as Copies for others to follow. In the greateſt Virtues there will be eternally ſome mixture of Imperfection, and a man is in danger of taking his Example from the blind ſide he diſcovers. But Reaſon and Juſtice can never miſlead him.

It is very hard not to ſpeak at all, but much more ſo to make a long Diſcourſe without abundance of faults in it. We often ſay that to others without neceſſity, which it would be very important for us to ſay to our ſelves.

Ill Examples cannot hurt one that makes never ſo little uſe of his Reaſon: neither the Quality nor Number of thoſe that give them, are authentick enough to recommend them. Grandeur of Birth does not take away the Infamy of them, and Cuſtom cannot permit that which is contrary to Reaſon and Juſtice; ſo that the moſt faſhionable Vices are but ſo many Irregularities we ought to avoid, and not Laws we ought to follow.

We don't always converſe with men of Reaſon, to learn what we ought to do: but it is good to learn ſometimes of others what we ought to avoid.

Don't complain of another for not keeping your Secret, till you have firſt complain'd of your ſelf. How can you imagine a Stranger will be more faithful to you than you are to your ſelf? We have no reaſon to hope that others will keep that, which our ſelves firſt abandon'd.

'Tis a difficult matter to reprove a man ſeaſonably, and to give advice: it is no leſs difficult to be reproved.

proved, and to receive advice. To ſave your ſelf this double pain, uſe ſuch endeavours to know your ſelf, that you may have no time left upon your hands to examine the Faults of others, and correct your ſelf in ſuch a manner that you may be above Cenſure.

REFLECTIONS

Upon the Truth of our Defects.

ALL men would be happy, but the greateſt part of our Life is ſpent in ſeeking after Happineſs, and frequently it ſo falls out, that we don't know where to fix.

There are Inconveniencies in every thing. If we have no Foreſight, we are ſurprized: if our Foreſight is too nice, we are miſerable. We grow effeminate by Pleaſure, we are caſt down by Grief.

I ſhould be well, cries one, if I had but my health; and I, cries another, if I were but rich. But no body ſays, if I lived according to Reaſon.

We find repoſe no where. We ſee it in a ſick man; he gets up, then he deſires to go to bed again: he finds eaſe no where; this is a wretched condition. But who is exempt from it?

Men take a pleaſure in reproving others, but cannot endure to be reproved themſelves. We juſtify our ſelves with heat, but are not as ready to juſtify others.

We live in the midſt of too many Revolutions, to continue firm in our deſigns. We alter and change

in

in ſpite of our ſelves: time, fortune, and the ſeaſons conſpire againſt our Conſtancy.

We frequently ſeek Pleaſure with more pain than the purchaſe is worth: 'tis always bought too dear.

When we have obtain'd what we deſire, we immediately loſe the taſte of it; and are no longer affected with that which at firſt charm'd us.

The greateſt part of our Actions are nothing but ſallies and tranſports, according as the accidents and different circumſtances of life agitate us.

We don't know our ſelves: we are, in truth, a riddle which we can't explain to our own minds. Our Inclinations are oppoſite one to another; and if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, tye a knot which 'tis hard to undo.

Niceneſs and falſe Opinion involve us in a world of miſeries, altho' they are leſs ſo in themſelves, than in the manner of receiving them.

ADVICE

How to regulate our Studies.

IN my opinion the beſt way is, to apply one's ſelf more to neceſſary Queſtions, than to thoſe for which we may never have occaſion. What ſignifies this prodigious number of Diſputes, which only overwhelm and embarraſs us with impertinent Terms? To ſay the truth, the pains we take to make our ſelves maſters of them, is accompanied with a great loſs of time; and if we carefully obſerve, we get nothing by them but a habit to ſpeak boldly upon any Subject, tho' never ſo unknown to us.

In all other occaſions we ſolely apply our ſelves to what is neceſſary: we forget not our intereſts in any thing elſe. But it looks as if the advantages of Truth and Reaſon were reckon'd for nothing.

In Converſation we take more care to ſhow our Wit and Learning, than to inſtruct our ſelves. We don't ſeek after Truth but Applauſe, at leaſt after Approbation. We don't conſider Converſation as one of the ſureſt remedies to cure our ignorance, but as an opportunity to retail that little we think we know.

We frequently ſtop at incidental Queſtions, and it often happens with Learned Men, as with Lawyers at the Bar, where the Formalities of the Trial require as long a diſcuſſion, as the merits of the Cauſe. The latter are neceſſary to preſcribe bounds to the wranglings of the Parties concern'd, and to fix the legal methods of defending mens rights; whereas the Formalities of the Learned are a horrible mortification to thoſe, that ſeriouſly ſeek inſtruction.

We ſhould not need to burden our ſelves with ſo many Precepts, if we did but ſet the moſt excellent Models before us. The *Orations* of DEMOSTHENES or of CICERO, may very well ſupply the room of the fineſt reflections upon Eloquence.

As we learn to ſpeak by cuſtom, and by only hearing thoſe whom we converſe with; why may not a man learn to ſpeak well, and to be eloquent, by only uſing himſelf to read or hear good things?

We ſpend a world of time to learn the Art of Thinking, and we multiply the Rules and Methods of it every day. However, a man of good natural ſenſe never treſpaſſes againſt theſe Rules, and they are but a ſorry relief to thoſe that have received but a mean ſtock of Common Senſe.

For my part, I think, 'tis time and labour loſt, to lay down the rules of Definition or Diviſion: tho' we have them never ſo perfectly by heart, what